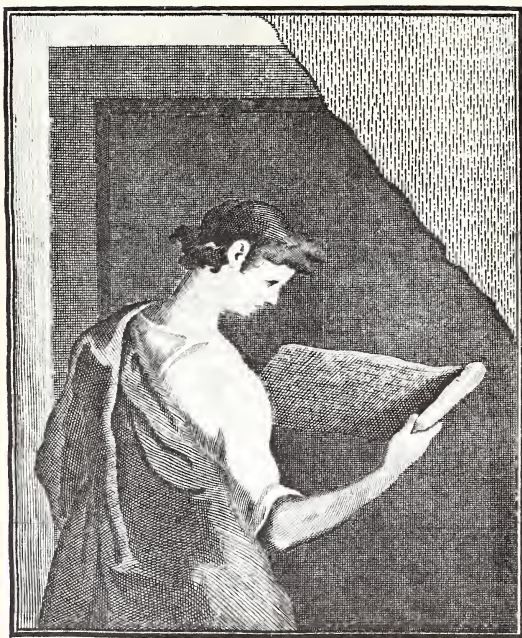


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THE DOME

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“MARTINI LUIGI IMPLORA PACE”

HAD'ST thou in all the brightness won
Such dark experience of the sun,
That in the Roman violets wet
Above thy head these words are set,
“Martini Luigi asks for peace”?

Wast thou too sanguine, and too frail,
To watch the glory fade and pale?
Was it some long decline of trust
That sadly wrote above thy dust,
“Martini Luigi asks for peace”?

Or was it, in the dew of life,
Some sudden hurt from friend or wife
That ached till thou could'st only die,
And wrung from thee at last the cry,
“Martini Luigi asks for peace”?

Or wast thou, like some happy child,
That plays, and builds, and is beguiled;
Then, weary of its lovely toys,
And half-fatigued with simple joys,
Drowsily, fretful, asks for peace?

Whate'er the cause, thy prayer is mine:
I for the perfect slumber pine;
I crave no city in the skies,
Or Patmian dreamer's paradise;
Only, like thee, I ask for peace.

Stephen Phillips.

THE DEFENCE OF FARVINGDON

CLARA JANE'S mother was the caretaker, though the care taken was indeed nominal. The occupation of two rooms on the basement, and the receipt of custom from such parties as came now and then to be shown over, did not prevent the great house overhead from falling to disreputable decay.

Outside, the five storeys of red brick, with their Cybelean crown of cornices and gables girt about by an ascending density of ivy, seemed firm enough to continue for centuries ; but within, the old place was eating its heart out at neglect. Windows had become mysteriously broken to the weather, or, thrown open one summer's day, had remained so for the winters after, till their rusting hinges, letting them tilt more and more outwards, held them suspended for their final drop out of existence. Tiles that had slipped from their fixings on the ladder-like rafters, blocking the gutters or rattling off into the moat below, had left openings in the roof ; so that in course of time, under these extemporised skylights, decay had descended from floor to floor, bringing with it the rubble and plaster breakage of the attics into the guest-chambers and once lordly reception rooms of the lower storeys.

Swallows built their round-bottomed mud-huts above the white-sprinkled floors, and birds of whatever feather came and picked away plaster in their search for spring material. Now and then caretaking itself lent a hand to these and the atmospheric influences. When heavy snows blocked up the way from the outside world, and coal-cellar and thermometer together got low, the untrodden floors of corner garrets seemed a superfluity to the guardian eye of their custodian. Moreover, at all times, after studied absence on the owner's part had made the scruples

of the tenant's less necessitous moments appear plainly as self-robbery, the wattled partitions, thrusting skeleton ribs through the falling plaster, cried out and prevailed for conversion into firewood.

Thus the old house had been perishing of an internal disease concerning which no questions were to be asked, though its outward seeming remained fair. Curiously set in a blank of fields, hollowing just perceptibly on all sides, it hid its face, even its chimneys, from the surrounding country. A mile of lane, one of those narrow twisting kinds whose hedges in early summer bear evidence to the strippings hay-waggons must undergo to obtain right of way through their midst, ended in a "foredraft" at the little colony of five cottages and a chapel, that still stood for vassalage to the ancient hall. A four-barred gate marked the spot where once a more stately boundary had been. Within, stretched and dipped a large green field. The old way leading to the house was gone, and a cart-track went at a wide curve regardless of what was still of central importance to the eye, making for a gate and other fields beyond. A footpath, barely worn by the two pairs of inhabiting feet and the sparsely arriving visitors, now formed the only apparent connection, through its green isolation, of the old hall with its attendant group.

Within the gate, to one's left on entering, stood the chapel, in a narrow graveyard containing some twenty tombs, the headstones of a few generations; behind it, a priest's house—for the small place, true to its statelier times, was Catholic—lay in a high bowery garden, its low chimneys plunged among the green of great trees.

Sloping softly away for two hundred yards, the grass ran over a shallow bank into the weeds of a stagnant moat. A low stone bridge led over it to the main entrance, now closed in by hoardings paintless with age. Above, rose walls of untimbered brickwork and ivy, with an ascension of small, thick-mullioned windows to a cluster of gables five storeys from the ground, and a bell-cot over all.

There was little beauty about the place on first sight; yet it had a physiognomy, impressive when you came to know it. Its immediate treelessness, its majesty, a majesty of height rather

than of adornment, gave to it an air of rigid self-centred independence, whose first effect might be to hold hearts aloof. But once to see it, the warmth of its surface made mellow in strong sunlight, was to understand how much it had merely steeled its face against a long reversal of fortune.

One part told more plainly than the rest by what degrees of service it had passed out of rank into seventh age and nothingness. Wooden shutters and a crane hung, denoting that the east wing had at one time fulfilled the purpose of a granary ; but even that employment had been taken from it, and now, when its serviceableness for any lower office was denied, the mark of its degradation cruelly remained.

At the back of all, across what may once have been a paved court, but was now a mere scratching-place for hens, lay a large outbuilding. This also showed by its architecture that altering circumstances had changed its use : now a broken-down barn, it had once been the chapel of the Manor of Farvingdon, until de-consecrated on the interdiction of the Mass. The owners then, having sufficient proprietorship to prevent it being further desecrated in their eyes by the introduction of Reformation practices, had made doubly sure by adapting it to the requirements of the property. A voided niche, and the butt of a cross still standing on the eastward gable, gave one side of its history, as clearly as did perforated brickwork and large waggon-doors the other.

Coincident with the change that had then befallen, the Manor of Farvingdon had become a centre for the smuggling of pious contrabands. Stories still abound in the locality of how the "wings" of Jesuit cassocks fluttered bat-like amid its corridors, of cupboardings heroically borne, and coffinings under narrow stair-lids. Remains were sufficient to show that the house had once been a veritable warren of secret passages ; and Clara Jane's mother was wont to disclose to the dull curiosity of visitors the unearthed mouth of many a burrow that in past time had received black-gowned fugitives into its keeping.

In those days a retired oratory among the attics had kept witness to the faith. The present chapel, standing with the priest's house at the entrance of the field, declared by its dimensions how much former things had passed away. Left as a

legacy to the faithful few still resident on the estate when the great house finally became vacant, it made no reckoning for any future increase to the faith in those parts. Its capacity was for seating thirty, for overflowing at fifty; and the priest, whom a quarter of a century's vegetable existence had rooted to the spot, had seldom seen its capacity seriously tested, and certainly could not record an overflow. So past finds touch with present through an atmosphere of decay; things, and a name, are waiting for burial here, clearly never to rise again. And from place, whose most peaceful airs seem to breathe a requiem, we may turn to persons.

Clara Jane's name at the beginning has left it evident that here she is the person of importance. The shadow of the great house had fallen across her earliest years; nay, it may be said, its shadow was in her blood. Whether the shapes of outward things falling upon the brain mould a resemblance in the flesh or no, it is certain that characters respond often and deeply to their surroundings. There are other spirits which, seeming to mould only on themselves, are like quicksilver, which breaks sooner than conform to an impression. Clara Jane's mind, on the contrary, had received to a fantastic degree the impression of her gaunt surroundings.

Across the banqueting-hall, a low irregular chamber filling the greater part of one floor, ran a broad oak beam. From it some hand friendly to the child had hung two ropes, knotted to a board at their lower extremities. Here, one of many mornings, Clara Jane might be seen trailing a languid leg to and fro through the dust and rubbish that covered the floor, timing her reverie to the diminishing oscillations of the swing. The walls all round her were bare: the once splendid oak panelling had been torn away and sold to defray the gaming debts of the then owner, for the absent family had a way at times of remembering that Farvingdon was still theirs. But that was before Clara Jane's day: she had never seen the old oak that had been one of the wonders of the country. The great staircase still remained, a square carved structure of massive design, whose four main supports ran to the entire height of five storeys. One thing of splendour also was spared to the banqueting-hall,—its ancient chimney-piece and canopy of carved stone. Upon the hearth stood an old spit,

appearing to modern eyes as some instrument of torture, and suggestive of having been brought to the spot in old days for immediate use on the bodies of trapped Jesuits.

In and out of the door straggled the russet and speckled poultry from the yard below. The way was always open, and not hard to find up one flight of stairs; and so it had grown to be a daily usage with them to come and pick up lime among the rubbish that strewed the boards. Their heads worked up and down in slow pill-taking jerks to the accompaniment of appropriate noises.

Clara Jane's body swung to and fro through their midst. The energy of her motions had increased: she described a deep arc of a circle in the air; yet there was no abandonment in her play. All at once her two feet were let down, and she rose out of her seat with a stamp that shot up a cloud of dust and made the hens' backs give way in momentary panic.

Quickly, as though her mind were possessed of a well-determined purpose, she went out, down the stairs, through the wicket in the boarded-up archway, across the bridge and green stretch of sunlit field, in the direction of the chapel.

The door from the porch stood open; there was a faint sound from within, like the "slop-slop" of a whitewasher's brush. Father Gornan was "fresco-painting."

No one was so proud of this achievement of his old age as was Clara Jane, except it were Father Gornan himself. It all came out of accident: damp had penetrated the wall at the west end of the chapel, and, spreading, had gradually resolved itself into a patch suggestive, in some sort, of form. One day, regarding it with an eye of concern, the Father said to himself, "If that were only painted now, it would look like an archangel." At last, grasping the courage of his opinion, from a body of whitewash coloured to taste, after three days' strenuous travail, he caused the likeness of an archangel to appear. Clara Jane lent eyes to the eloquence of his applause; instantly his brain soared, and the colouring spots spread like measles through the sacred edifice.

Ever since, the Last Judgment had been dawning by degrees, going from the west eastwards. Half-way up the north wall Clara Jane found the reverend Father, promoted upon a plank

over a couple of barrels, plying a gesticulatory arm. Sunshine played in lattice-work upon the whitewash-splashed floor.

Clara Jane came quietly behind and began stirring a bucket containing the cream-coloured flesh of angels. Presently the priest looked down, preparatory to taking a fresh dip. "You, child?" he said in peaceable accents.

She looked up till she felt she had his mind in her leading; then she moved her face up and down three times, slowly and emphatically, conjuring remembrance to his brain. Previous commissions dawned on his recollection. He let his brush fall, from sudden dismay, into the wrong bucket, where it sent blue veins radiating over a cream-coloured surface.

"Not again? not still?" he exclaimed, coaxing her to reassure him by a negative.

Clara Jane nodded asseveration. The poor Father crossed himself, muttering a prayer, and the next day a Mass was said in the chapel for the repose of certain souls whose family ghosts were reputed still to walk the weather-beaten passages of Farvingdon.

This was an event which had become periodical from about the time when Clara Jane arrived at precocious years of discretion.

The honour of the house was dismally gone by many ways past reach of recall; but in some way people were still to be reminded of a sort of feudal claim to which recognition must be accorded.

It was Clara Jane's way.

Clara Jane had a garden planted in an angle at the back of the house, among the roots of a great ivy. Overhead, without a single ledge to arrest the eye, rose like buttresses the flanks of two chimneys: an arch joined them above, knitting itself with the parapet; while higher still, unrocked in its cot, lay the big bell, hanging an ominous tongue over the depth below.

It was the most striking point of view architecturally that Farvingdon could afford, to stand below and look up and up at that silent threatening shape, dark against the sky. Perhaps it was through a sense of protection in what seemed a menace to others, that Clara Jane had perversely chosen for her garden

a spot where few flowers could thrive. A soil carefully enriched from without, and a jealous watchfulness against the scratchy acquisitiveness of hens, gave to its growths at times a semblance of health and vigour. But Clara Jane had ways, as well as times and seasons; and Nature had not devised the flower that could thrive continuously under her love. Her tending hands at times dealt out contradictions to all existence whatsoever. This appeared from the outset, but a short time after the garden had first been planted. One day, corporal punishment befalling her, whether for offences small or great matters not, there appeared forthwith in the doorway a thing whose raging brain sought only for vengeance, a fiend whose hands, digging and plunging for prey in the loose soil of her own patch, discharged in alternate volleys upturned roots and handfuls of earth, till all the ground behind her was strewn with wreck, and her back covered with streaming pellets of mould.

The disappearance that immediately followed, her mother had learned by experience to tolerate. When Clara Jane had assuaged her passion by hours spent among the rusty cobwebs and dry litter of secret passages whose ways only she dared fathom, there emerged at dusk an object white, exhausted, and passive, rendered obedient to the least word by a prolonged weariness of body and spirit.

The once was typical of many occasions; and the next day she would tearlessly gather up the strewn remnants of her garden, and replant them with remorseful and painstaking solicitude. If they consented to live once more under her hands, it was well; but if they died, her heart hardened itself strictly against all vegetable creation; and for weeks her garden would be left to endure undeeptening, because absolute, neglect.

Soon the easily forgetting hens would encroach and scratch over an enlarged border; and, believing the embargo to be broken, find relish in dismembering the withered stalks and roots that lay around. Then came crack of doom: vengeance again appeared; and Clara Jane selecting a victim, pursued it ruthlessly, till it yielded up its exhausted and breathless body into her hands. After that she punished it with what she fondly believed were mental terrors, the infliction of bodily suffering being alien to her instincts; while, war with one tribe causing truce to the other,

she forthwith became once again an assiduous tiller of the soil.

After some such outburst as this, a penitent would creep into Father Gornan's little confessional, and lay bare the harrowing fact that she had been cruel to her flowers by neglecting and letting them die. But the vengeful pursuit of terrified poultry, and the wrath which had been the root of the whole evil, had no place in her category of sins.

Clara Jane's mother had often a puzzled mind about her: it could not but strike her as strange that a child, in whom an affinity might be expected to declare itself, should seem at times possessed of a passionate hatred for the place in which she had been bred.

Twelve years ago, when the present baronet had come into responsible office through the death of his father, the post of caretaker at Farvingdon had been found or made vacant; and the mother, with her daughter, then an infant, had come a stranger to the neighbourhood and taken possession.

In the earlier years of her training Clara Jane had been drawn into fascinated companionship with the old priest, to hear his stories of the family, and the house with its wonderful hiding-places, and of the sacred vessels that had been hidden during the days of persecution, and were supposed to be still in some deep place of concealment within the thickness of the walls. But, as time went on, her manner of hearing of these things had changed: she ceased to ask questions, and showed no corresponding interest when the subject of past family history was broached. She had once in her mother's hearing, when visitors had come to be shown over the house, called it a "dirty old place"; and had then and after proved herself an incompetent conductress and a bad recipient of fees.

She was even malignant: had she not again and again heard her mother answer the inevitable inquiry for ghosts in a circumstantial affirmative; and did she not know well enough with what evidence it was weighted? Yet of set purpose she had lied against all tradition when once called upon to answer the same question. It was the first time she had taken upon herself to act as guide in her mother's absence, after vainly endeavouring to persuade the intruders away. Ushering them, with emphatic

refusal to linger, from room to room, she recounted in chill, chiding accents and monotonous delivery, the scraps of history her mother had taught her for the purpose. When the ghosts were inquired after, she let it appear in her face that a great liberty had been taken, and then withered all interests by replying in stilted formula: "It is known that there are no such things as ghosts now-a-days." Under Clara Jane's generalship the interest of the place had become exhausted in ten minutes. The fee that rewarded her impolitic cold-blanketing was unsatisfactory to the maternal heart. "You haven't no pride in the place, that you haven't; and there's proof!" she cried, calling the coppers to witness. And then it was that Clara Jane had blasphemed, describing the Manor of Farvingdon as a "dirty old place." But she took her scolding with resignation; having still in her mind the back-view of the disappointed party. She had watched their departure from an upper storey; and as the drag that had brought them turned away out of the field, she frowned, and out of a full heart her mouth spake: "I hate them! I hate them! I hate them!" she whispered fiercely.

One day she said to Father Gornan as she watched him paint, "Father, if the sacred vessels were to be found, where would they go to?"

The Father paused in his work. "To the owners," he said. "Why?"

"Are they the family?"

"Yes, the family, of course."

"Why isn't the Church the owner?"

"Well, you see, my child, it is so long since they were in use. And if tradition is true, they were very valuable."

"Had they great big pieces of coloured glass stuck about them?" asked Clara Jane, as though studious to have them made plain to her vision.

"They were probably jewelled: that is what would make them valuable."

"Then if the owners had them, they would sell them, just like they did the oak out of the big hall?"

"Perhaps," answered the priest; "probably. Even the Government might like to buy them." He went on, after a pause: "There's been many a hunt for them; and it would be worth

anyone's while to find them. Suppose *you* set to work, little one, eh?"

Clara Jane's answer was so long in coming that the Father looked round. No one was there: she was gone, stolen from him unperceived.

"What an uncanny child it is," he muttered to himself, and straightway relieved his feelings by a fresh attack on his beloved fresco.

One day the midday country postman put in an unwonted appearance while Clara Jane and her mother were sitting down to dinner. The latter opened the letter which he had brought, and read it slowly. When she had mastered its contents after a fashion, "Well, well, really now!" she said, and laid it down.

"What is it, mother?" asked Clara Jane.

"Oh, it won't be no trouble to you, I'll warrant. We've got to clear out of this. To be sure, it'll be a change for you."

Clara's Jane's face became rigid: she put out her hand for the letter. "Why are we to go, mother?"

"Oh, I don't know. There's things going to be done here, it seems; it looks as if it meant the house was all to come down. Take it across to Father Gornan; he'll tell you what it means."

Clara Jane got up on to her feet and walked slowly across to the priest's house. Father Gornan was not at home; so she sat down in the trellised porch and waited. The letter lay open in her hand: it was an agent's letter, beginning, "I am instructed by Sir Cuthbert Reeve Farvingdon to inform you that on and after"—; and then followed words only dimly construed by her intelligence as meaning that in a short time Farvingdon itself was to be no more.

The sun had left the tree-enclosed garden, and the porch was shadowy with dusk, when Father Gornan returned. As he entered, something white showed round through the gloom, and he recognised the upturned face of Clara Jane. In her hand was the open letter; and an almost strange voice said, "Please, Father, this letter has come for mother; and will you tell me, please, what does it mean?"

The priest took it and held it before the fading light. "Ah,

yes, yes," he said slowly when he had done reading it, "I have heard something about this. Well, child, it means the old place has to come down. Some contractor finds it will be worth his while to rout out all the old oak floors and panels, and take the great staircase and the carved stone chimneys and the rest of it; and money being scarce in a certain quarter just now, he is going to have his way, and the thing will be done. And for fear, I suppose, lest the place should come tumbling down on the top of them, they are going to take it down bit by bit; and let the sunshine into all the old Jesuits' hiding-places. Perhaps they will find the lost treasure too; who knows? And you, little one, will go and live in some nice new home, where there will be no shadows to frighten the heart out of your body. You will be glad, won't you?"

"Yes," said the child steadily, "I shall be glad. But I don't think the treasure will ever be found."

Before many weeks were 'out, the contractor's scaffolding poles began to arrive. Clara Jane's mother had been making arrangements for one of the neighbours to receive them and their few articles of furniture until the future could be more decided on. Some small amount by way of a pension she understood she was still to receive.

Day by day signs of the change that was about to take place multiplied. The courtyard became crowded with implements of destruction, and a party of strange workmen had come and taken lodgings in the neighbourhood.

The day on which the caretaker's occupancy came definitely to an end, the day, that is, which was to be followed by the commencement of the work of demolition in real earnest, Clara Jane was absorbed, apparently indifferent to all else around her, in the transplanting of all the flowers from her garden into that of Father Gornan. One by one she carried her loved ones across in a good shovelful of their own soil, and set them in the place of shelter the Father had accorded to them.

Men tramped up and down the stairs of the great house, and slung their coats over the carved balusters. Not since their entrance had Clara Jane once put foot on the stair, or shown any wish to pay a farewell visit to the scenes of her solitary childhood.

It was as if the whole place had become dead to her from the moment when she had heard its doom spoken.

By the time that the men had knocked off work for the day, Clara Jane and her mother had carried off their last belongings, and had entered into their temporary residence under a neighbour's roof.

The disturbance of a first settling in, and the arrangements in accommodation which had to be finished off at the end of a busy day, made the supper-hour somewhat late. When it was finished, and just before going to bed, Clara Jane declared that she must go over to the priest's house and water her newly-planted flowers, which she was sure would otherwise die in the night. She was stubborn on the point.

"How can the child see to water them in the dark?" asked the neighbour, when she had gone on her errand.

"I don't know," said her mother; "she's got eyes like a cat; I've often found that out." And she proceeded to give instances of Clara Jane's perspicacity of vision, as evinced in the dark corridors of their late abode.

Before long, Clara Jane returned, and, without taking up the candle that had been placed for her, went upstairs to bed. It was already late, and her mother and the rest of the household soon followed. In the country, poor folk turn in early and drop off quickly.

Mother and daughter were to sleep together in the same bed; Clara Jane had chosen the side facing the window. Soon there was deep breathing in the room, and nobody stirred; only Clara Jane was awake. She lay watching the opaque darkness with her ear uncovered, as though expecting some signal to declare itself to one of her straining senses.

At length a dull blister of light appeared through the blind; the monotony of the outer darkness was disturbed. A faint glow kindled the opposite wall, and died; again, and this time it lingered, flagged, hung wavering, then swelled. Slowly the air became tinged and suffused with red. All at once a sound sprang up; it whispered, it crackled, deepened, loudened, opened, and became a roar. Its voice and the light that accompanied it was a signal that roused all. Sleep was torn up by the roots, cries mixed themselves in a scramble for clothes, and windows were thrown wide.

"Clara Jane! Clara Jane! the Hall's on fire!" screamed her mother as she bundled into her gown.

The child sat upright in bed, shivering horribly. "Draw up the blind, mother; let me see it."

"There! get up quick and come along!" cried her mother, throwing back the blind. "Oh! my gracious me! see there how it's a-light!" Three storeys were already lined with fire: a great serpent, with crackling scales, writhing to be out. She fled down to join in the clamour below.

"It ain't no good," said a man; "buckets won't do nothing on that."

"Oh, can't nobody go to Chidderingster and fetch the fire-injins?" was the next appeal.

"Fire-injins can't be got and fetched ten miles and find anything left of this here," said the common-sensible one who had before spoken.

"However did it come about?" was the question asked of all.

"Well, well, that ever I should live to see this!" said one, with a growing sense of relish.

"It's those workmen leaving their pipe-ends about as done it, I'll be bound," was the conviction of another; and after the first bewildered sense of alarm had settled down, phlegmatic comments passed from one to another.

"Hasn't the old place woke up, just?" hazarded a local wag; and a dogged play upon the word greeted this sally, showing that it epitomised one emotion of their rustic minds.

"It's woke *us* up, anyhow!" came from another, capping the successful hit.

"It's woke them up too," said a lad, pointing.

"Oh, the pore birds! the pore birds!" exclaimed a woman, as the onlookers discerned a tribe of swallows whirling desperately out of the flame and smoke, many of them only to fall back suffocated or rendered victims by terror.

Clara Jane wriggled miserably and gasped.

"Hearken to that!" cried another, as, amid the ascending boom of conflagration, came two wild notes from the great bell. Its iron head rolled amid its crackling supports, then crashed clamouring, and was silent for ever.

Father Gornan had appeared upon the scene; all waited from

him that expression of the general mind which was denied to their limited vocabulary.

"Has nothing been done?" he asked. "How long ago was it discovered?"

"'Twas like to the Day of Judgment: it took us up sudden out of our beds, Father," said a man.

"The old place looks fine now," said the priest, after a while, watching the flames that lanced the roof with savage thrusts. There was a general consent at this new discovery.

"Yes, 'a looks fine, 'a do look fine; finer than 'a would 'a thought, knowing it like."

Presently the roof dipped and went down; the flames, with a final crescendo, shot up a pillar whose points seemed to lick the sky. A child began to sob, fearing that the world was going to catch fire.

Clara Jane was the only being among old and young who had not gone out to see this great sight. The small crowd stood, huddled and half-dressed, warming itself by the blaze.

"There won't be much left there to pay for taking down," said Father Gornan as the flames began to diminish; and a new point for interest and conjecture was started and went the round. The fire seemed to be having a grim joke against the baronet and the contractor.

The thickness of the outer walls, rendered stronger by their tegument of ivy, seemed to defy the power of the flames to bring about their overthrow. Within, by degrees the mighty wood-fire burned and beat itself low. As the splendour of the spectacle diminished, the crowd of watchers fell away. "Well, well, to be sure!" said one and another, turning with equable mind to bed and the resumption of interrupted slumber.

Clara Jane's mother was not among the last to find sleep the superior attraction. Long after she had lain down and once more resigned herself to unconsciousness, the other remained on the bedside watching the fire burn itself away, and listening to a still small voice that spoke words too solemn for exultation.

Dawn came, and found her sitting there in sleepless grief. Then, before others were abroad, she got up and crept out of doors into the loneliness of a grey atmosphere, to visit the hot and blackened ruin of the house she had loved.

Her heart was stony to all the ravages of the fire, till she saw, floating on the cindered surface of the moat, some small dead bodies, swallows crumpled and singed by the heat; and here and there a bat, whose outstretched wings rested on the water like the broken sides of a tiny canoe.

That day Father Gornan sat in his confessional along with a small penitent, who accused herself, in words of bitter reviling, of cruelty to certain of God's lesser creatures, and of betrayal on their persons of the sacred laws of hospitality. But of other things which weighed not on her conscience she confessed nothing.

So the contractor lost his "plant," and the head of the Farvingdons his bargain in the sale of the family oak; and nobody was hung because of these things.

Farvingdon still stands in maimed beauty, a tower-like ruin, unprofitable now for any commercial barter or exchange. New ivy springs up and winds it as the years go by; other swallows and bats build and hide in its walls; but Clara Jane comes not to look ever on the work her hands accomplished. The asperities of poverty have separated her from the locality of her romance; and it is the dream of a day yet to come in which she sees herself revisiting the place whose honour her pride indeed saved, yet, as the Scripture says, "so as by fire."

Laurence Housman.



1481





NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO

PROBABLY few of us know how old a custom we are following when we greet our friends with "A Happy New Year," or send the words on a card to others who are far away. In Germany, at any rate, the custom prevailed in the fifteenth century; and the few specimens which chance has preserved to us, a bare score or so, of the woodcuts and engravings which were sent as presents at this season, include some of the most charming records of the primitive period of engraving. Their charm lies, of course, not in finished workmanship, but in the naïveté and quaintness of the design. The mere black and white of the impression was helped out, in almost every case, by colour, without which the outline might seem bald and harsh.

In contrast to the chaotic licence granted nowadays to designers of cards, the primitive artists had but one subject (there could not be a better): the Infant Christ. It is a very simple allegory which represents the New Year in the form of a little child. We see it every year in the frontispiece of the new volume of *Punch*, when little Master 189- (how soon he will grow into 190-!) makes his bow to the British public. But to mediæval Germany the Child of the New Year was the newborn Christ, bringing with him the promise of good gifts to the children of the Church. Sometimes his actual Coming is the subject. In one of these little prints he rides on an ass, rehearsing, as it were, in childish play the prelude to his Passion, and over his head is written on a scroll: "I bring good years." In another he stands as pilot in a ship, and bids the angel-crew furl the sails, and hoist the ensign of the Cross, and sound the trumpet to proclaim his Advent, for he brings from Alexandria good gifts without stint,

true riches and the love of God. The most popular design, so far as we can judge from the copies which are extant, was invented by the master whom we know only by his initials E. S., the first great painter-engraver of Germany, who is believed to have died about 1467. The Child stands on a flower, with the Cross at his back, and wishes us, with his blessing, "A good, happy year." A copy of this print, by the Low-German engraver, Israhel van Meckenhem, is reproduced in our first illustration. All the other similar designs which we know are woodcuts, except one of those curious productions of the goldsmith-engravers, working on metal for relief-printing, which are known as "dotted prints." Usually Christ is seated on a cushion, as we see him here, in a garden or meadow, surrounded sometimes by birds or rabbits. He holds an orb or cross in his hand, or else he wears a necklace and bracelets of coral, as he often does in Italian pictures too, and clasps with both hands a pet bird against his breast; rather roughly, in one case, so that the bird turns and pecks his fingers. The learned in folk-lore say that this bird should be a cuckoo, and that it refers to the superstition that the number of times you hear the first cuckoo call in spring signifies the number of years that you have yet to live. For all that, it is certainly, by its beak and tail, a paroquet, and it is generally painted green. In another woodcut the Baby—there is only the nimbus to remind us that it is the Babe of Bethlehem—puts his finger in his mouth and draws his toes back as he looks shyly at a dragon-fly which has settled a little too near them on the cushion. Sometimes he has a basket or a box full of good wishes written on scrolls of paper, and occasionally an oval box with the lid off and small round objects inside it, which look very much like bonbons, and, at any rate, have a great attraction for an inquisitive rabbit, which sits up to get a good view of the contents. Near the Child, in several of these designs, is a crystal orb symbolical of his lordship over earth and sky and sea, for within it we see, not as Burne-Jones might have drawn them, but quite in nursery style, a little town with windmills and towers by the shore, and the open sky above. A banner floats from the cross set in the orb, and a dove flies off with a message of many good years to come.

A number of these prints exist in which the actions are the

same, though there is no actual expression of good wishes. The intention of the artist is equally clear without them; and when he draws the Infant Jesus grasping a bird or sitting in the midst of flowers, the familiar symbol tells its own tale of promise. Such a print is the second which is reproduced here: a woodcut in the collection of the British Museum, singularly charming both for the unusual excellence of its simple outline and for the freshness of its colouring, especially the rich crimson of the robe, which has not faded, thanks to a protecting glaze. The colours, unfortunately, are only an obstacle to reproduction, and photography, with the best intentions, cannot treat them kindly.

The New Year's greetings were also printed on calendars, usually in the form of a long scroll, alone or entwined with foliage, which bore the customary words of goodwill. Here, too, the Child Christ would appear, holding the scroll, or pointing to it; while a favourite device was a double spray of foliage, bending outwards to right and left from a single stem, and ending in two flowers with a babe in each—Jesus and St. John the Baptist. This was because, when the year began with Christmas Day, as at certain times and places it did, the Feast of St. John came at the beginning of the second period of six months. Here, by a pretty piece of symbolism, the almanac-makers placed a dove with open wings near Christ, in token of the lengthening days, whilst on St. John's end of the scroll there perched a dove with its wings folded, because soon after Midsummer the days draw in.

The Germans of the fifteenth century recognised no very clear division in observance between Christmas and New Year's Day. Rather, the New Year fell in the middle of a continuous festal period, the "Twelve Nights," which extended from Christmas to Epiphany, or the "Three Kings" as it was always called, and these two feasts themselves were sometimes named the Little and the Great New Year. Gifts and New Year's greetings were exchanged between friends all through the Twelve Nights, which were also commonly known as the "Knocking Nights," because it was the custom for boys and young men to go their rounds, singing a rhyme and knocking at doors and shutters, to demand presents. How the popular observance of Christmas became separated from that of New Year's Day is not very clear, but it is probably an outcome of

Lutheranism. In Switzerland the Child Christ, who is supposed to bring the little ones their Christmas presents, is still called "Neujahrskindli" as well as "Christkindli." We need not be surprised, therefore, at finding the sort of card which nowadays we should send, if we could get it, at Christmas, used four hundred years ago exclusively for New Year's Day.

Campbell Dodgson.



Berceuse.

Words by Diana Gardner

Music by Fallas Shaw.

Andantino con espressione.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The first system of the musical score. The voice part (treble clef) begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs) starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand plays a descending eighth-note scale: G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The left hand plays a simple bass line. The system concludes with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic and the lyrics "The moon is".

The second system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics "sinking a - down the skies,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same descending eighth-note scale in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

The third system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics "sink-ing a - down the skies, a - down the". The piano accompaniment continues with the same descending eighth-note scale in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

rallent. *Tempo un più moto.* *mf*

twink-ling their tir - ed eyes the Zephyrs

rallent *mf*

f *cresc.* *ff*

ri - - - sing be-speak the morn

cresc. *f*

dim. *pp rallent.*

At rest be ly - - ing ere breaks the dawn, at rest be

dim *pp rallent.*

un più ritard. *p*

ly - ing ere breaks the dawn Good night my

colla voce *p* *tempo*

BERCEUSE

29

dar - - - ling, good night.

mp
The flowers are pi - ning for day's glad

light, pi - ning for day's glad light, for day's glad

light, Gold day is spur - - ning the sil - vern night,

THE DOME

rallent. *tempo un più moto* *mf*

spurn-ing the sil - - vern night. Her dus-ky

rallent

f *dim.*

man - - - tie falls quiet a round safe in her

cresc *f*

pp rall.

keep - - ing are light and sound, safe in her keep-ing are light and sound

pp rall

Good night my dar - - - ling, good night.

CHESTNUTS

A Study in Ivory

"It's a poor workman as can't leave a job for a mate" (so I heard an aggrieved critic or plumber—I forget which—remark); and I think there is a wide field for comment left untilled on the hither side of Criticism, somewhere about Weissnichtwo. Here is a little barren space between professional Knowledge and unprofessional Indiscrimination where the dilettante may sow his folly gladly, and bring his flowers of fancy—modest violets—to, fragrant imperfection.

And thus I speak without fear.

There is, I think, a subtle fascination about the chestnut in both creamy May and tawny October—even in dark December. For the hackneyed theme has something of the charmed mystery of Immortality, something restful and unchanging as the Suez Canal or the Pole Star. The critic-worn, weary loveliness of the "Chestnut" draws us irresistibly with a single split hair—of liquid amber, of silken fire.

One thing alone can in some measure rejuvenate the "chestnut." And that is the alchemy of a thoroughly crude opinion upon it. A sufficiently crude treatment will restore almost any subject to something of its pristine freshness, as the gentle dews of unsophisticated Dawn restore the drooping flower.

And thus I venture to talk of Paderewski.

Now every artist has his own instinctive tone colour with which he informs his art. As you would write of Grieg in silver, and Maeterlinck in chrysophrase, and good old Omar in ruby, so I would write of Paderewski in ivory, if mere words had colour.

For what delicate carved ivory music has Paderewski wrought us by the magic of his inimitable touch! Gossamer dreams like

the wrought marble screens in the Taj, which seem woven of moonfire, passion, and sleeping snow on a "night of frost in May." Smooth, polished, luminous tones, lit from within by a strange white glow—these are veritable masseuses of the soul, manipulating its every nerve with the skilled tenderness of the sympathetic psychologist, refining on exquisite shades of emotion, waking the whole key-board of Feeling with sure, sensitive touches. The mere musician (pardon me!) cannot appreciate these complex luxuries; the romantic hedonist who has had a liaison more or less with each of the Arts, "tasting all blossoms and confined to none," can better understand this lyric loveliness. Indeed, Paderewski is quite wrongly estimated as a mere musician. His art is something far too personal, unique, and subtle ever to be classed or stereotyped. This the critic doesn't grasp. The critic, as an essentially modern product, has the lamentable modern tendency to put the cart before the horse. Given—Paderewski and the piano in juxtaposition, the critic immediately starts at the ultimate end, Music, and thus he gets hold of the wrong end of the stick. He should, of course, begin with Paderewski and the piano, from which many delicious concerts and conceits may be evolved.

For Paderewski is essentially the Genius of the Piano; since the unique charm of the piano is his, and his are the limitations of the piano. Viewed among other pianists, he is like a Chrysanthemum in a bed of Asters,—the petulant, fantastic flower of Japan amid the stolid blooms of China.

I find a strange analogy to his touch in moonlight. For the moon subjects heaven and earth to her own silver sheen, invests all things with her pale mystical glamour,—the moon, in her own far-off, divine way, is quite an egoist, and believes almost exclusively in subjective art. All tone gradations, of light-shade but not of colour, are hers, from the weird white of winter to the tawny gold of harvest—ivory spring, amber of summer—but she is always indisputably the moon: her lovely monotone of colouring is her personality.

How different from the vulgar Catholicity of the universal sun are the exquisite Limitations of the exclusive moon,—how different, and how infinitely sweeter! The moon transcends the sun as Art transcends Nature. The moon is no more "a reflection of the sun" (as the copy-book tells us) than the Dream is a reflection of

the Real. The sun has no personality at all, he is deplorably deficient in personal hypnotism ; he conceives of an "object as in itself it really is,"—and that is unpardonable ! The moon is all temperament and personality ; she puts her own ivory interpretation upon the world.

In these days of the association of Music and Literature, one instinctively links Paderewski with Walter Pater,—at least I do. When I am listening to Paderewski, I await the delicious note, the peach-bloom phrase, just as I seek the luxurious word, the delicious phrase in "*Denys L'Auxerrois*." Both tone poet and prose poet (I like hybrid names) have the same leisurely grace of style—the unique charm of repose. Both have that exotic simplicity—that naturalness which is the result of strenuous art, a simplicity of black pearls ! Both their names begin with a P., and to neither is the commonplace attainable.

I think that Beethoven and Schumann and Chopin are to Paderewski somewhat as Antony Watteau and Leonardo were to Pater. Yet pause before you contradict me ! In so perfectly expressing Watteau, Pater has expressed himself. Watteau is transcribed into words, he breathes, he lives,—that unerring instinct of the unique word *is Pater*, the vital spark of his genius,—none other could have wrought that imaginary portrait with so keen a fidelity.

In like manner, by so perfectly expressing Beethoven or Schumann or Chopin—imaginary portraits all—Paderewski perfectly expresses himself, which after all is his main desire and aim, as it was Pater's aim to express himself.

Like Pater, Paderewski restricts his (tone) diction somewhat : rejecting all the everyday colloquialisms of piano-playing, he confines himself to a rarefied essence of tone speech, whereof each syllable is vitally expressive, each note a pearl wrought by no earthly, no maritime oyster. But then people with that shade of hair—hair with a sheen of blood in it—are always worth listening to ! And he has something of the same limitations of thought and sentiment as Pater ; both these "sons of joy" are equally fastidious, though the musician is, as a musician cannot fail to be, perhaps more interested in the heart than in the head. Indeed, sentimentally he rather resembles Dante Rossetti,—his music is strenuous, exotic, and impassioned as Rossetti's "*House of Life*,"

instinct with the same splendid fatefulness and sombre exultation. I always feel something Slavonic in Rossetti, and something essentially musical, inasmuch as he appeals irresistibly to every sense save the Common. Likewise, Paderewski has Rossetti's peculiar power of being at the same moment outside and inside. I will explain my cryptic speech. Paderewski has the ubiquitous faculty attaching to us finer souls—that of feeling our art to the core and being at the same time keenly alive to the impression it is making on others. For instance, I love! And who should love so passionately as I? I purr that love into a sonnet, and my emotion in nowise obscures my sense of rhyme and rhythm, nor yet does it becloud my instinct of gracious diction. Were I merely an artist, my sonnet would lack passion; were I purely a lover, I might tumble into an error of rhyme.

And then, again, Paderewski's tone literature (contra-distinctive to the tone journalism of which we get so much) is somewhat in the French Style. Which French Style? THE French Style. His marvellously sensitive touch wins secrets from the vibrating strings as a father-confessor cajoles the fluttering hearts and tongues of emotional, sweet sinners; indeed, often his notes have a double vibration, a double entente—the echo infinitely subtle!

This double entente is especially audible in his interpretation of Chopin. He brings out so well that Tartar ferocity overlaid with Parisian polish, that delicate rose-jacynth cruelty faintly flushing those mystical white dreams—in short, that “mixture of tiger's blood and honey” wherein lies the true mordente affettuoso. Moreover, his Chopin nocturnes have that little exquisite touch of languor which puts the last seduction on passion.

Chopin is so seldom understood. The very same people who read Heine in the English translation think that Chopin is a gentle, dreamy sentimentalist. O my prophetic soul! I have found many analogies to Paderewski, but, in truth, his personality is a quick-change artist. During a recital it will successively and successfully impersonate Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, Schumann, homogeneising these divers persons with the informing essence of its own delightful self. Now, as I am of a courteous though unoriginal disposition, I think that of all composers Schumann is the most indebted to M. Paderewski. For M. Paderewski's

Slavonic traits just counteract Schumann's occasional slight tendencies to Domesticity. And the domestic side of a Romanticist is the side least worth bringing out.

What I chiefly admire in Paderewski's playing is (to avoid reiteration) its refinement of simplicity—a certain delicate naturalness which is very palpably art. This refines Schumann and etherealises Chopin, when it is Chopin's good pleasure to be ethereal, for the tone poet in question usually savours indisputably of this world. And this priceless simplicity is "semplice" as a field flower, an anemone in a shy spring wood, or one of Heine's matchless songs. Now the difficulties of the perfect "semplice" can hardly be overestimated. For he who would put the daffodil into music must give the brilliant delicacy and the delicate brilliancy, the pure glowing amber in its clear perfection, the sun-kissed ivory in its subtle softness; must not deviate a gossamer's breadth from the ascetic loveliness of outline. Simplicity is very hard of attainment,—I never even attempt it!

M. Paderewski has fathomed the irresistible charm of The Naïve—hardest of all arts!

This charming naïveté he puts into his dance rhythms, which are peculiarly piquant,—they would set the toes of a ballet of bishops irresistibly a-tapping! Or even, perchance, toes of an audience of musical amateurs. But what does the public know of rhythm? It cannot distinguish between pearls and acorns. It cannot appreciate a marvellous mosaic of music or those infinitesimal, dainty touches that chisel out perfection. Still it is appreciative of the Beautiful—in its own dull way. Whenever I attend a Paderewski recital, and I look round on the musical amateur-packed hall, I think of Krishna and the Milkmaids:

"like white lotus flowers whose root is wounded under the water,
The moonlight of their downcast faces shines with pallid splendour."

Musical amateurs are always pale.

I fear I have omitted to mention Paderewski's marvellous tone elocution. His softest pianissimo, be it but an infinitesimal sigh, is keenly, purely, perfectly audible. I have felt the "small, still, sweet spirit of that sound" penetrate to the utmost arc of the Crystal Palace. Indeed, his pianissimo is famous for atmospheric effects. When he has played Rubinstein's Barcarolle in A minor,

have you not seen the moonlight inlaying the odorous music of the weird pine-cadence with the flickering ghost of gold? If you haven't, you're hopeless! He is electric as Life.

Splendidly restrained, he is almost never temperate. There is a subtle violence about Paderewski that is quite irresistible, a something untamable that meets its brother in the desert wind and the black panther and the prelude of "Tristan," a something which is deliciously piquant in the Queen's Hall; it thrills our jaded selves with a breath of the Primeval and the pre-Raphael and most especially the Oriental, the supple, the savage, the immortal! However civilised you are, it makes your soul rise as a wave to the West wind, as the hooded cobra to the pipe of the charmer.

(A Paderewski recital always reminds me of a great wind passing over the sea; it stirs up the languid waves of quiet people to a froth and a foam of excitement and a thunder of applause.)

There is no doubt that this playing with (should I say playing to?) cobras is rather dangerous, and the latter end of the charmer is not hard to predict, it is too intimately connected with the former end of the cobra. Even now the hooded critic shows his fangs, and if the Lords of Life and Death had not drained all critics' poison-bags and filled them up with words, it might go hard with the piper. But then all sane people (and I am one of such) look upon the critic as the deaf adder.

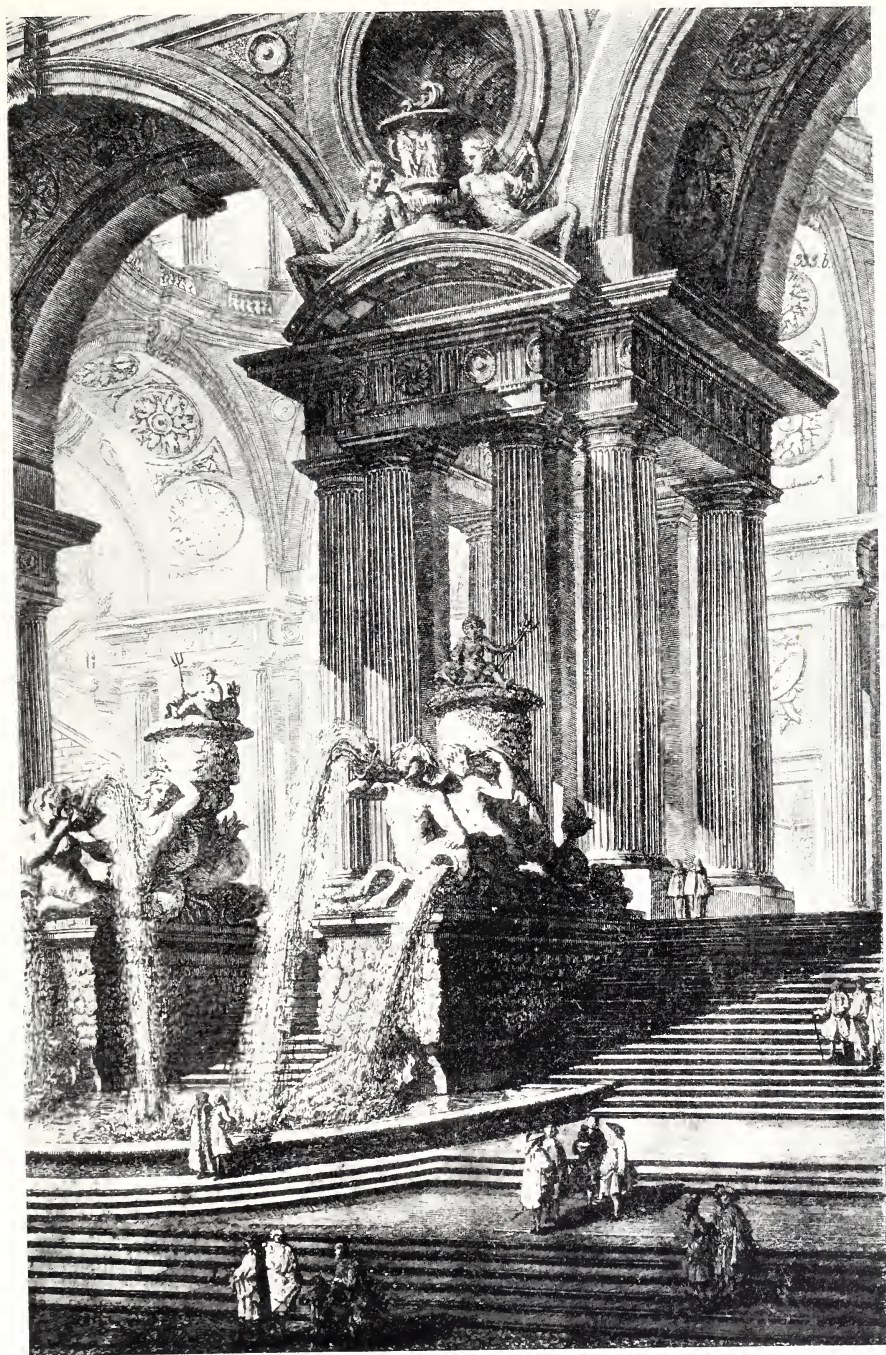
Once I thought that M. Paderewski was about to anticipate the millennium among the critics, now I fancy he is a little out of fashion, the tawny shade of the "chestnut" overshadows him. But still his geese are swans by the grace of God—and the sanction of the critics? Who cares?

Yet still I admit that Personality has its disadvantages, and that though Limitation is the salt of Love—Variety is its sugar.

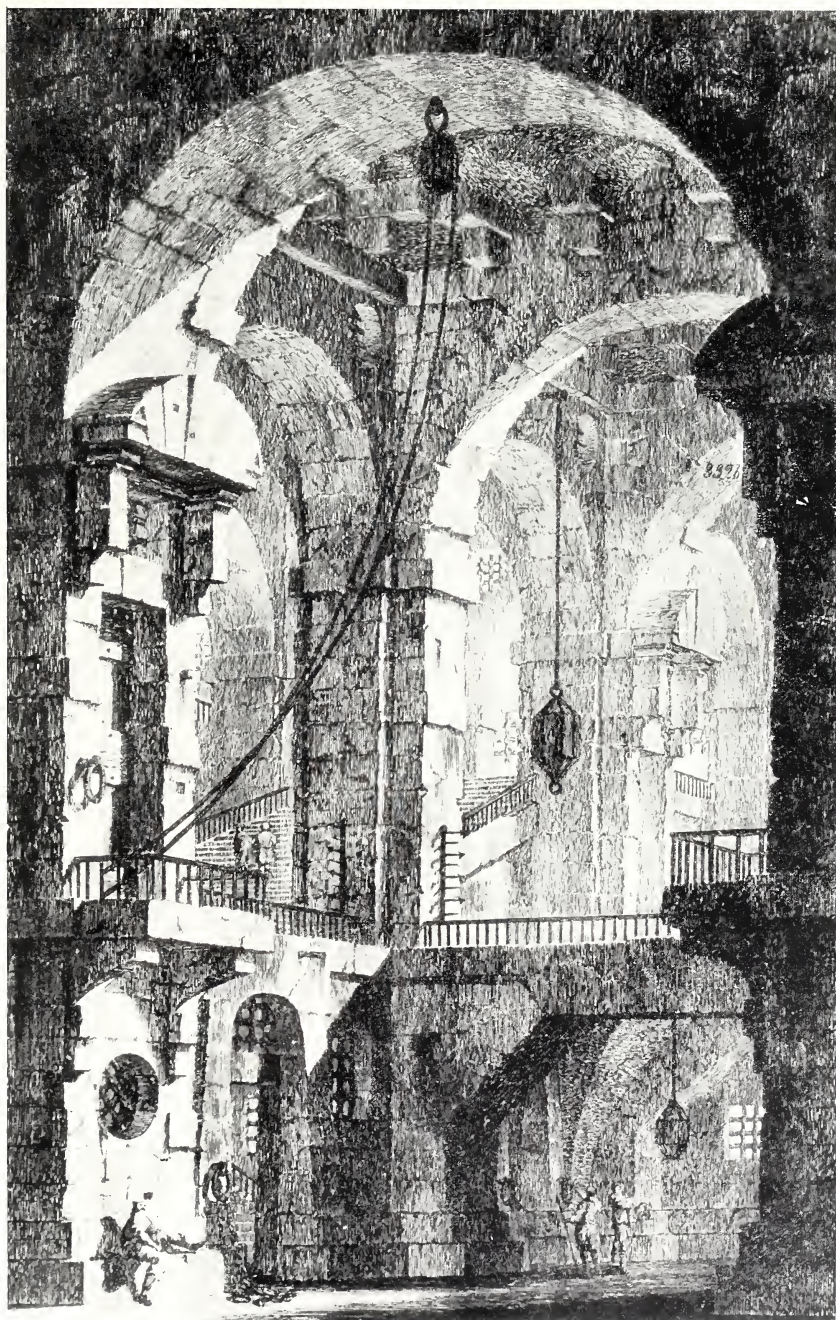
Israfel.

*The Plate facing this page is after a Drawing entitled
THE PEDLAR, by W. Scrope Davies.*









A SECOND NOTE ON PIRANESI

IN *The Dome* for January 1898 there appeared reproductions of three prints and a drawing by Giovanni Battista Piranesi, along with a short note on some characteristics of his work. The engraved surface of the plates in the old series of *The Dome* was too small, and the pretensions of the special process employed were too far from being fulfilled for the three prints to be more than faintly recalled. It is therefore both a pleasure and a surprise to learn that considerable interest was nevertheless aroused, and that many readers of the article have lately asked to see other works of Piranesi more adequately represented on the larger page of the new series, and accompanied by a few particulars of Piranesi's life.

It was affirmed in the earlier note that Piranesi was least himself and most a journeyman when he laboured to record faithfully the architectural facts of eighteenth-century Rome; and that he showed his greatness in the free handling of storied ruins, and his supremacy in expressing the exercises of a sheer and splendid imagination, unprecedented and unsurpassed. All the three prints now reproduced have therefore been chosen from his architectural fantasies and inventions. The first has the subscription: "*Gruppo di Colonne che regge due archi d'un grande Cortile. Abbasso i piedestalli delle Colonne sono ornati di Magnifici gruppi di Fontane, e scale per le quali si monta ad un Atrio Dorico ornato di Statue, Bassi-relievi, con altre scale necessarie per ascendere agli Appartamenti.*" The second carries no legend save the few words introduced into the design itself. As for the third, Piranesi has written under it: "*Carcere oscura con Antenna pel supplizio de malfactori Sonvi da lungi le scale che conducono al piano e vi si vedono pure all' intorno altre chiuse carceri.*" It must be pointed out, however, that this is not one of the great sequence of inventions, *Carceri d'invenzione*, declared in

the first article to be Piranesi's most characteristic and impressive performance. Of this set, which could only be belittled and misrepresented by reproduction in illustration of a magazine article, an edition on a worthy scale has quite lately been published in London.

They say that Piranesi was born at Venice and Rome on various days in the first two decades of the last century. His son fixes Venice as the place, and 1720 as the time. But the first thing to be thankful for is that he was born anywhen and anywhere; and the second, that his father, a mason, sent him to Rome, when he was eighteen years old, to study practical architecture. In going to Rome, Piranesi simply went to his own place. Like Handel, his contemporary and peer in another medium, he needed a great argument. None but Handel's Samson could have pulled down Piranesi's Temple of Neptune; and none but Piranesi could have piled high and stretched far enough the carved pylons and avenues of sphinxes through which Handel's Israelites went forth, while Jehovah confounded the Egyptians with plagues of hailstones and fire. And what Handel, after years of wandering among insignificant Italian love-stories, found at last in the rude largeness of Hebrew chronicles and legends, the young Piranesi found ready to his hand in the majestic remnants of imperial Rome.

The youth's business in Rome, however, was not to exult in the magnificent achievements of the ancients, but to prepare himself for adding to or even replacing them by rearing villas and churches according to the taste of his day. It was a vile taste enough: vulgar, ostentatious, insincere; and in his book of designs for chimney-pieces and the churches which he restored, Piranesi showed that he could play down to it with lamentable success. But his own age exacts some toll of every man, and Piranesi paid his grudgingly. So little did he desire to become a prosperous and fashionable architect, that his indignant father's threat to cut off the monthly allowance of six crowns only strengthened his determination to know and perpetuate the temples, obelisks, triumphal arches, aqueducts, baths, and gates which ignorance and greed were mutilating or demolishing one by one; and it was to this, with a few purely imaginative flights like the *Carceri*, and occasional lapses like the chimney-pieces and churches, that he

gave up his busy life. He drew the innumerable monuments which surrounded him in the solemnity of their decay, or re-edified them in more than their first splendour; and, like the Roman that he was, he declared his work should live as long as there were men to care about the glory that was Rome.

Like Handel, Piranesi was an artist who went straight to his goal. Many people, convinced that art is long, entirely distrust the impromptu, and always identify the spontaneous with the slipshod and cheap. To these Handel is a supernatural Titan, an astounding freak; while Beethoven, who would brood over a theme for years, is the responsible example for musicians who would produce works that shall be respected; and Méryon, painfully working up countless thumb-nail patches, is a better workman than Piranesi. But in art it is the man and not the process that counts; and if Piranesi and Handel instinctively travel along one side of an octagon instead of seven, the only practical consideration is whether they reach the point they aim at or not. That smaller men have failed ludicrously in trying to follow these giants along their short cuts proves nothing, for small men fail equally in crawling round the long circuit. There is no divine right of the short cut, of course; and the tales, impressively told, of a knighted composer of contemporary light opera who wrote a certain overture in a single evening, chiefly set one wondering why he was so long in achieving so little. But the fact remains that to men like Piranesi and Handel the short cut is the only true and living way, and their march upon it is a triumphal progress.

A tradition bearing directly upon his habit of working, and a trustworthy anecdote of his courtship, unite to support the evidence of the prints themselves on this point of swiftness, decision, and directness. To tell the story of his wooing first: It is said that one morning he met and straightway fell in love with the daughter of Prince Corsini's gardener. With an abruptness that frightened her, he demanded to know if she was betrothed; and as soon as she confessed that she was free, he practically leapt over the next few steps and fixed the fifth day after for the marriage. On the wedding-day he placed all his plates by the side of the few crowns which made up the girl's dowry, and told her that their whole fortune was before her, and that in three years it should be doubled. Like many another man of imperious temperament, he sought to

dissemble to his friends the human weakness and youthful hastiness of this courtship, telling one that the dowry would buy plates; and another, that his bride's black eyes, proving her pure descent from the ancient Romans, had invited the alliance. But we need not be more deceived than they were as to the man, while the story will serve to introduce the tradition as to the workman. Piranesi is believed to have haunted a monument till he had made it his own, and then to have drawn it directly upon the copper, without preparing any preliminary studies or sketches. This cannot be literally true, as the drawings for the set of Paestum prints are still shown at the Soane Museum in London, and there are probably others in Paris and Rome. But it may well be broadly true, just as the like story of Handel is broadly true, in spite of the existence of sketches for exceptional numbers such as the "Amen" which ends his *Messiah*.

Piranesi's outward life was uneventful. A controversy with an English writer who had denied originality to Roman architecture, a dispute with an English lord who insulted the etcher by a beggarly payment for plates which he had commissioned with a great flourish as a patron of the arts, a little building and restoring, and the receiving of a few honours, were the principal breaks in its monotony. But inwardly he lived the crowded hours of spacious times. For him flames leapt up again on the altars of old gods, and men in the amphitheatres fought with beasts once more. His son tells how he would forget meal after meal, as he strove to reconstruct upon the copper the only Rome that was real to him, while his children, not daring to begin without him, sat at the table dreaming of other plates and bitings. This power of concentration, coupled with prodigious industry, enabled him to give such complete expression to his genius that a longer life could have yielded little that was not repetition. He died in his own Rome on November 9, 1778.

L. A. Corbeille.

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS

TOWARDS the hour of supper on Friday, the twenty-sixth day of the month of December, a little shepherd lad came into Nazareth, crying bitterly.

Some peasants, who were drinking ale in the Blue Lion, opened the shutters to look into the village orchard, and saw the child running over the snow. They recognised him as the son of Korneliz, and called from the window: "What is the matter? It's time you were abed!"

But, sobbing still and shaking with terror, the boy cried that the Spaniards had come, that they had set fire to the farm, had hanged his mother among the nut trees, and bound his nine little sisters to the trunk of a big tree. At this the peasants rushed out of the inn, surrounded the child, and questioned him eagerly. Between his sobs, he added that the soldiers were on horseback and wore armour, that they had driven away the sheep and cattle of his uncle, Petrus Kraye, and would soon reach the forest with them. The villagers then ran to the Golden Swan, where, as they knew, Korneliz and his brother-in-law were also drinking their pot of ale. The moment the innkeeper heard the terrifying tidings, he ran into the village street, crying that the Spaniards were at hand.

Then there was an uproar in Nazareth. Women threw open windows, and peasants hurriedly left their houses, carrying lanterns, which were put out on reaching the orchard, where, because of the full moon and the snow, they could see as well as at midday.

Later, they gathered round Korneliz and Kraye, in the open space which fronted the inns. Several of them, armed with pitchforks and rakes, consulted together, terror-stricken, under the trees.

But, perplexed, one of them ran to fetch the curé, the owner of Korneliz's farm. He came out of his house with the sacristan, carrying the keys of the church. All followed him into the

churchyard. From the top of the tower he shouted down to them that he saw nothing either in field or forest, but that towards his farm were ominous red clouds, though the sky was of a deep blue and a gleam with stars over the rest of the plain.

After deliberating for long in the churchyard, they decided to hide in the wood through which the Spaniards must pass, and, if the enemy were not too numerous, to attack them, and recover Petrus Kraye's cattle and the plunder which had been taken from the farm.

The men armed themselves with pitchforks and spades; the women remained near the church with the curé. In seeking a suitable ambuscade, the peasants approached a mill near the outskirts of the forest, whence they saw the light of the burning farm flaming against the stars. There, under some great oaks in front of a frozen mere, they took up their post.

A shepherd, known as the Red Dwarf, went up to warn the miller, who had stopped the mill when he saw the flames on the horizon, of their whereabouts. He bade the peasant enter, and both men turned to the window to scan the distance.

The moon shone over the burning farmstead, and a long procession moved over the snow. Having scrutinised it, the dwarf rejoined his companions under the trees, and soon they too distinguished four men on horseback driving a flock which seemed to be grazing on the plain.

While the blue-breeched and red-cloaked peasants were looking for shelter along the banks of the pond and under the snow-lit trees, the sacristan pointed to a box-hedge, behind which they hid.

The Spaniards, driving before them the sheep and cattle, advanced upon the ice. When the sheep reached the hedge and began to nibble the box, Korneliz broke through, followed by the others with their pitchforks. Then a savage strife, ending in a massacre, was fought out on the ice in the midst of huddled-up sheep and awestricken cows.

When the peasants had slain all the Spaniards and their horses, Korneliz hastened across the fields in the direction of the flames, while the others plundered the dead. Thereafter they returned to the village with the animals. The women in the churchyard, with eyes intent on the dark forest, saw them approach through

the trees, and ran with the curé to meet them. All returned dancing joyously, amid the laughter of children and the barking of dogs.

While they made merry under the pear trees of the orchard, where the Red Dwarf had hung lanterns to celebrate the Kermesse, they asked the curé what was to be done.

At last it was decided to harness a horse to a cart, and to fetch the bodies of the woman and nine little girls to the village. The sisters of the dead woman, and other women of her kin, got into the cart, as also did the curé, who, being old and fat, could not walk so far.

In silence they entered the forest, and emerged upon the moonlit plain. There, on the ice, lay the dead men, rigid and naked among the slain horses. Again the cart moved onward toward the farm, which still burned in the midst of the plain.

Coming to the orchard of the flaming house, they stopped at the gate, overwhelmed by the calamity that had befallen the peasant. For there, from the branches of a great nut tree, hung his naked wife ; he himself was climbing up a ladder into the tree ; and beneath, on the grass, lay his nine little daughters. Korneliz had already reached the vast boughs, when suddenly, by the light of the snow, he saw the crowd, who, horrorstruck, watched his every movement. With tears in his eyes, he made a sign to them to help him, whereupon the sacristan, the innkeepers of the Blue Lion and the Golden Sun, the Red Dwarf, the curé with a lantern, and many others, climbed up into the snow-laden branches to unfasten the dead ; while the women of the village received the corpse in their arms at the foot of the tree, even as our Lord Jesus Christ was received by the women at the foot of the Cross.

On the morrow they buried her, and for the week thereafter no unwonted event troubled the peace of Nazareth.

But on the following Sunday, hungry wolves ran through the village after High Mass. It snowed until midday. Then, suddenly, the sun shone brilliantly, and the peasants dined, as was their wont, before dressing for the benediction.

There was no one to be seen in the square, for it froze bitterly. Only the dogs and chickens roamed about under the trees, or the sheep nibbled at a three-cornered bit of grass, while the curé's servant swept away the snow from his garden.

Suddenly a troop of armed men crossed the stone bridge at the end of the village, and halted in the orchard. Peasants hurried from their houses, but, recognising the new-comers as Spaniards, they retreated terrified, and went to the windows to see what would happen.

About thirty soldiers, in full armour, surrounded an old man with a white beard. Behind them, on pillions, rode red and yellow lancers, who jumped down and ran over the snow to shake off their stiffness, while several of the soldiers in armour dismounted likewise and fastened their horses to the trees.

Then they moved in the direction of the Golden Sun, and knocked at the door. It was opened reluctantly; the soldiers went in, warmed themselves by the fire, and called for ale.

Presently they came out of the inn, carrying pots, jugs, and rye-bread for their companions who surrounded the man with the white beard, where he waited behind the hedge of lances.

As the street remained deserted, the commander sent horsemen to the back of the houses, to guard the village on the country side. He then ordered the lancers to bring him all the children of two years old and under, to be massacred, as it is written in the Gospel of St. Matthew.

The soldiers went first to the little inn of the Green Cabbage, and to the barber's cottage, which stood side by side, midway in the street.

One of them opened a sty, and a litter of pigs rushed into the village. The innkeeper and the barber came out, and humbly asked the men what they wanted; but they did not understand Flemish, and went within to look for the children.

The innkeeper had one child, who, in its little shift, was screaming on the table where they had just dined. A soldier took it in his arms, and carried it away under the apple trees, while the father and mother followed, crying.

Thereafter the lancers threw open the stable doors of the cooper, the blacksmith, the cobbler, and calves, cows, asses, pigs, goats, and sheep roamed about the square. When the soldiers had broken the carpenter's windows, several of the oldest and richest inhabitants of the village assembled in the street and went to meet the Spaniards. Respectfully they took off their caps and hats to the leader in the velvet mantle, and asked him what he was going

to do. He did not, however, understand Flemish ; so someone ran to fetch the curé.

The priest was putting on a gold chasuble in the vestry, in readiness for the benediction. The peasant cried : "The Spaniards are in the orchard!" Horrified, the curé ran to the door of the church, and the choir-boys followed, carrying wax tapers and censer.

As he stood there, he saw the animals from the pens and stables wandering on the snow and on the grass ; the horsemen in the village, the soldiers before the doors, horses tied to trees all along the street, men and women entreating the man who held the child in its little shift.

The curé hastened into the churchyard, and the peasants turned anxiously towards him as he came through the pear trees, like the Divine Presence itself, robed in white and gold. They crowded about him where he confronted the man with the white beard.

He spoke in Flemish and in Latin, but the commander merely shrugged his shoulders to show that he did not understand.

The villagers asked their priest in a low voice : "What does he say? What is he going to do?" Others, when they saw the curé in the orchard, came cautiously from their cottages, women hurried up and whispered in groups, while the soldiers, till that moment besieging an inn, ran back at sight of the crowd in the square.

Then the man who held the innkeeper's child by the leg, cut off its head with his sword.

The people saw the head fall, and then the body, which lay bleeding upon the grass. The mother picked it up and carried it away, but forgot the head. She ran towards her home, but, stumbling against a tree, fell on the snow, where she lay in a swoon, while the father struggled between two soldiers.

Some young peasants cast stones and blocks of wood at the Spaniards, but the horsemen all lowered their lances. The women fled, and the curé, with his parishioners, began to shriek with horror, amid the bleating of the sheep, the cackling of the geese, and the barking of the dogs.

But as the soldiers moved away again into the street, the crowd stood silent to see what would happen.

A troop entered the shop kept by the sacristan's sisters, but came out quietly, without harming the seven women, who knelt on the threshold, praying.

From there they went to the inn of St. Nicholas, which belonged to a hunchback. Here, too, so as to appease them, the door was opened at once; but when the soldiers reappeared, amid a great uproar, they carried three children in their arms. The marauders were surrounded by the hunchback, his wife and daughters, all, with clasped hands, imploring for mercy.

When the soldiers came to their white-bearded leader, they placed the children at the foot of an elm, where the little ones remained seated on the snow in their Sunday clothes. But one of them in a yellow frock got up, and toddled unsteadily towards the sheep. A soldier followed, with bare sword; and the child died, his face in the grass, while the others were killed round the tree.

The peasants and the innkeeper's daughters fled screaming, and shut themselves up in their houses. The curé, left alone in the orchard, threw himself on his knees, first before one horseman and then before another, and with crossed arms supplicated the Spaniards, while the fathers and mothers, seated on the snow beyond, wept bitterly for the dead children whom they held upon their knees.

As the lancers passed along the street, they noticed a big blue farmstead. When they had tried in vain to force the oaken door studded with nails, they clambered a-top of some tubs, which were frozen over near the threshold, and by this means gained the house through the upper windows.

There had been a Kermesse in this farm. At sound of the broken window-panes, the families who had assembled there to eat gauffres, custards, and hams, crowded together behind the table, on which stood empty jugs and dishes. The soldiers entered the kitchen, and, after a savage struggle, in which many were wounded, they seized all the little boys and girls; then, with these, and the servant who had bitten a lancer's thumb, they left the house, and fastened the door behind them in such a way that the parents could not get out.

The villagers who had no children slowly left their houses and followed the soldiers at a distance. They saw them throw down

their victims on the grass before the old man, and callously kill them with lance and sword, while men and women leaned out of all the windows of the blue house, and of the barns, blaspheming and flinging their hands to heaven, at sight of the red, pink, and white frocks of their motionless little ones on the grass between the trees. The soldiers next hanged the farm-servant at the sign of the Half Moon on the other side of the street, and there was a prolonged silence in the village.

The massacre now became general. Mothers fled from their houses, and attempted to escape through the gardens into the country beyond; but the horsemen pursued them, and drove them back into the street. Peasants, with caps in their hands, knelt before the men who dragged away their children, while, amid the confusion, the dogs barked joyously. The curé, with hands upraised to heaven, rushed up and down in front of the houses and under the trees, praying desperately. Here and there, soldiers, trembling with cold, blew on their fingers as they moved along the road, or waited, with hands in their breeches-pockets and swords under their arms, before the windows of the houses which were being scaled.

Everywhere, as in small bands of twos and threes they moved along the streets where these scenes were being enacted, and entered the houses, they beheld the piteous grief of the peasants. The wife of a market-gardener, who occupied a red-brick cottage near the church, pursued with a wooden stool the two men who carried off her children in a wheel-barrow. When she saw them die, a horrible sickness came upon her, and the men thrust her down on the stool, under a tree by the roadside.

Other soldiers swarmed up the lime trees in front of a farmstead, with its blank walls tinted mauve, and entered the house by removing the tiles. When they came back on to the roof, the father and mother, with outstretched arms, tried to follow them through the opening, but the soldiers repeatedly pushed them back, and had at last to strike them on the head with their swords, before they could disengage themselves and regain the street.

One family, shut up in the cellar of a large cottage, waited near the grating, through which the father wildly brandished a pitchfork. Outside, on a heap of manure, a bald old man sobbed all alone; in the square, a woman in a yellow dress had swooned,

and her weeping husband now supported her under the arms against a pear tree; another woman in red, fondled her little girl, bereft of her hands, and lifted now one tiny arm, now the other, to see if the child would not move. Yet another woman fled towards the country; but the soldiers pursued her as far as the hayricks, which stood out in black relief against the fields of snow.

Beneath the inn of the Four Sons of Aymon a surging tumult reigned. The inhabitants had formed a barricade, and the soldiers went round and round the house, without being able to enter. They were attempting to climb up to the sign-board by the creepers, when they noticed a ladder behind the garden door. This they raised against the wall, and went up it in file. But the innkeeper and all his family hurled tables, stools, plates, and cradles down upon them from the windows, the ladder was overturned, and the soldiers fell.

In a wooden hut at the other end of the village, another band found a peasant woman washing her children in a tub near the fire. Being old and very deaf, she did not hear them come in. Two men took the tub and carried it away, and the stupefied woman followed with the clothes in which she was about to dress the children. But when she saw traces of blood everywhere in the village, and swords in the orchard, cradles overturned in the street, women on their knees, others who wrung their hands over the dead, she began to scream and beat the soldiers, who put down the tub to defend themselves. The curé hastened up also, and, with hands clasped over his chasuble, entreated the soldiers before the naked little ones howling in the water. Some soldiers came up, tied the mad peasant to a tree, and carried off the children.

The butcher, who had hidden his little girl, leaned against his shop and looked on callously. A lancer and one of the men in armour entered the house, and found the child in a copper boiler. Then the butcher, in despair, took one of his knives and rushed after them into the street; but soldiers who were passing disarmed him, and hanged him by the hands to the hooks in the wall, where, among the flayed animals, he kicked and struggled, blaspheming, until the evening.

Near the churchyard there was a great gathering before a long low house, painted green. The owner, standing on his

threshold, shed bitter tears ; as he was very fat and jovial-looking, he excited the pity of some soldiers, who were seated in the sun against the wall, patting a dog. The one, too, who dragged away his child by the hand, gesticulated as if to say : "What can I do? It's not my fault."

A peasant who was pursued, jumped into a boat moored near the stone bridge, and with his wife and children moved away across the unfrozen part of the water. Not daring to follow, the soldiers strode furiously through the reeds. They climbed up into the willows on the banks to try and reach the fugitives with their lances. Though they did not succeed, they continued for a long time to threaten the terrified family, adrift upon the black water.

The orchard was still full of people ; for it was there, in front of the white-bearded man who directed the massacre, that most of the children were killed. Little dots who could just walk alone stood side by side munching their slices of bread and jam, and stared curiously at the slaying of their helpless playmates, or collected round the village fool, who played his flute on the grass.

Then suddenly there was a uniform movement in the village. The peasants ran towards the castle, which stood on the brown rising ground at the end of the street. They had seen their seigneur leaning on the battlements of his tower and watching the massacre. Men, women, old people, with hands outstretched, supplicated to him, in his velvet mantle and his gold cap, as to a king in heaven. But he raised his arms and shrugged his shoulders to show his helplessness ; and when they implored him more and more persistently, kneeling in the snow with bared heads and uttering piteous cries, he turned slowly into the tower, and the peasants' last hope was gone.

When all the children were slain, the tired soldiers wiped their swords on the grass, and supped under the pear trees. Then they mounted, one behind the other, and rode out of Nazareth across the stone bridge by which they had come.

The setting sun behind the forest made the woods aflame, and dyed the village blood-red. Exhausted with running and entreating, the curé had thrown himself upon the snow in front of the church, and his servant stood near him. They stared upon the street and the orchard, both thronged with the peasants in

their best clothes. Before many thresholds, parents, with dead children on their knees, bewailed with ever fresh amaze their bitter grief. Others still lamented over the children where they had died, near a barrel, under a barrow, or at the edge of a pool. Others, again, carried away the dead in silence. There were some who began to wash the benches, the stools, the tables, the blood-stained shifts, and to pick up the cradles which had been thrown into the street. Mother after mother moaned under the trees over the dead bodies which lay upon the grass, little mutilated forms which they recognised by their woollen frocks. Those who were childless moved aimlessly through the square, stopping at times in front of the bereaved, who wailed and sobbed in their sorrow. The men, who no longer wept, sullenly pursued their strayed animals, around which the barking dogs coursed; or, in silence, repaired so far their broken windows and rifled roofs. As the moon solemnly rose through the quietudes of the sky, deep silence as of sleep descended upon the village, where now not the shadow of a living thing stirred.

Maurice Maeterlinck.

NOTE.—*The above English version of "The Massacre of the Innocents" has been made by Mrs. Edith Wingate Rinder. The story must not be regarded as a recent work. It appeared in a French periodical in 1886; and, writing to Mrs. Rinder in 1894, M. Maeterlinck said: "Cet humble petit conte que je n'avais plus lu depuis bien des années, car je ne savais plus où le trouver. C'est en effet la première chose de moi qui ait été imprimée, et j'ai eu l'impression de retrouver un souvenir presque d'enfance."*

THREE PORTRAITS

1. STEPHEN PHILLIPS. After a Lithographed Drawing by Will Rothenstein.
2. "DUMAS PAPA." After a Woodcut by Gordon Craig.
3. MRS. BYFIELD. After a Drawing by J. Downman.







AN ARAB LOVE-SONG

THE hunchèd camels of the night
Trouble the silver waters of the moon.
The Lady of the Light with dewy shoon,
The pearlèd Girl of Dawning, soon
Through humid heaven will spring,
Star-gathering :
Now, while the dark about our loves is strewn,
Light of my dark, blood of my heart, O come,
And Night will catch her breath up, and be dumb !

Leave thy father, leave thy mother,
And thy brother ;
Leave the black tents 'of thy tribe apart,
And come !
Am not I thy father, I thy mother,
And thy brother ?
And thou, what needest with thy tribe's black tents,
Who hast the red pavilion of my heart ?

Francis Thompson.

*THE SECRETS OF THE NIGHT*¹

IN the great darkness where the shimmering stars
Are as the dazzle of the luminous wave,
Moveth the shadow of the end of wars;

But nightly arises, as out of a bloody grave,
The Red Swineherd, he who has no name,
But who is gaunt, terrible, an awful flame,
Fed upon blood and perishing lives and tears.

His feet are heavy with the bewildering years
Trodden dim bygone ages, and his eyes
Are black and vast and void as midnight skies.

Beware of the White Hound, whose baying no man hears,
Though it is the wind that shakes the unsteady stars.

It is the Hound seen of men in old forlorn wars;
It is the Hound that hunts the stricken years.
Pale souls in the ultimate shadows see it gleam
Like a long lance o' the moon, and as a moon-white beam
It comes, and the soul is as blown dust within the wood
Wherein the White Hound moves where timeless shadows
brood.

Have heed, too, of the Flock of Birds from twilight places,
The desolate haunted ways of ancient wars—
Bewildered, terrible, winged and shadowy faces
Of homeless souls adrift 'neath drifting stars.

¹ The Red Swineherd, the White Hound, and the Dark Flock of Birds : the three secrets of the night.

But this thing surely I know, that he the Red Flame,
And the White Hound, and the Dark Flock of Birds,
Appal me no more, who never never again,
Through all the rise and set and set and rise of pain,
Shall hear the lips of her whom I loved uttering words,
Or hear my own lips in her shadowy hair naming her name.

Fiona Macleod.

THREE SONNETS FOR PICTURES

“The Chamber Concert” of Giorgione

IN this suave pause of music, the rich air
 Throbs with a breathless deep expectancy
 Of mingling momentarily with melody,
Dark wine in water reeling rose-rare.
Beneath the hands of the enraptured player
 The cadence of rhythmic silence pulses by,
 Till viol and voice, light birds soft-poised to fly,
Tremble to life, like wind-touched sunlit hair.
As a cool charm of tinkling water calls
 From some old shady garden in hot noons,
The clavichord's slow-plashing intervals
 Through the hushed chamber drop their moon-clear tones;
Their calm of music down the long years falls,
 The golden voice of silence in crystal swoons.

A Survival

RARE Lionardo's fair dead Florentine
 Still 'mid her faery rocks doth darkly smile
 The ages down, whilst many an ancient wile
Lights up her eyes, like sunlight in old wine.
She glows in that faint land of strange design
 Sole-set, like some ensorcelled languid isle
 In evil fairness 'mid a sea of guile,
With pitiless features calmed to seem benign.

One smiled on me in stillness yesterday
As Lisa smiles upon me from the past,
Until this later world seemed spent and grey.
"Ah, lady," whispered I, "did'st ever taste
Thy painter's lips? What love-words did he say?
Know'st thou no songs of thine encomiast?"

For a Virgin and Child by Sandro Botticelli

MYSTERIOUS Mother, what intensity
Of vision makes you minister heedlessly
To this your Child? Do shadows prophesy
Sorrows for Him on some incredible rood;
Or on your exaltation do you brood,
Blessed above women, seeking to clarify
Heaven's inmost aureole, and satisfy
Your wonderings upon God's womanhood?
Many, ah! many mothers, worn with care,
Have wept for unrecorded Calvaries:
Can any passion of tears or sobbing prayer
Shake you, or will you watch His agonies,
Sitting, as when you knew His messenger,
With implicate hands, inviolable eyes?

Gordon Bottomley.

THE FINER SPIRIT

"I AM the crimson of the rose,
The fair, quick flame the crocus shows,
The spice that with the blossom goes ;

"The witchery of the thrush's tune,
The surge of March, the flash of June,
The marvel of the gleaners' moon.

"And when the winter dreams in white
And mists, I haunt the doubtful light
Where dwindling suns are red and bright.

"I am the strength of all the dead,
The wisdom and the goodlihead
And heart of what they did and said.

"I am the beauty that hath stood
Bodied, like a beatitude,
In soft, calamitous womanhood

"From the beginning. And the Rest
Of saints am I, and all the blest
Rapture of bosoms babes have prest."

T. W. H. Crosland.

A CREATOR

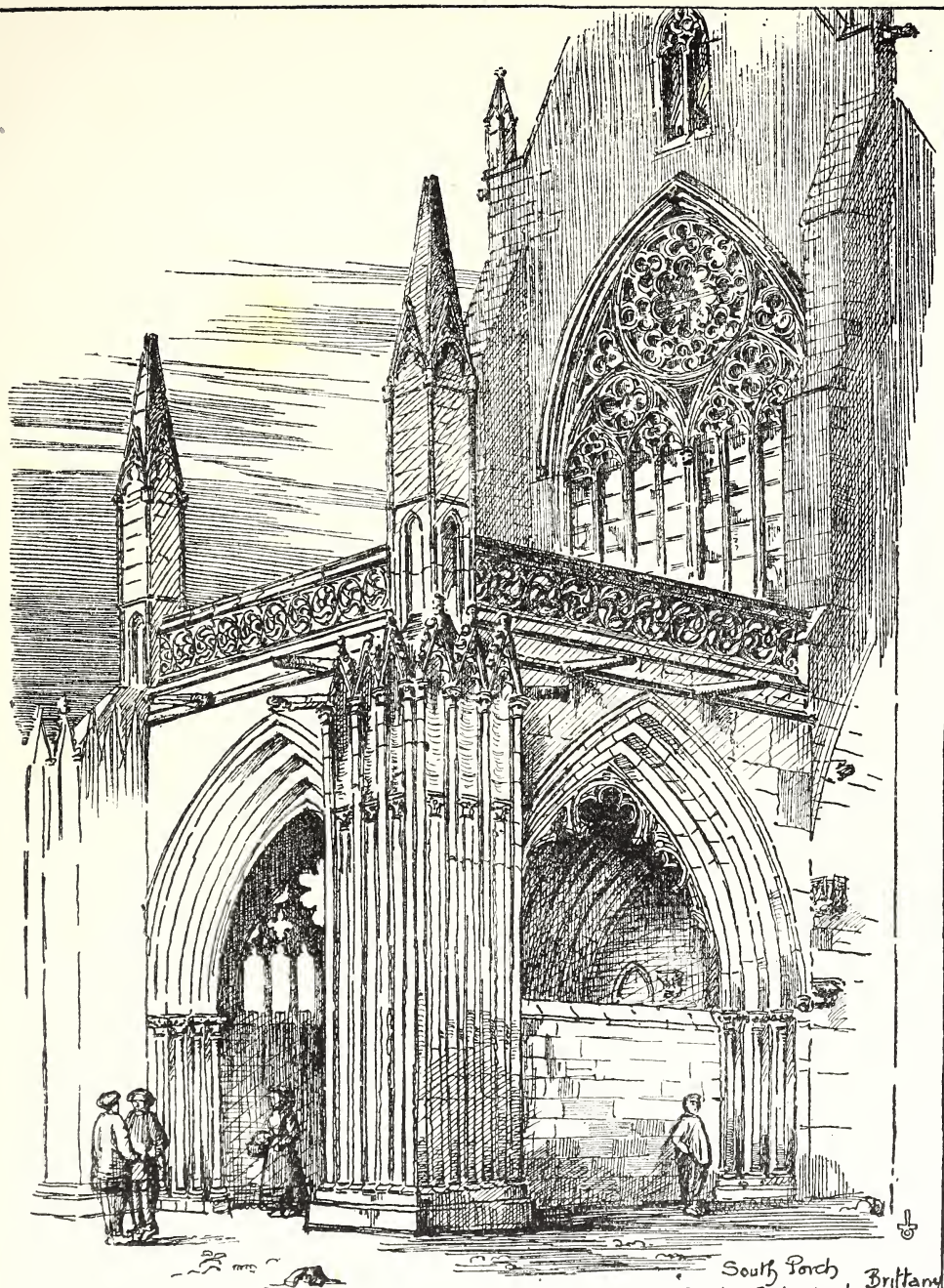
THE man of letters drew his chair in front of the fire, and lit his pipe. He had been reading the proof-sheets of his novel, and he was not satisfied. The plot worked out well, but it was not the working out that he had intended. Somehow these airy, intangible men and women, created by him in order that he might chronicle their picturesque interaction, had lived out their little lives in his brains almost independently, as though they had power to choose what they would think, and say, and do. He had planned two brothers whose bitter quarrel should run unhealed throughout the book—who on the last page should still stand apart, hating each other dumbly across a continent; and yet, in the printed page he had just laid aside, these puppet brothers had been drawn together, and, by no choice of their maker's, had clasped hands across the grave that held their sorrows; and she who filled the grave—she was to have lived. So it was with others of the incorporeal actors. He had created them to do certain things, and these things they had not done, or had done amiss; what wonder then that the chronicle of their lives did not read as he had intended that it should? Who was to blame? Not these airy puppets, surely. Being created what they were, they could do only what they had done. This was clear enough: their actions were in accordance with their natures, and logically unalterable. Was their creator then to blame? But he had made them to the very best of his ability, no pains of thought had been spared upon them. He had done his best: what more could he do? To have made them different, he, their creator, would have had to be a different man. Who was responsible for making him? But if that question were answered, it would be but one step farther back. Would that step be the final one? At the thought the infinite became all but visible.

He saw the endless line of creator and created ascending and descending limitless from the brain of man. The smoke drifted slowly upwards from his pipe, in ever-widening rings of fading blue. Did the rings cease to be, when his eyesight was not acute enough to detect them further?

Long after, when the novelist lay dead, his executor sat before the dead man's writing-table, scrutinising without interest the litter of odds and ends which covered it, lest among the rubbish there should chance to be anything of monetary value. There were torn envelopes, scraps of paper, bills paid and unpaid, all bearing detached words and phrases, the seed which now would never be sown.

On the back of a wrapper, torn at some time from a packet of tobacco, he read the words, "*Parallel between Author and Creator.*" The executor uttered an exclamation of surprise as he read. He had devised a god of his own in early childhood,—a very simple god, whose notions and desires were so easily apprehended that the executor had been in the habit of expounding them to his friends in their times of trouble, never doubting that all the world, excepting niggers and Roman Catholics, worshipped his god in their heart of hearts. So he read the dead man's note with shocked amazement, and thanked his black-and-white god that he was not a morbid, egotistical author, but a clear-headed, straightforward, common-sense man of business.

Edward Lovel.



May 1895

South Porch Brittany
Dol Cathedral.

THE FIRST LABOUR OF KING OSWIN

I WAS standing in the stubble of the little plot which I had come to look upon as my own. On the right a level acre of wiry grass stretched away and ended abruptly on the brink of cliffs as sheer as castle walls. I could hear, and almost feel, the pulse of the ocean as it beat five hundred feet below, and beyond I could see it, full to the horizon's brim. Suddenly, like the wing of a near sea-gull, a far-off sail caught the light. I held my breath. The ship was making for the island.

Then I picked up my coat and ran down the path till I came to the cove. The fishermen had seen the ship, and were almost as excited as I was. There would be a full moon, they said, and she ought to enter the cove about midnight.

I turned and panted back again up the steep path, and raced full speed over the level pastures to the farm. Save smacks from neighbouring fishing villages, no boat had touched at the island for three parts of a year; indeed, the vessel that had brought me to the little harbour was the last I had seen.

"A ship, a ship!" I cried to a maid who would have stopped me in the farmyard to ask the reason of my haste and panting. And I flew on into the house.

The evening meal, ample and more dainty than usual, was spread upon the table; and though there was flesh of beasts and birds, with cakes and many fruits, the place of honour had been given to a little loaf, rudely shaped, burnt, and made from the coarsest flour. I started as I saw it. For the loaf was mine, the outcome of my very own ploughing, sowing and reaping, and threshing and grinding, and kneading and baking. I had thought of little else for a month: yet one glimpse of a white sail had driven it out of my head.

The farmer and his children were seated already. I sat down in my own place. Then the farmer's wife came in, and the company was complete. From the maid in the yard the younger children had learned the great news, and with one voice they proclaimed it to their mother: Oswin had seen a ship, a real ship, the biggest, finest ship that ever sailed the sea. In a very little while it would come into the harbour by the light of the moon; and for 'once, only just once, might they not let bedtime pass, and go down to the cove and see it?

"Then to-day Oswin is thrice lucky!" said the farmer's wife. "It is his birthday; and he has seen a ship; and here is his loaf as well."

"Oswin's loaf—is *that* thing Oswin's loaf?" shouted the boys, bursting with good-natured ridicule. But their father checked them. "For that," he said, "you shall none of you taste it." But this pleased the children all the more. With a hare at one end of the table, and two great birds with crested heads and gaudy tails at the other, who could desire a hunch of ill-made bread from a shapeless loaf in the middle? Their eyes sparkled as the hare's legs and the birds' wings were cut off and passed down and up the table.

When we had all eaten enough, the farmer, with unwonted ceremony, gave me a silver-handled knife, an heirloom that neither the children nor I had seen before. With a trembling hand I cut two pieces from my loaf: one for the farmer, and the other for his wife, to whom the boys made loud appeal for fragments. I broke off a small piece and began to eat. I did not remember ever tasting a more toothsome morsel, and could have eaten steadily till the last crumb was devoured. But there was a duty to be done; so I pushed the loaf away, and began the speech I had been framing and rehearsing in the fields for many a day.

"The time has come to tell you whence I came to this island, and why I have not once tasted bread until now."

"Tell us, tell us, Oswin, tell us," shouted the boys. And their mother, bidding them be silent, echoed "Tell us."

So I told them, saying little about the gate in the forest, and nothing about the crown of yellow roses. I told them of my first labour just as my mother had told it to me. I was to fare abroad

in quest of the kingly loaf. What it was, and how and where I should seek it, she had not said, but only that I must beware of buying a loaf or receiving one in charity until I was assured it was what I sought; for with the first selling or gift of bread to me I must straightway turn my steps home again.

Then I went on to tell how I set out from our cottage, striding on for a few hours aimlessly, until I remembered that it would be best to seek the capital, the palace, and the king: how I lived for days on wild fruits and the eggs of birds, until I came to villages, where I would pause to do such work as I could find, always spending my earnings on milk, and wine, and honey, and cheese; and how the peasants wondered when I refused the great, tempting slices of bread which they offered me as I ate and drank these things in the inns or by the wayside.

The farmer and his wife, as well as the children, listened wide-eyed to my account of the city, nearly as large as their island, and full of buildings as high as its cliffs, all carven with undreamed-of flowers and beasts; and their wonder grew as I told them of the king's marble palace, and of the guards in violet cloaks who thrust me away from the brazen gates. I told them how I strove to enter the royal service, having first won money by grooming horses, to clothe myself like the youths of the city, and how a little old man charged me sharply to be gone, swearing he knew my red country face, and that I was after no good; and how at last I found out the king's baker, and begged that I might work for him even without wages; and how that very night soldiers shook me roughly out of sleep, and hurried me, gagged, through moonlit, empty streets to the river, where a ship strained at her moorings, eager to go down with the tide to the sea; and how I was flung on board, and told that I should be thankful for the magistrate's clemency, who had pitied my youth, and had only banished me for seeking to poison the king's bread, instead of sending me to the gallows; and how, after seven stormy days and nights, the captain ran into the little cove and threw me ashore, cursing me for a madman, because in haste and heat I had commanded him no more to insult one who was a king.

"A king, a king! Oswin a king!" cried the boys, and raised fresh shouts of friendly ridicule.

"Silence!" said the farmer sternly; and their mother, catching sight of a maid passing the doorway, called her into the house, and bade her take the children down to the shore that they might have a glimpse of the ship. They broke from the table in a moment and raced through the door, flowing over with delight.

As soon as they were gone I hurried on with my story, recalling gratefully the farmer's kindness, who had hired me, unskilled as I was, and his wife's, who had made me free of the hearth and nourished me as I had been her own. I prayed her to believe how hard it had been to keep silence touching my long abstinence from bread; and thence it was easy to pass on and tell how the longing for bread had often well-nigh overpowered me, until one day the thought leapt into my mind that I might taste of it, and yet not lose the right still to seek the kingly loaf. To buy, to beg, to receive, were all denied me; but my mother had not forbidden me to win bread from the earth by my own labour. And so I had plucked up the stones with which it was strewn, and ploughed the little plot of fruitless land at the farthest and bleakest corner of the farm, and there I had sown a few handfuls of corn, and watched its springing and its growing and its ripening, until the day came when I threshed and ground it, and kneaded and baked it with my own hands,—even as they saw it now.

When I had made an end of speaking, the farmer's wife answered me kindly, and bade me be at ease in regard to all that she had done. But the farmer himself sat for a while silent and thoughtful; then turned to me suddenly, and asked if I had a mind to take passage in the ship, which by this time must be in full sight; and, not without great sorrow, I answered that such was my purpose, for desire was strong in me to pursue the quest of the kingly loaf. At that the farmer's wife would have dissuaded me; and when she perceived that I was not to be turned from my resolution, she rose from the table in tears, and went away to prepare such things as were needed for my journey.

As she left the room the farmer also rose, and took from a cupboard a leathern bag that he might pay me my hire. He laid the coins on the table before me. Until he bade me remember that the ship's captain would ask money for my passage, I refused to take them; then I gathered them up without care. But the farmer charged me to count the coins, that I might see he had

paid me all that had been agreed. So I counted them,—three pieces of gold, six pieces of silver, and eleven pieces of bronze. The bronze pieces I counted three times, for of these pieces there should have been paid to me twelve.

Then the farmer laid his great hand kindly upon mine, and spoke. For months, he said, he had watched me as I ploughed my bleak patch of stony earth, and he had shared secretly in my joy as the corn sprang and throve and whitened. But right was right. I had broken up ground for which he paid hard gold year by year to the old lord who dwelt in the castle, and I had ploughed it with his plough, and sowed it with his seed, and threshed it with his flail, and ground it between his millstones, and baked it with his fire; and therefore it was right that one piece of bronze should be taken away from the twelve that were my due.

Warmly and thankfully I sought to push into his hand one of the pieces of silver instead of the piece of bronze; but he thrust it back again.

“No,” he said, with a smile, “a piece of bronze will pay for one little loaf.”

Then a cold fear smote me, and I threw myself upon his mercy, crying that, while he could never be enriched by a single piece of bronze, its loss as the price of bread must beggar me of hope, and send me home with my first labour unachieved. It was true that land, plough, oxen, flail, millstones, trough, hearth, all were his. But I knew he would not stand on his right. He who had always been prodigal of favours would not grudge me this last one, I was sure, but would waive his undisputed claim.

The farmer pondered my entreaties; then he drew from the bag a twelfth bronze piece, and said, “I give you the loaf.”

Thanks sprang to my lips, but a still colder fear froze them. In a full glare of sudden, pitiless light I saw what I had done; and, hiding my face in my hands, I gave way to passionate weeping. When, after a long time, I looked up, the room was empty.

Towards daybreak the men of the ship had filled their casks with water, and piled fruit and fresh vegetables and meat in her bows. I saw the captain pay for the score of round loaves, which the women brought, with the very pieces of silver from the farmer’s leathern bag which I had given him for my passage.

Then the seamen began to spread the sails, and bade me end my farewells and embark.

Thus I went away from the island. The ship glided swiftly out between the gnarled headlands of the cove, and, like a blithe, white bird, sought the open sea. The wind grew with the rosy light as we cleft the crisp waves, while behind us the island dwindled to a low green mound in a rippling, glittering plain of waters. I watched it until for size and shape it seemed to be like one of the big loaves which I had refused to eat so stoutly and often at the farmer's table; and bitter thoughts of the farmer began to fill my mind.

At length a sailor roused me. A man on the beach, he said, had sent a gift for me on board even as we weighed anchor. I looked, and saw it was the plough that had broken up the stony field. I could not think that the farmer had cast about to mock me, or doubt that he had meant his gift for kindness; but before the untiring winds blew the evil from my brain, the far-off green hillock had long shrunk into the infinite sea.

A MEMORIAL COLLEGE

A FEW readers of *The Dome* have complained that excessive and disproportionate space is given in its pages to architectural fantasies and anticipations. But so long as the periodicals devoted to practical building for the most part exclude such work, as it is natural and right they should, in favour of prices current, tenders wanted, contracts let, and the villas, churches, and town halls that have lately pleased the merchants, vicars, and town councillors primarily concerned, this magazine will encourage the architectural visionary and idealist whose dreams show that he is sensitive to beauty and loyal to truth. Such a policy need not be merely playful and fruitless. The castles built in the air to-day may be founded on a rock to-morrow. Of all the arts, Architecture needs a fresh impulse most. Too hastily concluding that the builders of the past can never be excelled, or even rivalled, we go on complacently piling up our imitation Roman and second-hand Gothic, like admirers of Chaucer ordering groceries in the language of *The Canterbury Tales*. The awakening of Architecture is overdue. *The Dome* must not ape certain morning papers, and claim that it is forcing the mills of God to grind less slowly; but it may at least repeat the invitation given in the first number of the new series.

The response so far has been gratifying in volume and heartiness, but disappointing in other respects. Most of the visionaries have dreamed too wildly, suggesting suppers off duck and green peas; and in their eagerness to get away from the conventional, they have recoiled into the grotesque and impossible. It seems, therefore, desirable to suggest a definite programme to which these enthusiasts, and we hope more sober and responsible architects as well, will work.

First of all, then, the site, which must always dictate many

points of the building to be placed upon it. Let us imagine a ruined town at the confluence of two great rivers, flowing for hundreds of miles through tropical deserts. Our site is on the river-bank.

The next consideration is the purpose for which the building is to be erected. We will suppose that it is intended partly as a memorial to a renowned general and civil governor, who was barbarously murdered years before on the very spot chosen for the site; and partly as a centre from which the knowledge of many gentle and useful arts may be spread among the descendants of the dead general's murderers and the people whom they have oppressed. Opinions will differ as to the desirableness of some obviously monumental feature; but we will assume further that in this case such a feature must not be an expiatory chapel, or be adorned with any cross, crescent, or other emblem commonly identified with a religious faith. Those who take the view that to make the place as efficient as possible for realising the dead governor's civilising aims will be the most dignified monument, can nevertheless find scope for boldness of treatment on other lines.

The third consideration is one of style; and as it is here that the architect's sense of fitness and freshness of invention can best be displayed, we ought not to fetter him by more than one general remark. It is, or we will imagine it to be, the aim of the conquerors not to impose their own taste and culture upon the people they have brought under their dominion, so much as to evoke and nourish the native genius. The last style to adopt will therefore be an exotic one, especially if it happens also to be a style that prevails in the conqueror's own country. If, for example, the chief buildings of the vanquished people have been adorned with domes or minarets, it would be good to employ these forms, developing them into a majesty and solidity which should be a type of the stable and impressive commonwealth which enlightened rulers will build up from the rude materials of barbarism.

The Editor warmly invites designs for such a college as has been described, and hopes to publish a selection from the drawings he may receive in the March number of *The Dome*. Although it is not intended to announce or treat this suggestion as a

competition for a prize, it is only right that some financial acknowledgment should be made to the contributor who enriches the pages of *The Dome* with the most suitable and pleasing design. The Editor may therefore be allowed to state that seven guineas will be set apart for this purpose. It only remains to be added that line-drawings are preferred to wash-drawings (though the latter are not excluded), and that architectural elevations and plans, which would be premature in any case and always unsuitable for *The Dome*, should not be sent. There is no reason why the designs should not have artistic quality and pictorial interest.

THE TWIN STREAMS

TWIN streams we were, born on a cloud-capt height,
By briefest interspreading green divided,
Our infant dreams we each to each confided,
Beneath the curtain of the same black night;
Kiss'd every morning by one waking light,
We all the tremors of the dark derided,
And with bright songs adown the mountain glided
To share the vale's affection or despite.
In loyalty to one great mother sworn,
It seemed decreed we should together flow;
Yet he to scented sunny climes was borne,
Danced daily in the sun's inspiring glow,
While I, in icy channels crush'd and torn,
Have only known the shadow and the snow.

Louis Barsac.

REVIEWS

Poems : BY EVA GORE-BOOTH.
(London : Longmans, Green, & Co.)

MISS EVA GORE-BOOTH often pursues epigram, and, in catching it, almost as often lets poetry go, as in this hint for *The People of the Earth* :

“Ye tortured mortals, cease your cries ;
Ye are but fools who thus forget
That in the centre of your Bridge of Sighs
There is an oubliette !”

And in this unkind cut at *A Critic* :

“His was the voice
That—when the morning stars together sang
In their first rapture of awakened life,
And God’s own angels held their breath for joy,
Whilst heaven, by that new harmony entranced,
Was wrapped in awful silence—broke the charm,
Serenely speaking in cold accents thus—
‘I know not, yet methinks ’twas Jupiter
Went out of tune, and spoilt the whole effect !”

It is amusing, but it is not poetry ; and it is doubly unfortunate to put into the mouth of a morning star (which has Hebrew associations for us, if any) the modern astronomical nomenclature, borrowed as it is from Roman sources. Yet when Miss Gore - Booth gives us such numbers as *To May*, *Fallen Nature*, and *Visions of Solitude*, she exhibits delicacy of thought and method. *To May*, in particular, is one of the pleasantest lyrics we have lately read, being as tender and musical all through

as the following lines, which form the tail-piece of her volume :—

“The dogwood’s dead, and a mantle red
Over the corpse is flung.
Bow down, O willow, your silver head,
Summer’s silver and winter’s red
Glory and grey and green have fled,
All winds are silent, all sorrows said,
And all songs sung.”

Sir Edward Burne Jones : A Record and Review. (London : George Bell & Sons, 1898.)

SOMETHING of the nature of a *catalogue raisonné* is perhaps the only form that the biography of any artist should take which is written by a contemporary. Few critics are great enough to be able to view their own age from the standpoint of one outside it, and so regard its achievement with the easy comprehensiveness of posterity. It is not, therefore, inappropriate that the generous measure of illustration which is the predominant feature of Messrs. Bell’s elaborate works on Art, should also be extended to their reprint in a popular form of Mr. Malcolm Bell’s *Sir Edward Burne Jones : A Record and Review*. The book, indeed, is less a review than a record. The critical portion of the work is quite subordinated to a plain statement of almost all the facts that anyone need know about the very considerable output

of one of the most remarkable artists of a century that has not lacked remarkable men.

In the reaction from the hostility that was roused by the Pre-Raphaelite movement, it is not uncommon to hear the leaders of that movement, more especially Rossetti, credited with an undue influence upon the art of Burne Jones. Rossetti was of course a man of quite extraordinary originality and power; there can also be no doubt that he was the first to point out to Burne Jones the track that led to success and fame. Nevertheless, to regard Burne Jones as a diluted Rossetti is an absolute mistake. Each built up his own ideal world, but these worlds were widely different. That of Rossetti was a garden of beautiful passions, passionate flowers, passionate women, passionate knights, passionate angels. With Burne Jones that garden, a garden gorgeous and fresh but always straitly pale and walled in—a true *hortus inclusus*—has ceased to be. For him the world is whole ages older; knights and ladies are still passionate, but their passion no longer lies on the surface, ready always to dare and to do. Desire with them finds vent in thought rather than in action. Old before their time, they do the appointed work calmly, almost languidly, in a landscape from which life and light are alike ebbing. This attitude of the artist towards his creations has made possible that interweaving of long flowing curves and stiff starchy lines which give his patterns such a definitely architectural look, whatever their substance or their setting. So, too, those subtle harmonies of crumbling pigment represent not only a technical experience and skill which one hardly expects from a man whose training was almost that of an amateur, but also the task of an age that has outlived the fiery rapture of its youth. Burne Jones, in fact, represents the Pre-Raphaelite movement in its full

maturity. If in his latest work that maturity may seem to bear within it some germ of decay, it is a matter of small importance except to the young and unthinking, who don't know the danger of making jam out of over-ripe fruit. The vast majority of Art lovers have no "call" to painting in the grand style, and so can admire the work of this great and exquisite romantic, untroubled by anxiety for his successors.

Second Book of London Visions. By LAURENCE BINYON. (London: Elkin Mathews. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 36.)

THE last leaf now meets the first in the completed circlet of Elkin Mathews' *Shilling Garland*, and it is fitting that both of them should be inscribed *A Book of London Visions*. Mr. Binyon has succeeded not less brilliantly as Editor of the series, than as contributor to it. Oil was struck with Mr. Newbolt's *Admirals All*, of which probably more copies were sold than of all its companions put together; but though it was with this book, launched at the right moment and riding into favour on the rising tide of navalism, that the series commanded success, it was with such numbers as Canon Dixon's *Songs and Odes*, Mr. Stephen Phillips' *Christ in Hades*, and the Editor's own three contributions, that it deserved it. We are sorry that no second *Garland* is to be woven in the familiar form, and glad that it will be in a sense continued under the name of *The Garland of New Poetry: An Annual Anthology of Unpublished Poems by Various Writers*.

The cult of London is growing fast, and so far we are happy in its high-priests. The cult of Paris will always be more passionate, and we fear it will almost always be more stagey. But Mr. Henley's *London Voluntaries*, Mrs.

Meynell's accompaniments to the drawings of Mr. William Hyde, and Mr. Binyon's *Visions*, are books which have nobly earned their places in the cult's canonical Scriptures.

It is best to come to London from fields, just as one should be born and reared in towns to become a landscape painter. Wordsworth, fresh from his lakes and hills, saw in Cheapside and Lothbury and from Westminster Bridge, more than the Cockney of untainted lineage could ever have seen; and Mr. Binyon, in *The Threshold*, properly the first and actually printed as the last of his *Visions*, walks westward in a similar mood, "beside full-flooding Thames":

"Where, broadly heaving barge and boat at rest,
The river came at flood; from golden skies
Issuing through arches, black upon the West,
To flame before the sunset's mysteries.

"Far-off to-night as a remembered dream,
That different Thames, familiar as a friend,
That youthful Thames, to whom his willows
bend
With private whisper; where my boat would
come,
Heaped with fresh flowers, and down the cool,
smooth stream
Follow his green banks through the twilight
home.

"Far from these paven shores, these haughty
towers,
Where wave and beam glorying together run,
As though they would disown those cradling
bowers,
And gushed immediate from the molten sun."

The conventional pose of a man from the country is to know his London like a native, and to withstand the whole-some joys of surprise. Mr. Binyon's attitude to familiar London sights and types is one of discovery. Whether this, as in Wordsworth's case, arises naturally from the facts of personal history, or whether it is deliberately assumed for artistic purposes, we do not know. In

any case, it is both convincing and fruitful, and it gives birth to visions in which the immediate pictorial effect often serves to lead us into some untrodden by-way or unsounded depth of human nature. Here is one of the pictures from *Hyde Park*:

"August from a vault of hollow brass
Steep upon the sullen city glares.
Yellower burns the sick and parching grass,
Shivering in the breath of furnace airs.

Prone upon their pale, outwearied brows,
Miserable forms lie heavily,
Cumbering the earth; untimely boughs
Fallen from this world-o'ershadowing tree."

The "Salvationists" are strikingly described and profoundly analysed as "demure Maenads," who are not of to-day nor yesterday, but have

"... danced on old Cithaeron hill
Mad, leafy revels at the Wine-God's will."

While the mending of a street has suggested this:

"But who is this, that by the brazier red
Encamped in his rude hut,
With many a sack about his shoulders spread,
Watches with eyes unshut?
The burning brazier flushes his old face,
Illumining the old thoughts in his eyes.
Surely the Night doth to her secrecies
Admit him, and the watching stars attune
To their high patience, who so lightly seems
To bear the weight of many thousand dreams
(Dark hosts around him sleeping numberless);
He surely hath unbuilt all walls of thought
To reach an air-wide wisdom, past access
Of us, who labour in the noisy noon,
The noon that knows him not."

The thought of this stanza has probably occurred to others, but, at this present moment, to express it seriously just in this way needed some courage, and perhaps some deficiency of humour. But a deficiency of humour, as it is now understood and indulged, is part of Mr. Binyon's poetic equipment, without which his easy habit of dignifying the commonest

particulars, and carrying them back to a lofty universal, would lose its natural firmness and largeness, and become confused and apologetic. But a lack of humour has its perils; and although the poem *John Winter* "comes off" successfully, the reader, remembering some of Wordsworth's performances in this manner, holds his breath till the poet is off the thin ice.

But when all has been said, the conviction remains, that, in an age unprecedentedly rich in painstaking and charming minors, the author of *London Visions* is one of the few living writers who give promise of attaining their poetical majority.

Wisdom and Destiny. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated by ALFRED SUTRO. (London: George Allen. Crown 8vo, pp. 353.)

It is a long step from *The Massacre of the Innocents*, and even from M. Maeterlinck's canals and princesses, through *The Treasure of the Humble*, to this book. The publisher of Mr. Sutro's English version has been lavish of margins and thick paper, so that the volume is more like a novel to handle than a little book of wisdom. The form that has been adopted is, however, congruous with the work itself, which is loosely developed and regrettably diffuse. A logical sequence of well-wrought, memorable sentences or short paragraphs had better

expressed the really valuable thoughts which it is sought to convey.

In *Wisdom and Destiny* M. Maeterlinck confronts Duty and Fate strenuously and without affectation. The gauzy veil of his own famous stage-direction does not hang before the human comedy as he faces it in this book. It is not given to him to rend the darkness and solve the mystery of life, but at least he makes us feel that we are cowards to be frightened, and that there are powers within us which, if serenely exercised, may disarm many an attack from without. His burden is that wisdom is the conqueror of circumstances. But by wisdom he means a moral as well as an intellectual furnishing. Wisdom is more than reason:—

"Reason produces not wisdom, which is rather a craving of soul. It dwells up above, far higher than reason; and thus is it of the nature of veritable wisdom to do countless things whereof reason disapproves, or shall but approve hereafter. So was it that wisdom one day said to reason, It were well to love one's enemies and return good for evil. Reason, that day, tiptoe on the loftiest peak in its kingdom, at last was fain to agree. But wisdom is not yet content, and seeks ever further, alone." In this picturesque and suggestive style, the author, thinking aloud through three or four hundred pages, endeavours to show how the sage—the man who is faithful to the highest within and around him—will "paralyse destiny," and attain to an unassailable peace.

A FIELD FOR MODERN VERSE

It has been evident for some time to all serious lovers of English poetry, that modern verse is suffering from inanition. Probably at no time have we had a higher lease of excellence, a more careful technique, and, be it added, a wider encouragement. There are among us, at least, half a dozen of the younger men who have written indubitably fine poetry; and yet with all this, the greatest thing of all is lacking—some great compelling thought, some rapturous and passionate purpose. Perhaps the only wave of emotion or enthusiasm which has visited us lately, has been roused by the splendour and the fact of empire. But the song of empire can never be a permanent possession of mankind; it is, in fact, the pæan of materialism, restricted, anti-poetic, and is already beginning to pall upon us. I would venture to suggest, in all humility, a subject for verse which is co-extensive, not merely with a single empire, but with the fate and destiny of all mankind. The revelation, then, of the life after death, which is slowly filtering into the intellect and imagination of the modern world, is, as it seems to me, filled with tremendous possibilities of vision and melody. I can do nothing more in the present article than indicate certain leading and broad conceptions which may eventually allure and inspire the younger generation of poets. The general picture of a world beyond the grave, which is gradually usurping the modern imagination, would seem at first sight to be not far removed from the scheme of Dante. In communications made through trance, or by the governed hand, we are again permitted to view realms of darkness, of ice, of twilight, of glory. But there is this essential and transcendent difference between the mediæval and the modern conception,—that whereas Dante imagined a definite place of darkness, or fire, or beauty, to which the soul repaired, we are

now shown that the soul creates its own atmosphere, environment, and scenery. The grandeur and truth of this idea is at once apparent; for where a soul is living in night, he is residing in a darkness emitted from himself, his only proper and possible atmosphere; or where a spirit is starving "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," we are now given to see that his wintry selfishness has naturally frozen a world about him, in which he inevitably exists. Amid dazzling bergs and brilliant snows repines the self-wrapped king or statesman, for his intellect has reduced the world to a December bareness. So is the lecher or the drunkard the author of his own night, the murderer or the fanatic the kindler of his own flame. Can any bound be set to the influence of mind over what we call matter? Here, at least, is a conception capable of infinite variety of treatment, with all the fascination of scientific truth. We are even shown whole cities built again on the void, house by house, room by room, by the furious act of the inhabitants, who after death transported into space the "scenery of their sins." Another fixed characteristic of the picture presented to us is the continuity of existence: that the madman is no less mad from the fact that he has died, but raves on there as here; that the adulterer still sighs; that the drunkard haunts the familiar tavern, and, incapable of physical gratification, seeks a borrowed delight in urging to excess those who are still in the body. Death there is no sudden change, but the spirit, divested of the corruptible, is, in the most tremendous sense, himself at last. Behind and above all these phenomena is the central idea of evolution, a process inevitable in every case, full of pain and difficulty, which may be delayed by the individual for centuries of time. In a grander and nobler sense are interpreted the words of Virgil—

"Facilis descensus Averno.

Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est."

The darker side of the conception has been mainly glanced at, for the reason that this is nearer to us, and grips the imagination more swiftly; but, applying the law of evolution to this new Hell and Purgatory, it will be seen that the possibilities of bliss exceed all that we can conjecture. We watch the human spirit by

his own will emerging from a self-created night to a self-created Elysium ; the surroundings and atmosphere of his soul continually changing and corresponding to the soul itself, and so an eternal progress upward from beauty to beauty, splendour to splendour, bliss to bliss. To those who object that such a meditation as is here hinted at has no present interest, and brings no newer gleam into the life we are now leading, I would reply that such a conception illumines this present existence to a degree hitherto unconceived. For just as astronomy has taught us that our star, so far from being the centre of creation, is but a drop of light in an abyss, so this spiritual knowledge reminds us that this life is but a passing phase in an uninterrupted and everlasting existence. Here at least, tentatively stated, is a subject for poetic art, both novel and profoundly significant.

Stephen Phillips.

THE NEW ORPHEUS

ORPHEUS once with touching keys
Drew the rivers and the seas,
Beasts and birds ; and all of these
Heard the sweetness of his breath.
Round him, drawn to drowsy ease,
Snakes, those hooded monks of death,
Gleaned a pagan Shibboleth,
That alone through music can
All the ranks of nature span.

Spell-bound all, they heard him then ;
Each, a soul in fleshly pen,
Filled with lusts or filled with fears,
Opened quick prophetic ears.
Over the dull minds of men
Shot the eagle's kingly ken ;
Straight the lion loosed his lust,
And the red-deer leaned in trust
Up against the tawny side ;
And the peacock lowered his pride,
And the serpent left the dust.

Orpheus, singing, showed to these
Wider worlds and fairer seas,
Earth between whose fruitful knees
All life fed and flowered, as trees
Feed and flower in rain and air :
Plenty so stood everywhere.

Soon the singer's song was done :
Earth, in anguish for her son,
Saw the reddened river run ;
Where the faint and bleeding head,
Echoing its music fled,
Down the stream to darkness hurled
Half the wisdom of the world.

Yet, to cover that high crime,
Orpheus came a second time.
Nothing in his hand bore he,
Save the imprint, plain to see,
Of a starry mystery,
Straining out of thick-set wings,
Lending threads of fire for strings,
Till it seemed to be a lyre
Stretched to earth from heavenly things.

When St. Francis touched the chord,
Forth the hidden music poured
All the praises of its Lord.
And the summons grew so sweet,
Birds and beasts were at his feet :
In their blood a far-off tale
Of old Orpheus did prevail ;
And they cried, no more dejected,
"Our Messiah, the long expected,
Cometh now with wisdom meet,
In our midst to find His seat!"

So the second Orpheus spake
Little things for Love's great sake.
Sweetness of that uttered word
All the beasts but no man heard.
Father Francis, grant me bliss
In my darkness, if it is
Possible to tell of this!

“ Little brothers ” (did you say ?),
“ Yours must be the later day,—
Not so very far away.
Ye that have more feet than wit,
Shall not lag because of it.
Thou, man’s minister of speed,
Doubt not thou dost fit God’s need :
So, by Him decreed, thy course
Trained thee to be Israel’s horse.
Once on earth a prophet’s eyes
Saw a chariot mount the skies,
And before each burning tyre
Horses sprang like flames of fire.
Doubt not that, to wait God’s need,
Still in heavenly stall they feed,
Ministers to His desire.

“ Come, meek ass, and hear me tell ;
Surely, Christ with thee doth dwell !
Thou, on whom He once would sit,
Bear’st His Cross because of it.
At the entry of that town,
Where men threw palm-branches down,
Thou wast bearing Death and Myrrh,
O thou little Christopher !
Not upon thy forehead yet
May His blessed sign be set ;
So, while wisdom in thee lack,
Light His yoke upon thy back.

“ Little birds, whose tongues and wings
Seem so full of heavenly things,
Do not doubt that song and flight
Are most pleasing in His sight.
When the Spirit showed to men,
Bird-like came the vision then :
Would He wear the form of dove
Round His glory without love ?

“ Deep the ways of Love, and high :
Ever, when God’s finger wrote
Word for man, dumb beast stood by.
With His people’s sins the goat
To the desert crept to die ;
When blind wrath in Balaam smote,
Smitten beast had clearer eye
To behold bright heavenly things—
Sword made bare and barrier wings.
Sheep, with shepherds watching nigh,
Heard the high angelic note ;
Near the crib an ox stood by.
And a dove, when ark did float,
Symbol bore by olive branch
God would yet the waters stanch.

“ Listen, last, what shape of guest,
John, whom Christ on earth loved best,
Saw at heart of things to be,
In the everlasting skies,
Standing high among the blest !
Beasts, whose wings are full of eyes,
Gather there and bow the knee ;
None is greatest, none is least,
All the Light of Godhead see.
One is like a flying bird,
One is like a beast of prey ;
After these there stands a third,
Like an ox which eateth hay :
And with these, behold, a man,
Equal : none divide them can :
None is greater there than they.

“ When the world lay drowned in sin,
When the heavens with wrath were dark,
And all creatures entered in
At God’s bidding to the ark ;

That same ark was but the sign
Of a fold yet more divine,
Where the Shepherd's Face shall shine;
Where His Arms shall draw to rest
Sheep and goats against His Breast,
Where your heads will lie by mine."

Love Eternal, if Thou didst
Bid a child be in our midst
To declare the heavenly way:
Then was not St. Francis he?
And must not his wisdom be
Truest truth, and brightest day?
Therefore, Francis, pray for me!
And, to pay my debt to thee,
Ever when I bow the knee,
I for bird and beast will pray!

Laurence Housman.

FOR A POET

It shall suffice if one swift word
Of thine, the living faith hath stirr'd
In one sick soul when faith was blurr'd.

And if, upon the tilth of pain,
Thou rearest one earful of the grain
Of Power, that men may sow again

To keep the seed of Paradise;
Though thou be broken, sere, and thrice
Blasted by Fate, it shall suffice.

T. W. H. Crosland.

AT HIGH TIDE

*GLOOM, gloom, gleam and gloom,
And the moon went over the hill:
But a man and a woman paced the sands,
And all save her voice was still.*

O dark and wet, with a moon new-set,
The rocks like listeners stand,
And their cold weeds drip or stream on the wind
That flays the foam-fleshed strand.

Grip hard on my arm through the gasping storm—
'Tis wild as the night we sinned—
Whip tight my shawl around us both,
And set your teeth to the wind.

With ragged crests that flick and sting,
The waves flare grey in the night,
Where sea-things trail, like the dust of stars,
In livid weals of light.

Boom, spume, shiver in gloom—
Pale chaff that bears no corn—
While the inner waters heave behind,
All big with waves unborn.

This narrowing beach, where the earth's limbs reach
In vain to master the sea,
Seems in my eyes the unstable ridge
'Tween life and eternity.

If any saw us who never knew us,
They would deem us lovers twain;
Not seeing the hate I spit in a kiss,
Your hate smiled back again.

I love you not: your unborn child
Has all you had of me—
But on earth it would learn with the gathering years
To curse me scornfully.

I long not for your love once more:
'Twould be too hard to bear
To lose you twice, as I lost you once,
To the first face you found fair.

But yet I would wake, for our dead love's sake,
Some tenderness in you;
To cheat for just a single hour
Numb memory's weary throe.

Though I brought you here with a pitiful tale
Of help for the shame you wrought,
A slight oblivion of that shame
Was all the help I sought.

What is't you say—I lured you on;
As the evil was mine, it shall be?—
Dear saint, thou art a saint, I know;
'Tis why I worship thee.

What mutter you now—you must seek the cliff,
A cleaner wench to meet?—
Fool, you are hoodwinked: look at the waves
That dash on your retreat.

You would not go when the sea's at the flow,
And threatens on either hand?
There's a hammering tide of twenty feet
Where our footsteps blanched the sand.

We shall see full soon, in a dim green swoon,
Our breath's last bubbles rise :
Then all the waves that ever rolled
Shall be deathweights for our eyes.

You may howl to your trull ; she will hear but a gull,
Baffled by wind and sea,
Wail to its mate while its wings are wet,
Ere it sinks eternally.

If you turn to her, the thought of death
Harries you from behind ;
Snarl round on the sea, and her dread will seem
To shriek down the North-East wind.

Ay, climb the cliff ; your clutch o' the shale
Is weak as the foam's wind-driven ;
'Tis hard as in an hour 'twill be
To climb from Hell to Heaven.

When I see your fear as the waves gnash near,
When I feel your pulse in pain,
As you cling to my waist that you would not touch,
I could almost love you again.

You shall not swim, for every limb
My coiling corpse embraces ;
My sea-clogged skirts are smeared round your feet ;
My hair beats in our faces.

In my deep-sunk eyes flame darkly lies,
As though in a passionless skull,
To brand on your brain "Remember Death"
Till your eyes 'mid the waves go dull.

The wind-scooped waves, like a vomit of graves,
Drive on with a sucking sweep.
Hast not the faith of the older saint
To walk upon the deep ?

Cling not too closely to me, your straw,
For, when we enter Hell,
I would not be seen at a coward's side,
But wi' lofty sinners would dwell.

Death comes at last: the waters tower;
Your hidden face they seek;
The winds and the waves reach eagerly
To smite your liar's cheek. . . .

Gordon Bottomley.

A PRAYER TO TIME

MOVE onward, Time, and bring us sooner free
From this self-clouding turmoil, where we ply
On others' errands driven continually ;
O lead us to our own souls, ere we die !

We toil for that we love not ; thou concealest
Our true loves from us : all we thirst to attain
Thou darkly holdest, and alone revealest
A mirror that our sighs for ever stain.

Art thou so jealous of our full delight ?
Thou takest our strength, toil, fervour, and sweet youth,
And when thou hast taken these, thou dost our sight
Unveil at last, and we endure the truth.

Thou art too swift for our weak steps ; but oh,
To our desire thou movest, Time, how slow !

Laurence Binyon.

ON A "NEW NOTE" IN POETRY

I

FROM a painted, naked clan,
 Huddling by a rain-beat fire,
Rose a trembling, ancient man :
 Smote upon his clumsy lyre,
And a sudden song began :

"Longhair'd churls, O brothers bold,
 Soundly sleep across the lake,
From the homestead and the fold,
 Who will follow me, and take
Wives and flocks and hoarded gold ?

"Who the bloody work will do ?
 Who will launch the hollow bark ?"
Crag and pinewoods clamour'd "Who ?"
 Up leapt all, and through the dark
Shrill'd and rasp'd the long canoe.

II

To an old king's girlish bride,
 Silver-clasp'd in azure silk,
Throned her bearded lord beside,
 Red as roses, white as milk,
Knelt a minstrel down and cried :

"Lady, hear my song with grace !
 While thy knights and squires and lords
Crowd the joust and feast and chase,
 While in scabbards rust their swords,
Paynims foul the holy place.

" Bid them smite the usurper down,
Rooting out the brood of hell,
Haply winning for thy crown
Great pearls of the infidel,
Snatch'd from many a blazing town ! "

III

Full of goods, wax'd fat and proud,
Sluggish ears for songs have we.
Blaring o'er the chaffering crowd,
As brute thunder flouts the sea,
Hear our poet shout out loud :

" Rolling round the world's hot girth,
On your fiefs ne'er sets the sun !
By a glorious hap of birth,
By the might of gold and gun,
Ye are lords of all the earth !

" Drink and eat beyond your fill,
Launch new death with every tide !
Flaunt your flag from every hill,
Weaklings' dreams of peace deride,
War on earth, and hell's goodwill ! "

IV

*Down to little Bethlehem,
To a world all wounds and scars,
Once white, peaceful angels came,
Singing like ten thousand stars !
Make me, Lord, as one of them.*

Frank Freeman.

SAPPHO'S DEATH

Sonnets by T. Sturge Moore

On Three Pictures by Gustave Moreau

I

AMID a wilderness of rock-piled towers
She sits; dank raiment shudders o'er her grace;
A damp from Lethe doth its pride efface:
Chilled through, she sits and waits impending hours.
Her dark loosed hair is crowned with heavy flowers;
One cold hand grips her unhewn throne; in place
The other keeps her falling veil; her face
Is trodden battle-field of passion's powers.
Quite quiet, she complains of nobody:
No anguished sighs her tortured lips dispart;
But always in her ears and through her heart
The waves a ceaseless cruel parody
Of her last fruitless love-song chant and sing,
Nor will her sore heart deaden to the sting.

II

With hands vibrating, with lips trembling still,
Her sister heart and lute strings snap in twain,
Like one chord, struck and overtaxed by pain,
She falls, and her dark gowns with salt wind fill
Like those black sails which turned the sunshine chill
For Minotaur-doomed crews—fill too in vain;
Her bare feet stiffened gleam like gulls new-slain,
'Mid gulls who hoarsely shriek an omen ill:

She falls, as through a dream's suspense that strains
The moment's heart with Time's immensity—
As down Truth's well fond cups whence Hope ne'er gains
The draught that quencheth thirst's entirety:
She falls, but her voice soars and yet remains—
Suspends her yet in immortality.

III

Stilled is the sea, the cliffs stand hugely still,
While the sun dies ; but in the sky a crowd
Of tattered banners desolate, mute, and proud,
Marshalling, honours his departing skill.
Love strove with Song, and Love has now his will ;
Apollo's forces have drawn off, and loud,
Afar, Love hails his dame ; her foe has bowed ;
Save those sad clouds at Lesbos, all is still.
Yet pulses of white wings loom o'er the deep,
Unanimous in steady-purposed quest
Of Sappho, who at last finds peace in sleep ;
The first stoops o'er her now as o'er its nest :
From Paphos' dove-cotes come they here to keep
A pious vigil at their queen's behest.

T. Sturge Moore.

NOTE.—*The three pictures by Gustave Moreau are reproduced
by arrangement with M. Lecadre, Junior, of Paris.*







Die Wasserlie.

Heine.

Harold Thorp.

Andante tranquillo e grazioso. ♩ = 89

m.p.

Voice

Die

Sempre legato.

m.p.

*Ped. ** *Ped. ** *Ped. **

schlank...e Was...ser...li...lie Schaut

*Ped. ** *Ped. ** *Ped. simile*

träumend empor auf dem See, Da

grüsst der Mond her---un---ter Mit

Rit.
licht---em Lieb---es---weh. Ver-

schämt Senkt sie das Kopf---chen Wie--der hin-

--- ab zu den Welln. Da

DIE WASSERLILIE

117

Espressivo.

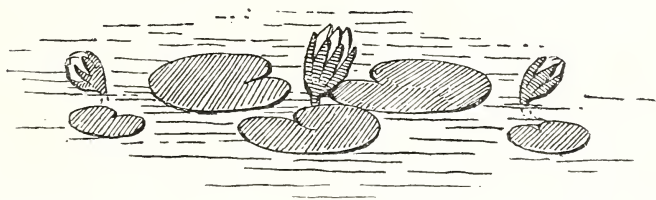
sieht sie zu ihr---en Füß---sen Den

arm-- en blassen Ge---selln. dolce.

ritard. *dolce.* *Ritard.*

Ritard. *mf* *ms*

Ped. *



NEO-RUSKINISM: A PROTEST

IMAGINE a South African millionaire, fresh to London after thirty years spent amidst the refining influences of drinking-bar and gambling-club life in Johannesburg. Imagine, facing him, a rising young painter, whose impressions of prehistoric village life, as it may be seen to-day in the Very Near East, are gaining him a certain vogue, although it is generally admitted that he has not yet altogether thrown off the yoke of Whistler and Aubrey Beardsley. Imagine the millionaire ordering a picture—millionaires have been known to do such things—and at the same time demanding—and some millionaires are not incapable of demanding such a thing—that the picture shall not only serve as a picture to hang on the walls, but also as a motor-car to run in the streets. Imagine this, and you can guess the young painter's reply. Nervously trembling before the magnate, before the master of the modern world, he will, if he can find speech at all and dares to use it, point out that a picture is meant to remain in a room and give pleasure to the eye, and not to run over rough macadam roads and save a weariness to the legs. It may be that, growing earnest, he will proceed to demonstrate that a picture big enough to seat a man cannot be manufactured at the price; that the ordinary picture of commerce—called Art in Bond Street—is neither strong enough to carry a man nor has wheels to run on, has not even castors like a sofa; and that, in any case, it will be difficult to place the boiler. A picture, in fact, is a stationary affair, and not meant to carry people from one place to another.

It grieves me to be thought to stray far from home at the beginning of an article. Wherefore I incontinently abandon my parable, merely pointing out how very close it lies to my present

purpose. Partly that this matter may be rightly judged, partly for other obvious reasons, let me state my present purpose. It is, briefly, to protest against the efforts of certain writers to make every work of art serve as a kind of ethical motor-car, against their endeavours to prove that every work of art was designed as a kind of ethical motor-car and intended to carry the great Many Headed along the highway toward the Perfect Public Morality of some centuries hence. It is not enough that an art-work is lovely and moving: it must also yield a moral as a cow yields milk; and—now my metaphors are growing terribly mixed, but I will persevere—this milk must do duty, first, as an aperitif to provoke an appetite for the Moral Good of the far future; second, as the stream on which we may float to that Moral Good; and last, as a boat in which we may float on the stream. (This is much too complicated: I shall keep to the ethical motor-car.) I apologise for my seeming flippancy, though it is ridiculous that I should have to do so, for I am simply translating into appropriate terms the absurdities against which I protest. Even if I were flippant—which I am not—it would be a sufficient excuse that these absurdities beget flippancy. Here we are, at the end of the well-known nineteenth century: in two years we shall take the chill plunge into a new, strange century; and it is reckoned necessary to discuss with an appearance of seriousness the most preposterous propositions! And these propositions are not brought forward only by congenital idiots and professional teachers of morality, but by men in many respects in possession of more than a common share of the human faculties. They suffer under some monstrous delusion; and my friend Bernard Shaw is the latest recruit to their ranks. Bernard Shaw! Apparently vegetarianism makes strange bedfellows.

A commentary on Wagner's *Nibelung's Ring* was bound to come. Of course there were several; but I mean one written by a man of some intellect. So Mr. Shaw, a man of very considerable intellect, must needs rush in to fill the gap that I had hoped against hope would remain a gap. In five minutes he demonstrates the entire impossibility of enjoying the *Rhinegold* unless you understand it; and in the course of one hundred and seven pages he demonstrates, further, the folly of understanding anything at all about it unless you understand the political economy

and moral lesson of it. It is not necessary to discuss here *The Perfect Wagnerite* in detail; that cheerful task was performed by me in the *Saturday Review* some weeks ago; and besides, everyone must read the book for himself. It is well worth reading, though it is hopelessly wrong. The lessons Mr. Shaw draws are these: first, that whenever conventions and laws are opposed to the satisfaction of deep human needs, the conventions and laws, and not the human needs, must be suppressed—Fricka must be sacrificed to Siegmund and Sieglinde; second, that there is a curse on money, and the world will never go well until the world learns how to do without it; third, that the world will never go well until a race of human heroes of strong body and healthy mind arises, desiring by virtue of healthy mind only what is good, and able by strength of muscle to get it. To the which one says, Certainly. Laws are a clumsy nuisance, and when the last one is abolished no one will rejoice more heartily than I. Money used in the only way in which money can be used—that is, without consideration for one's fellows—is an accursed thing; and it will be a glorious day when money also is abandoned because no one will be willing to pay the price of using it. A race of heroes is badly needed—men whose nature compels them to make a stand for all that is real, sane, and beautiful, against all that is illusory, evil, and ugly. This is all very true; but is it not also all very trite? There we lay finger on one weak spot in all ethical lessons drawn from works of art: they are so obvious as to be much more easily grasped when plainly stated than when symbolically represented in a work of art. But a weaker spot in Mr. Shaw's moral lesson is it that it does not happen to fit the whole *Ring*; and Mr. Shaw, recognising this mournful fact, gets out of his difficulty by throwing over the part of the *Ring* which it does not fit, to wit the *Dusk of the Gods*. In the *Dusk of the Gods* we see conventions and laws triumphant through the death of Siegfried; Siegfried's death frustrates also the whole of Wotan's plan of raising a race of heroes, for Siegfried is the last of them; by the destruction of the gods—towards which climax, be it remembered, the *Ring* moves from the beginning—every power that loved good and willed it is taken away from the earth, leaving common mortals to begin the game over again to-morrow, without hope, without knowledge, without even an example. So, as I say, Mr.

Shaw throws over the *Dusk of the Gods*, explaining that Wagner got bemuddled in the execution of his great plan ; thus asking us to believe not merely that Wagner got muddled through spreading the execution of his plan over so many years, but that he had not sense enough to see, in the seven years he lived after the *Ring* was completed, that the *Dusk of the Gods* flatly contradicted the gospel he (according to Mr. Shaw) preached in the other dramas of the cycle. This is an almost incredible position to take ; but Mr. Shaw takes it boldly. Let me ask my readers to put his theory to the test of actual experience. He says, for instance, that you cannot enjoy the *Rhinegold* unless you understand it (in his meaning of the word understand). I will of course admit that one must know Wotan's plan and Wotan's nature, Alberich's nature and plans, even the dragon's nature and plans, just as in an Adelphi melodrama you must understand what the hero, heroine, and villain are and what they are after. But Wagner spared no pains to make everything sufficiently plain : he wrote four dramas instead of one to make everything sufficiently plain ; and nothing more than he provided in the way of explanation is necessary. Now I ask any reader who may go to Bayreuth this summer, or hear the *Ring* in London if it is performed, to risk spoiling an evening's pleasure by watching the *Rhinegold* and trying to think of Mr. Shaw's explanation at the same time. He will find that the human mind is so constituted as to make the feat impossible. One can think of the drama and the music, or one may think of Mr. Shaw's explanation : to think of the two at once is a thing that cannot be done. The same test holds in the case of a picture, or poem, or statue, or spoken play, or piece of music, of which explanations are given. If your whole being is engaged in the work of absorbing the beauty and emotion of it, such things as explanations are automatically excluded from your thought : if you think of explanations, it is at the cost of missing the beauty and emotion.

The fact is that these explanations and justifications or condemnations of works of art, on other than purely artistic grounds, are simply revivals of dead and forgotten Ruskinism. If Mr. Ruskin had chosen to say that a hand or an arm was ill-drawn, that would have been relevant criticism ; to say that a face was inartistic because it was an evil-looking face, or because looking at

it begat evil thoughts and might lead to immoral deeds, that was totally irrelevant. Similarly, to call the *Dusk of the Gods* a mistake or a failure because it does not fall into a scheme which happens to fit the remaining dramas of the cycle in a rough and ready fashion, as a postman's coat fits a postman, is totally irrelevant. One feels inclined to tell the critic to devise another scheme, and much good may it do him! I should not like to say when this desire to find morals and explanations for works of art became fashionable: it is a fallacy as ancient as the everlasting hills. But in England it never thrived as it thrived in the early- and mid-Victorian period, when Ruskin flourished and guided annually some hundreds of promising young men to artistic perdition; and it thrived because the age was an inartistic one, and because even those who had artistic tendencies and loves had to justify them to themselves as well as to others. An art-work cannot be proved to be beautiful; those who cannot, spontaneously, of themselves, sooner or later, feel it to be beautiful, will never really know its beauty and absorb it. But in the Ruskin period everything had to be proved: it was the age of Cobden and Mill and logic, and dry political economy and stock morality. Ruskin was as much a Millite as anyone, only he happened to be not altogether a Millite, but to have a peculiarly acute sense of beauty. A picture enchanted him, and he immediately set to work to find out the Wherefore of the enchantment; and he thought he had found out the Wherefore. He explained the Wherefore to other people in his books, and he really did lead many people to see beauty in the things whose beauty he loved. But whereas he thought he was convincing them through the logical application of eternal truths, he was in reality only compelling them, by his passionate enthusiasm and his magical skill in using words, into a proper state of mind for the appreciation of beauty. He was not even leading them to right conclusions by wrong methods, as may easily be done in many matters, though never in art. So Ruskin and his method flourished, and all went well until the method mastered Ruskin. Or rather, until, after the method had mastered Ruskin, Ruskin met art which he was too old-fashioned to like. Then his method cannot be said to have broken down, for it had never worked. What happened was that, as it is a deep and permanent human need to love beauty, and as Ruskin's

method was only a very rickety convention, the human need triumphed: that is to say, to come to particulars, Whistler's art triumphed, and Ruskin and his method, discredited, went so completely to the wall, that nowadays even the splendid work he did has to be insisted on by his disciples.

Mr. Shaw has been led to a kind of modified Ruskinism in a different way. Mr. Shaw has no need to explain or justify works of art to himself: he is perfectly content to love what he loves without giving himself any reasons. But the propagandist habit is strong on him: he is not one of the founders and the leading member of the Fabian Society for nothing; and he lives in an age when propagandism is fashionable, when it seems reasonable to everyone to make as many converts as possible. Do I like a thing?—then I cannot peaceably enjoy it at home, but am driven by my rampant spirit out into the streets to convert those to my view who will be converted, and punch the heads of those who won't. Now, to convert anyone, you have to play the Ruskin trick in anti-Ruskinite times: you appeal to your victim's emotions while appearing to convince him by the force of inexorable logic arguing from everlasting truths. You make a man want to have, or to like, or to hate, a certain thing, and you ingeniously find him a reason for hating, or liking, or wanting it. And all goes well until you try to make him like the unlikeable, hate the beautiful, want what no one can possibly want. Then "the shallowness of your reasoning" appears clearly, though it was clearly enough visible all the time to those with open eyes. Still, there is no harm in a "try on": the real catastrophe becomes inevitable when you yourself are victimised by your logic and your methods of criticism; for after that it is only a matter of time for you to come to tremendous grief. Mr. Shaw has taken himself in, and he has shown in *The Perfect Wagnerite* how very complete and finely finished the take-in is. I am sorry he has taken himself in, but not sorry that he has enabled us to find him out; for now he can start over again, beginning by really listening to the music of the *Dusk of the Gods*, and really following the drama, and not deceiving himself into thinking he is listening and following when he is only following the train of his own thought.

For, finally, Ruskinism is always in the long run the enemy of art. God—I give you my word for it—never wanted man to

drink tea out of a wash-hand basin, nor wanted a picture to be more than a source of the highest and keenest pleasure to the eye, and, through the eye's report, to the mind ; music to be more than a source of the highest and keenest pleasure to the ear, and, through the ear's report, to the mind. Least of all can music and pictures be used as ethical motor-cars. As that, they never carry us anywhere quicker than we can go on our own legs—never, in fact, so quickly. If we are to have copy-book headings, let us have them, in Heaven's name ; but do not let us have them illegibly scribbled on the back-cloths of operatic scenes—so illegibly that Mr. Shaw must come along and decipher them for us, and stand between us and the drama which is being enacted and preach them at us. The artist has nothing to do with copy-book headings. A painter does not paint a landscape with the object of instructing the world in botany, nor a musician write a score to explain the nature of sound or even the science by which his notes are strung harmoniously together. Shakespeare did not put Hamlet in his awkward position for the sake of discussing the substance of ghosts, any more than he would have shown us a hero starving to death in a gravel-pit for the sake of teaching us geology. Nor does any painter, dramatist, or musician wish to give us lessons in morality—or if he does, his work lives and appeals to us not by its moral teaching, but by its beauty and human emotion. We shall get on very well without moral lessons, provided we always make for the beautiful : that is, for what we think to be beautiful. We may occasionally go wrong, but not very far. I am speaking, of course, of those who are genuinely sensitive to beauty ; as for the others, they will go wrong in their search for beauty whether they seek moral lessons or not, and they don't count.

John F. Runciman.

A NOTE ON JACOPO BELLINI

IN the history of painting, it would be difficult to point to another family which produced three great masters in two generations, as did that of the Bellini. Jacopo Bellini, the father, was in his time regarded as the greatest artist of North Italy, and the fame of his two sons Giovanni and Gentile was as great during their lifetime as that of their father. Time and the energy of ecclesiastical authorities have swept away all Jacopo's great frescoes and wall decorations on canvas; and we are compelled to study him almost entirely in the wonderful sketch-books, one in pencil and of an early date, in the British Museum, the other, only to be seen with difficulty, in the Louvre. This latter is in ink, and represents a later stage of his career. It is from this that the accompanying illustrations are taken. The date 1430 in the British Museum book is not conclusive as to the date of its execution, though it is probable, from the occurrence in it of a sketch of S. Bernardino preaching from an improvised pulpit, that it contains the works of Jacopo's early life; for the Saint visited Venice in the third decade of the century. The frequent repetition of an eagle on the shields of warriors in the Louvre book has led to the supposition that these sketches were done at Ferrara for the Estes, who used the eagle as a badge. Moreover, there occur in the Louvre book sketches of an equestrian statue which are said¹ to be recognisable as sketches from the statue set up to Niccolo d'Este by Borso d'Este in 1451. Such a view is the more likely, in that we have other evidence of Jacopo's close relations with that enthusiastic and discriminating family of art patrons. A sonnet remains by an otherwise unknown poet, called Ulysses, which gives us a very curious insight into the culture of

¹ Gronau, *La chronique des arts*, 1895, vol. xxvii.

this court, where at this early date the self-consciousness of the Renaissance was already fully developed. It shows us also, what we should not have otherwise known, that Jacopo was a great portrait painter. But that he should, in the opinion of Borso d'Este, have surpassed Pisanello, the great precursor of Renaissance art in North Italy, who had inspired Jacopo¹ himself in his early youth, is the most surprising fact of all. The sonnet runs to this effect—

“When to a high emprise Pisano soared,
 Entering the lists with Nature's self to strive,
 And upon wood the semblance make alive
 Of Lionel, our new illustrious lord;²
 Already now the sixth month did he spend,
 And still he strove the very form to mould,
 When Fortune, whose disdainful eyes behold
 All human glory and its loss portend,
 So wrought, that from his salt renownèd strand
 Bellino journey'd, painting's chief indeed,—
 A second Phidias he for our dark world;—
 Who made a livelier image, so did stand
 The verdict by the father's love decreed,
 Whereby Pisano from his throne was hurl'd.”

It is of course possible, though there is no means of proving it, that the portrait of Lionel d'Este at Bergamo is the one which Pisanello did on this occasion. It is sad that the successful competitor's work has never been heard of since.

Nevertheless, we can obtain in the sketch-books a closer intimacy with Jacopo's nature, and with his attitude to life, than is possible in the case of many artists who have left more finished work. They show him to us as a man of exuberant fancy, whose invention outran his powers of execution. He treats all manner of subjects, from a travelling menagerie to the Crucifixion; and all with a playful humour which might have brought him into trouble if he had transferred his sketches to the walls of a church. For Jacopo came at a time when the secularisation of art was newly accomplished. Pisanello had thrown open the whole world to the artist; and Jacopo is filled with an almost childish delight in the new found power. The idea that so sacred a function as

¹ How closely Jacopo followed Pisanello's feeling for nature and his system of composition, may be judged by comparing the “S. Hubert” here reproduced with the picture of the same subject in the National Gallery.

² The sonnet was written after Lionel's accession, the picture was painted in Borso's reign.

that of design had appeared to be, might be employed as a comment on the whole of life, gave a new interest to the most trivial incident. Jacopo, like a child, tries his new toy on everything he sees. It is true that from long habit he still thinks it necessary to pretend that his compositions are religious ; but any given subject became in his hands an excuse for introducing any object that took his fancy. The Annunciation is an excuse for a huge piazza, with a Roman triumphal arch, and two flaunting peacocks in the foreground ; the Crucifixion allows of an elaborate perspective study ; and there is no end to the opportunities afforded by such subjects as the death of a saint, or the baptism of Christ. Indeed, the freedom from all the traditional rules of composition, and the wealth of invention, are almost bewildering. The contrast between such art as this and that of the regular altarpiece-makers, such as Antonio Vivarini, is most surprising ; for the art of that day was more often than now a serious and well-organised business, and an altarpiece was made according to specification, with as much workmanlike thoroughness and accuracy as a girder bridge is to-day. But Jacopo frequented the court of Ferrara, where already art was cultivated for its less utilitarian purposes, and he practises it in that elevated spirit of detachment which is the privilege of the artist, as opposed to the craftsman. For he is not always merely fantastic and humorous. There is one sketch, in which he represents three bare crosses : a ladder lies on the ground ; and in one corner is seen part of the lid of the tomb so lately and so miraculously removed. This is all ; except that, in the distance, a workman goes listlessly home from his day's work. After the tragedy of the Crucifixion and the triumph of the Resurrection, the everyday life of man pursues its uninterrupted routine : a strangely complex and modern idea to find thus distinctly suggested in the work of an artist of the early quattrocento.

And, indeed, there is much that was, in a sense, premature and precocious in the thought of Jacopo's contemporaries at the courts of Ferrara and Rimini. There, the fervour of enthusiasm for classical ideas ripened very early ; and Jacopo shared it to the full. The next generation of Venetian artists, notably Jacopo's own sons, went back on all this neo-pagan feeling. Even Mantegna is classical, rather than pagan ; and it was not till

Giorgione and Titian that the unhesitating joyfulness of Greek art was again reproduced with such sympathetic insight. The study of Jacopo's work is a necessary preliminary to the understanding of Giovanni Bellini's artistic development; but the influence of the father is much less obvious than might have been expected. It lies rather in the general focussing of the picture as a whole, the relation of figures to landscape, and the mood which the landscape conveys, than in any details of structure, either in figure or in drapery. For the younger generation reacted from the aims of older in more ways than one. They reacted from the neopaganism of those who had felt the influence of Leo Battista Alberti, and also they reacted from the graceful but superficial sense of structure which Jacopo's figures and draperies exhibit. They became at once more scientific and more Christian.

Roger E. Fry.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO "A NOTE ON JACOPO BELLINI"

1. SAINT HUBERT.
2. SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

From a Book of Sketches (in ink) by JACOPO BELLINI in the Louvre.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO "NATURE AND LANDSCAPE"

1. CALAIS PIER. Part of a painting by J. M. W. TURNER.
2. A LANDSCAPE: SUNSET. A painting by P. P. RUBENS.
3. RUINS OF BREDERODE CASTLE. A painting by HOBBEEMA.

* * * *HOBBEEMA'S "RUINS OF BREDERODE CASTLE" has been placed as a frontispiece to The Dome. It is reproduced, with "Calais Pier" and "A Landscape: Sunset," by arrangement with Mr. F. Hanfstaengl.*









NATURE AND LANDSCAPE

OF all forms of pictorial art, Landscape-painting, in one form or another, is perhaps the most generally popular. At the same time, like theology or politics, it has always been a favourite exercise-ground for the wits of the unthinking. In *genre* painting tradition has always leaned towards imitation of Nature, possibly because the familiarity of the subject-matter makes any other treatment incongruous. In the painting of heroic subjects, tradition leans just as definitely in the direction of idealisation, because an imaginary subject loses half its charm if it becomes too matter of fact. The place of landscape lies between these two extremes, and cannot be determined by any hard-and-fast law. Most of the current errors in popular criticism are due to the ignoring of this fact. The man in the street will, for instance, defend Constable's "Haywain" because he has seen things not unlike it in Nature: ruffled water, glittering foliage, and broken clouds blowing over the fields. Passing from such a picture to Turner's "Rain, Steam, and Speed," he judges it by the same canons, and must, in consequence, condemn it. Show him a sketch by Claude Monet, that hits the tones and tints of Nature more exactly even than Constable, and he is again puzzled and depreciatory,—the thing is too odd, too bright, too unfinished. He does not realise that he is much in the position of a schoolboy writing an essay on the comparative literary merits of Euripides, Pindar, and Aristotle.

As literary men have naturally always been the educators of the public, they have in the course of centuries inculcated a proper respect for the mysteries of their own craft. If a man can't understand Shakespeare, he doesn't usually say that it is Shakespeare's fault; yet he is quite ready offhand to point

out faults in the drawing of Rembrandt or Michelangelo. Forgetting the slow laborious school-days that built up such literary judgment as he may possess, the hours of piano-playing, singing, or concert-going that have taught him to distinguish between Gluck and Tchaikowsky, he imagines that a knowledge of art can be gained by a few experiments in water-colour painting and some casual visits to exhibitions, strengthened, of course, by that impregnable bulwark, his natural taste. Nothing, in reality, could be more absurd; and there would be fewer charlatans in the art world if the public would but look at paintings more humbly and more thoughtfully. To appreciate fine colour or fine drawing, the eye requires practice and education, just as does the ear to understand noble sound, or the mind to comprehend a great thought. Technical knowledge is best gained by actual practice. Most people who paint, can't hope to become great painters; but if they work sensibly, they may at least learn to recognise good work when they see it. A well-balanced, well-educated mind, backed by such a training, will not usually go far wrong in its judgments, and can face without fear three spirits as different as Constable, Turner, and Monet: the lover of nature, the dreamer, and the man of science.

The scientific painter is a product of our own age, the result of a reaction from worn-out conventions. The *Impressionistes*, who tried to transfer to canvas the light and colour of the air, are really failures because they attempted the impossible. Just as no combination of tones can mimic a tone that is pitched in a higher key than any of them, so no blending of pigments, however subtle, can imitate sunlight. The painting of such men as Monet, Sisley, and Camille Pissarro must always be interesting, as showing how far such imitation of Nature may be carried; but the result is very rarely a good picture. The work of the *Impressionistes* does not aim at design or decorative colour, or at any poetic rendering of things. It is merely a scientific treatise on the possibilities of pigments, and must be judged as such.

The efforts to combine this science with a more pictorial feeling towards Nature have abated of late years, possibly because the *via media* has not yet been definitely indicated by any quite masterly painter, so that the experiments have hitherto led to no

continuous or certain success. This is evident at once if we compare any such modern landscape with a good painting by Constable. Constable was trained at a time when the art of making pictures—not of necessity fine pictures—was still common property. At the beginning of the century painters still appreciated the value of design, of pattern in the spacing, of light and shadow, of definitely harmonious colouring, and of unity of tone. Their works, as a rule, “hang together,” and make admirable decoration if placed in surroundings similar to those for which they were designed. With all his dislike of convention, Constable was never able to free himself entirely from the sound traditions of his youth, so that his work does not look quite incoherent or inharmonious by the side of paintings of the eighteenth century, as that of Daubigny or James Maris would do. Constable, in fact, is the half-way house between these latter and the landscape painters of Holland.

Hobbema’s “Brederode Castle,” which forms the frontispiece to the present number of *The Dome*, is the kind of picture Constable probably admired in his youth. Recognising its quiet harmonies of grey and reddish brown and cool dark green, the simple conventions of massed light and shadow that make it a pleasant composition, and that skilful rendering of air and space which gives a still greater charm to “The Avenue of Middleharnis,” he would pardon the niggling of the unhealthy trees, and the spots of white on the clumsy foreground bough and intrusive ducks. Though in the salerooms Hobbema ranks higher than any other Dutch landscape painter, his success is really only the success of rarity. His master, Ruysdael, is a more accomplished artist, sometimes rising to real excellence, as in the “View over a Flat Wooded Country,” in the National Gallery (No. 990), or the “View of Haarlem,” at The Hague. Only a little freedom of hand and the influence of a less conservative mind were needed to transform such painting into something not unworthy of Rembrandt. Certainly Rembrandt’s pupil, Philips de Koninck, with all his love of spreading plain and brooding cloud, went no further; while the more commonplace minds of Van der Neer, Van Goyen, and Wynants, the minute Van der Heyden, the silvery Van der Velde, the heavy Backhuysen, and the Italianisers Berghem and Both, work on a level that is uniformly lower. What great things Rembrandt

might have done in landscape is made clear by his wonderful drawings and etchings. When he works in oil, the human interest is generally overwhelming. The genuineness of the picture in the National Gallery (No. 72), "Landscape, with Tobit and the Angel," has been doubted, I think unjustly ; for, apart from the breadth and certainty of the handling, there is a nobility of conception in the work which none of the landscapes on exhibition at Burlington House can equal, with the single exception of Lord Lansdowne's glorious painting, "The Mill."

With the painters of Italy, landscape was from the first an accessory. They often render some pleasant memory of natural form and colour, but keep it strictly subordinate to the figures, which were the dominant matter of their pictures. Thus with the primitive Italians, as with their Dutch and German contemporaries, we get exquisite calm skies, blue hills, bright flowers, and delicate impossible trees ; later, with the great Venetians, those waving boughs and rolling clouds that with Titian unite into a magnificent formula, and which Salvator uses as a sort of stage property.

As a painter of landscape, Titian had really no followers among his countrymen who were worthy of him, and the convention he developed to such an extraordinary pitch of excellence passes into modern art (if it may be said to pass at all) through Rubens and Vandyck. Rubens thinks of Nature as much as Titian, but thinks of her in a different way. He is interested in things themselves almost as much as in their pictorial aspect. Titian selected all his materials with critical taste, Rubens with a more generous indiscriminate affection. Titian does not care to waste his time in experimenting with ugly subjects. Rubens, almost with bravado, groups animals in odd postures, ramshackle houses and flabby trees into magnificent compositions. The country that he loves is a real homely land of ditches and cottages and pollards, where the sun shines yellow through an ever-present mist. The attitude of Vandyck is really more like that of Titian. He observes and selects, but does so quickly and carelessly, with the ease of a brilliant man. Hence his grip of Nature is not so strong as that of Rubens, and his work is rather superficial and flimsy ; but he knows admirably what makes fine pictures and what is graceful in itself, so that his harmonious landscape-convention is more evenly successful than that of his master, and sometimes rivals that of

Titian. The portrait of Charles the First in the National Gallery, for instance, contains a view of a wooded country, under an uncertain evening sky, that blends the nobility of the great Venetian with an airy lightness of handling that no Italian ever excelled. The thing is done almost without a thought, as a relief from the serious attention required by the king's portrait; just as a diplomatist might pass from treating for the death of a monarch or a nation to discuss the uncertainty of the weather.

Nevertheless, it is at times quite disheartening to turn from the easy grandeur of such a background to the work of lesser men who devoted the whole of their lives to landscape. It was the fashion, for instance, thirty years ago, to talk of the supremacy of the English School of Water Colour. Since that school includes the names of Turner, Girtin, Cozens, Cotman, and Cox, it deserves a certain amount of respect; but where is the artist who nowadays would dare to say that Copley Fielding and Harding were more than excellent mediocrities. With these De Wint must be classed, in spite of his two works in oil at South Kensington, which are by no means mediocre. Turner, of course, is a great artist, whatever the medium he touches, and water colour was his favourite medium. Those two pensive and poetic draughtsmen, Girtin and Cozens, died young. Cox was strong and, considering his surroundings, original, but lacked taste. The magnificent drawing at South Kensington of a bull bellowing in a storm is no fit companion for the showy splashes and blotches with which his name is too commonly associated. Cotman's work is often dignified in arrangement and occasionally successful in colour, especially when he limits himself to cool greens and blues. Of the drawings in which a hot yellow is the predominant tone, the less said the better—they are incredibly inferior to his work in oil, if we are to accept the exquisite "Wherries on the Yare" (No. 1111) in the National Gallery as a standard.

By the side of this, even the solid, solemn work of Wilson is seen to be only a learned convention, and minor reputations are at once dissipated. The graceful art of Gainsborough, the strong, quiet work of the youthful Turner, and the homely majesty of Crome, can alone stand so severe a trial. Justice has recently been done to Gainsborough and to Crome, but even Mr. Ruskin has not laid more than enough stress on the extraordinary blending

of power and skill and beauty that Turner's early work displays. Gainsborough is romantic, and an artist to his finger-tips, but his taste is chiefly shown by the difficulties he eludes. Crome handles paint magnificently ; his early picture, called "The Slate Quarries" (No. 1037), would have done no discredit to Velasquez, while the large simplicity of his later work, "Mousehold Heath," represents triumph over extraordinary difficulties. Yet with all its grandeur and accomplishment, "Mousehold Heath" could never stand a comparison with Turner's "Calais Pier." To render the repose of Nature with strokes and masses of paint is not an easy thing, but to render Nature's motion with the same materials has been too hard a task even for the greatest men. The Italian masters had the sense to avoid what they did not dare to attempt. Rubens tried, and, in comparison with his treatment of motion in living things, failed. Gasper Poussin, whose "Sacrifice of Isaac" (No. 31) shows that he could do grand things with a peaceful twilight, becomes utterly ridiculous when he tries to deal with a storm. The waves that break in the foreground of the "Calais Pier" are not an isolated example of the revolution that Turner instituted. Look into any one of those sombre sea-pieces, which might at first sight seem to be mere imitations of an older conventional art, and you will find instance after instance of the same power of catching the momentary effect which infuses rigid heavy paint with life and motion. Some years ago the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House contained "The *Victory* bringing home the body of Nelson": merely a ship in mid-distance sailing straight towards the spectator, with a few minor craft dispersed about it, yet so exactly had the painter caught the heel of the clumsy wooden hull, as a puff of wind swelled the sails, so truly had he marked the foam bubbling around the stem, that one seemed to hear the gusts whistling over the waves, with the alternate murmur and splash of the great battleship plunging forward.

From the simple formulæ that dominated the work of Crome and of the youthful Turner, an advance was made immediately in two directions. Turner himself turned to dream in colour, making at the last only an occasional and arbitrary reference to Nature. Constable, as we have seen, blended the older pictorial conventions with a search for the actual colour and movement of trees

and clouds. His influence became a real power in France before English eyes could understand him at all. In Daubigny he found a faithful if not over-skilful follower, and in Theodore Rousseau a really kindred spirit, less evenly strong (Rousseau *can* paint atrociously), yet, in fortunate moments, an artist whose work merits a good deal of the praise with which the so-called Barbizon School, in common with contemporary Dutch painters, has been smothered. The work of both schools is not unfrequently quite excellent in a minor way; but it is unjust as well as unwise to compare it with the great art of the world. Take, for instance, the greatest landscape reputation of Holland, James Maris, and judge him on those very technical grounds which his admirers choose for his defence. He draws quite respectably with his brush; but how coarse, how shapeless, how accidental, is his touch beside the steady sweep of Turner's hand or the solid certainty of Crome! As a colourist he is content with combinations of brick-red, slate grey, heavy blue, umber, and warm white. The result is sometimes quite horrible, usually passable, and occasionally, where there are no red roofs or purple clouds, fairly dignified. To compare him with any great colourist is absurd. His fidelity to certain aspects of Nature limits him in range, while the quality of his pigment is heavy, gritty, and cold. His paintings interpret the tones of Nature with considerable skill, and therefore look strong and natural; but even in this respect he does only what every decent painter has known how to do. James Maris, in fact, is a painter of the second rank: fairly strong, fairly skilful, but lacking in imagination, in insight, and in breadth of view. I have mentioned his work at quite undue length, only because his name was for a time a kind of shibboleth among the designers of artistic fashions who furnish each season with its new genius.

Since we are an island nation, it is not surprising that the prevalent leaning towards more intimate study of Nature has led to remarkable developments in marine painting. Turner has already been mentioned as the pioneer of modern effort in this direction, and he was ably seconded by Clarkson Stanfield, whose choppy muddy seas are admirable both for their observation of natural fact and for their directness of handling. His landscape work, in general, being unpleasant in colour and artificial in

arrangement, needs no further notice. Brett, Hook, and Henry Moore can hardly be said to make perfect pictures; but their seas are as near the real thing as painting is ever likely to get. Brett's pigment is rarely pleasant, for elaborate detail can only be attained by a kind of stipple; Hook *will* introduce pink studio figures into his foregrounds; Henry Moore was very limited in range and too fond of trying to look forcible: yet all three men have done strong, good work, to which the painters of the Continent have as yet produced no parallel.

The steadily increasing influence of Japan in the arts has been a notable feature during the past few years, but in one case only has it had time to produce much good fruit. It is now a good many years since Mr. Whistler's first nocturne appeared, and since then the public has ceased to suspect his admirable blending of European workmanship with the formula of Hiroshige. It is unnecessary to recapitulate here what has been said of Hiroshige in a former number of *The Dome*. It is enough to point out how perfectly the originality, nay, the caprice, of his arrangement has been assimilated by the European artist, and infused with new graces and a finer taste. Nothing can be further removed from the crude experiments of some of Mr. Whistler's imitators, than the delicacy, the pathos, of his twilight expanses of drifting water. The romance of a great city is so generally tragic, so often merely sordid, that the finding in it of some tender, mysterious beauty has the aspect of deliberate fiction. The wonderful thing is, that the beauty should really be there; that the Thames can be as exquisite as Mr. Whistler has made it appear in paint.

In the short space at my command it is difficult to do more than indicate thus briefly the landscape painters in whose work the love of Nature seems to balance, nay, sometimes to exceed, their love of Art. Beginning with Claude Monet, whose painting was a scientific attempt to reproduce on canvas the phenomena of natural light and colour, without reference to any possible use of pictures other than the recording of such phenomena, we end with Mr. Whistler, who has realised perfectly the decorative and poetical qualities that all fine pictures unite, and has succeeded in combining with those qualities a representation of certain exquisite phases of common things, which before his time had passed unheeded. In a future paper I hope to deal with the third class of artists, for

whom Nature has always to play a part subordinate to that of their art, to that inventive handling of form and colour applied to mural decoration which we term a picture.

Such a separation is no mere journalistic convenience. If a man prefers Nature to everything else, he has a right to his taste, but has no right to be dogmatic about works of art, for in works of art Nature is only one among several dominant factors. Nevertheless, it is difficult to see what one is to do with paintings that are unpleasant in design and colour, even if that unpleasantness be the result of fidelity to actual appearances. The first function of a picture is architectural: it has to be a beautiful part of the wall-surface. If a painting is not beautiful, and makes the excuse of accuracy, the excuse is that of a scientific treatise. Now, a scientific treatise may be well written, and may deal with interesting matters, in which case the average man may put it on his bookshelf without appearing to rank it with the work of an Æschylus, a Dante, or a Shakespeare. The same rating might be applied to studies from Nature. If they are well painted and represent interesting or beautiful things, there is no harm in possessing them, so long as one gives them their true place, which is below the work of the great ones who have created a new earth and a new heaven.

C. J. Holmes.

AN AUTUMN CITY

WHEN the soul of Autumn made for itself a body, it made Arles. I have never seen Arles when it was not grey and contentedly mournful, recollecting old things. All the beauty of that brooding over a great past has gone visibly to make up its one present greatness, the beauty of its women. They have the gravity, the unhasting passage through the world, of those who are conscious of a tradition. And they have something more than a casual, or merely personal, beauty: their beauty becomes collective, becomes one expression of Arles.

Avenues of trees, from which the dust is never lifted, for they are dust-grey even in sunlight, close in almost the whole city, as with a leafy wall. The Avenue Victor-Hugo, which leads to the Aliscamps, has its long line of cafés, its attempts at animation; soldiers, Zouaves, are stationed in a great barrack; the carts come in from the country; in the evening the people walk there. At the side is the little melancholy public garden, with its paths curving upwards to the ruined walls and arches of the Roman theatre, its low balustrades of crumbling stone, its faint fountain, greenish grey; set there, in its loneliness, but a step out of the road, a road seeming to lead nowhere. Yes, to lead to the tombs, to that alley of tombs which Dante remembered when he saw the "*modo più amaro*" by which the people in hell make alleys of living tombs:

"*Sì com' ad Arli ove 'l Rodano stagna.*"

The tombs have been moved now, aside from the Aliscamps, into the little, secluded Allée des Tombeaux, where they line both sides of the way, empty stone trough after empty stone trough, with here and there a more pompous sarcophagus; there is a quiet path between them, leading to the canal and the bowling-green; and in the evening the old men come and sit among the tombs.

Everything in Arles seems to grow out of death, and to be returning thither. The place itself rises about the ruins, does not seem even yet detached from them. The Amphitheatre fills a sort of public square, up to which one climbs through narrow streets ; houses with closed shutters stand about it, as if not less empty of life. The ruins of the theatre look down on the public garden ; one comes suddenly upon a Roman obelisk, fragments of the Roman walls ; a Roman column has been built into the wall of one of the two hotels which stand in the Forum, now the Place du Forum ; and the modern houses, the comparatively modern houses, have an air which is neither new nor old, but entirely sympathetic with what is old. They are faded, just a little dilapidated, not caring to distinguish themselves from the faint colours, the aged slumber, of the very ancient things about them.

And in the air itself there is something of decay. The smell of dead leaves is everywhere, the moisture of stone, the sodden dampness of earth, water forming in little pools on the ground, creeping out of the earth and into the earth again. Bright sun, sun which scorches, alternates with pouring rain, and there is always uncertainty as to the fate of a day. I have never heard such thunder, or seen such lightning, as that which one night shook the old roof under which I lay, and blazed and flickered at the window until it seemed to be licking up the stones with liquid fire. The storm faded out in a morning of faint sunshine ; only the rain clung furtively about the place all day.

To be in Arles for more than the day of a tourist's visit, is to have dropt quietly out of the world, to slumber for a while in a dead city. Wandering about those streets which bring one back always to one's starting-point, or along the boulevards which suggest the vague country, but set one no farther into it, nothing seems to matter very much, for nothing very much seems to exist. With that sense of time's work on the world, which is part of the very air one breathes here, there comes a sort of merely sympathetic submission to things, a resignation to the uselessness of everything, which the first breath of sea-air at Marseilles would blow away, no doubt, but which is as genuine as any other effect on the nerves, while it is being endured.

To pass certain hours of the afternoon, when this gentle depression weighed most heavily, I used to attend Benediction

in the little church of Notre-Dame la Major, at the farthest corner of that oddly-shaped square which goes up the hill from the Amphitheatre. The first time I entered it, the church was quite dark, and I could only dimly see the high altar, draped in white, and with something white rising up from its midst, like a figure mysteriously poised among the unlighted candles. Hooded figures passed me, and knelt with bowed heads; presently a light passed across the church, and a lamp was let down by a chain, lighted, and drawn up again. Then a few candles were lighted, and I saw the priest kneeling motionless before the altar. The chanting was very homely, as in a village church, and with the village church's harmonium; but the monotony of one repeated air, over and over and over again, deepened for me the sense of a religious harmony between this half-drowsy service and the slumbering city without. I waited until the service was over, the priests went out, the lamps and the candles were extinguished, and the hooded figures, after a little silence, began to move again in the church.

But where, after all, Arles seems to withdraw into its most intimate self, is in the cloisters of St. Trophime. Every side dating from a different century, the north from the ninth, the east from the thirteenth, the west from the fourteenth, and the south from the sixteenth, they have gathered into this sadly battered court a little of the curious piety of age after age, working here to perpetuate, not only the legends of the Church, but the legends that have their home about Arles. Again and again, among these naïve sculptures, one sees the local dragon, that man-eating Tarasque who has given its name to Tarascon. The place is full of monsters, and of figures tortured into strange dislocations. Adam swings ape-like among the branches of the apple-tree, biting at the leaves before he reaches the apple. Flames break out among companies of the damned, and the devil sits enthroned above his subjects. A gentle doctor of the Church, holding a book, and bending his head meditatively sideways, was shown to me as King Solomon; with, of course, in the slim saint on the other side of the pillar, the Queen of Sheba. Broken escutcheons, carved in stone, commemorate bishops on the walls. There is no order, or division of time; one seems shut off equally from the present and from any appreciable moment of the past; shut in

with the same vague, dateless Autumn that has moulded Arles into its own image.

An autumn city, hinting of every gentle, resigned, reflective way of fading out of life, of effacing one's self in a world to which one no longer attaches any value ; always remembering itself, always looking into a dim mirror which reflects at least something of what it was, but mournfully veiled, Arles still sits in the midst of the rocky plains, by the side of the river, among its tombs.

Arthur Symons.

BILL: AN IDYLL

(*From the inedited "Journalistic Paradoxes"*)

"If you caun't do a thing—jest chuck it!"

I assimilated that memorable reflection this morning:—Bill to the universe of sapphire sky and fleecy cloud. In truth, 'tis a sweet saying, "of its own arduous fulness reverent." Bill! philosopher and seer, painter and glazier. How simply does he couch his strong ideas in speech! To him the thought is all, the form naught: a mute inglorious Kipling is Bill. You and I seek to cover our lack of ideas with the glittering cloak of Diction. Bill wots not of Diction (save perchance when his paint-pot is o'turned by some luckless wight); his thoughts spring spontaneous as the lilies of the field into perfect expression . . .

Why is it that every workman is called Bill? Can it be that all boys of the working class are christened William? . . . In the grey dawn I wake to hear the voices of workmen calling wildly as Valkyries to one another—Bill!

I am inured to sights and sounds of workmen. But even now am I moven into a new house, beautiful and incomplete as a dream of Chopin. I sojourn right merrily with the sons of Toil; it suits their pleasure to picnic on my premises for many a weary day. My hall is starred with pots of paint, my stair-way is even like unto the "Golden Stair"—workmen ascending descending for ever; workmen of feature multiform, alike in expression.

It is most elevating to the artist if he dwell with these strange beings. There is an atmosphere of deep repose about the workman, an atmosphere that we may seek in vain elsewhere—save,

perhaps, in "Marius the Epicurean." Bill does his work in an ideal, dreamy, far-off way; passion and the pain of striving are to him unknown; his love of work is indeed a perfect type, a flame of that white fire . . . in short, the apotheosis of the Platonic.

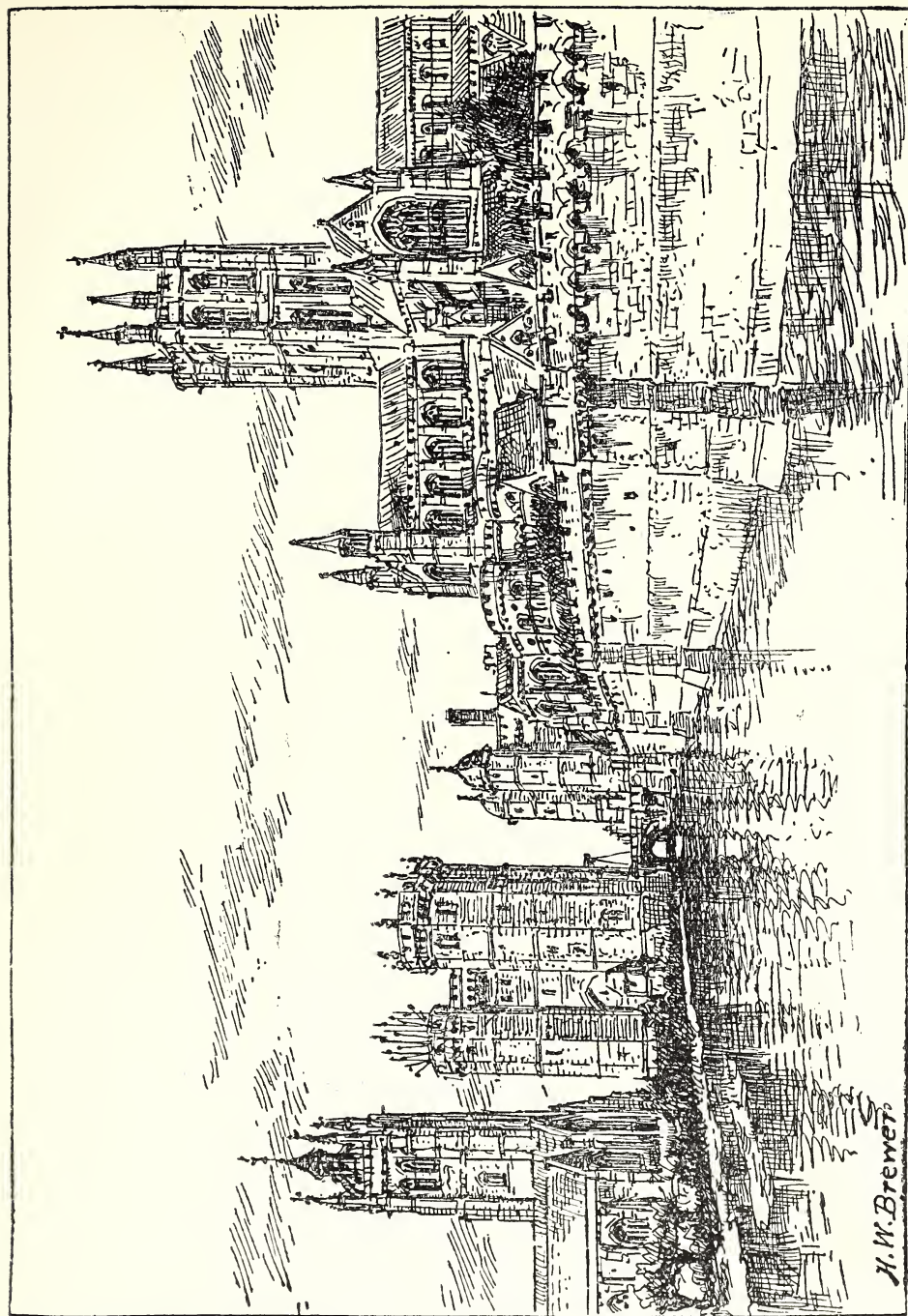
Bill has ever held the sweet doctrine of Refraining close in his heart. He will never shatter his illusions by testing them. He and his mate live harmonious days; the violating touch of energy shall never insult Bill's work. . . .

Bill's mate is altogether a lesser soul than Bill. He is a pessimist, and somewhat amorous of charwomen. His happiness is to bring his superior beer, and to punctuate the great man's monologues with admiring assent or negation, as occasion may demand. He it was, I think, who held the ladder upon which poised the ambrosial corduroys of Bill—Bill who sighed, as he put in a particularly nasty bit of colour with that loving zeal, tempered by tobacco, so characteristic of him, "If you can't do a thing—jest chuck it!"

Israfel.

THE Plate facing this page is after a Drawing in the British Museum by GOVAERT FLINCK. Mr. Sidney Colvin's Note upon this Drawing and a Study of the Nude, also in the British Museum, is as follows:—“STUDY OF A MAN PLAYING THE GUITAR—Black chalk, heightened with white on grey paper. From the Leembruggen Collection. Signed G. FLINCK. Flinck was a pupil of Rembrandt's at Amsterdam, and in both portraits and subject-pictures shows strongly the influence of this master's teaching; but as a draughtsman his manner is more independent, as these two characteristic examples show.”





GOD'S ANSWER

I

THE moon floated like a broad water-lily on the flood of her own light. Two lovers in a garden gazed up at the stars, as the mermen and the mermaids do at the yellow lanterns of the far-up ships riding high on the calm surface above them. The garden, with its bushes and shrubs, might indeed have been a deep ocean floor, rank with great old sea-growths, while the big house, with masts of poplars behind it, loomed huge and weird, like a sunken hulk, through the moonlight.

Just beyond the garden wall a massive and lofty tower rose sheer up into the sea of glory ; even as the fire-carven pillar which supports a volcanic island shoots up, they say, from the depths. It was all that remained of an old church, whose Norman nave and Early English choir had been thrown down by storms a century before. Two hundred feet above the gravelled walks of the garden, and more than five hundred above the sea, which was near enough to mingle its clamour on tempestuous nights with their jangling, the ancient bells still hung from the enormous beams ; and as the lovers looked up, they broke into a measured chime. Then the largest of them all proclaimed eleven o'clock slowly and sonorously to the silent town. It was as though an unseen hand flung eleven shields of bronze into the silver sea which laved and drowned the tower. The lovers seemed to watch rather than listen as the commotion quivered upward, and to see the little ships with the yellow lanterns rock as sudden ripples lifted them, while the broad water-lily dipped and trembled as if a great golden fish had leapt in her golden pond. When the last ripple was resumed into the shining calm, the lovers' eyes fell and sought each other.

"You must go." It was the girl, bravely.

"I cannot."

"You must. Eleven o'clock—we were only given till eleven, and it has struck. . . . You would not have him break in on our farewell?"

Her thought was his own; but the man's words somehow belied it and still spoke of resistance. "I cannot. It is for years. And perhaps . . . I shall never come back."

"You will come back."

"Yes. But shall I find you . . . alive?"

"You believe in God. I shall be alive."

"But how? I may find you . . . not mine?"

"I believed you believed in *me*, too."

Then she broke down, and fell to sudden sobbing. For this girl should not have been cast for a heroine's part. All her life long she had leant upon others; and until this moonlit night not even her lover had dreamed that she could ever command. Her calmness and force had so amazed him, when she bade him go, and overbore his resistance, that he had almost forgotten the impending anguish of parting in the strangeness of it all. Her voice and very carriage for the moment were changed, and he had pressed one pitiless question after another to prove and strengthen the revelation. Before the great clock struck he would as soon have believed that he could calmly pierce her breast three times with a dagger, as that he could speak to her of never coming back, or of finding her dead, or, what was harshest of all, of finding her alive with a dead love. All the time he was asking these things he knew vaguely that the moments were for a great farewell, before a crunch of steps on the gravel should end or even frustrate it; yet, till her sobs broke the spell, he had been forced to let all go save his new discovery. Anticipating this minute, as he had done all day, he had prepared himself to hear her sob out these very fears of death and lost love, and had framed the answering words that should be comfortable and memorable through long years. And now, without knowing how it had happened, he had spoken the questions and she the answers; she had commanded and he had been fain to obey; and she had stood as erect and strong in the moonlight as the old tower itself. But all in a moment his vision of the calm woman

was dashed to pieces and lost in the sobs of the girl he had always known, just as the moon's serene image in a pool is shivered by sudden rain.

Then it was his turn to play the hero, and to overwhelm her griefs and forebodings by a great avowal of undeniable faith and hope and love, until her whole soul lay trembling in the warmth and strength of it, like a wounded bird in a hand it knows. He uttered not one of the well-pondered sentences. Indeed, the words he spoke were as few as they were warm and strong. Then the night's flood of silver calm closed again over their little turmoil of speech. Another clock, belated, far off, clear, sent eleven silver notes through the air like eleven silver bubbles bursting as they rose. The girl's voice, sweet and steady again now, falling on his ear more silvern and far off even than the bells, said good-bye. The gravel crunched under a footstep. Something was pressed into the young man's hand, cold to touch, silvern to see. He turned and went, and the gate swung to with a clang behind him.

II

The sky rested on the earth like an upturned bowl of copper, with the sun for a fiery gem burning in its depths, and, to meet its round rim, golden miles of sand ran out every way.

A bronzed man in a helmet sat in his tent, tearing open the first letters he had handled for months, and letting them fall, after a mere glance, one by one on the lion-skin under his feet. Some were crested, gilded, scented, some impudent, some grovelling, some pitiable; but all of them sang, in intolerable unison, of Gold. Young men were on their way out to wash and dig; did he not remember their elder brothers, his old schoolfellows, and would he not help them with his patronage and experience, and perhaps with just a very little loan of money? Mothers wrote, and distant connections of forgotten slight acquaintances, confidently bespeaking his interest in a hundred sanguine striplings, and a score of foolish expeditions that would leave England by the next boat. And, more numerous than all the others, unheard-of financiers wrote familiarly, on note-paper with extended headings, offering

shadowy rewards for the simple right to print his name. But one letter which he had hoped and looked for was not there. It was Gold, all Gold! He had hoped and looked for it every time the mail came in, but it was Gold, all Gold, always.

He gazed through the tent door over the golden miles of sand to the horizon. He knew that if he could pitch his tent where the rim of the great bowl seemed to rest, he could look through the door over more golden miles to yet another horizon; and that if he could do this a dozen times, the sands would give place at last to swamps and jungles. In the midst of the swamps was the mountain he had left England years before to survey, and but for a chance word of warning spoken by a passenger on the outward-bound steamer, he would have set his face to find it, and would have found long before now a grave instead. Of course he had always looked upon this warning, and the change which it wrought in his plans, as providential, just as he had regarded the other chance that led him to wealth and power as a splendid favour of fortune. But to-day, with the litter of envelopes and the sordid scriptures of greed on the lion-skin at his feet, he suddenly doubted. Might not the few days of fever and the long sleep in the jungle have been better after all?

He drew out his watch mechanically. It was the watch his father gave him when he was fifteen, a little, punctilious, golden hunter, worn and shown with pride among the overgrown, blundering, wide-eyed silver watches of the other boys at school. But to-day his father was dead, and his schoolfellows only cared for him so far as he could help them to win Gold. The watch lay heavy in his palm, a little round of gold, like the expanse of hot sand, only smaller, like the fiery gem in the midst of the copper bowl, only not so hot. Gold, all Gold! He thrust it back into his pocket.

Why did the letter never come? She was dead! The sands stretched away before him towards the tomb-like rock among the quiet swamps.

No, she was not dead. Somehow he felt sure she was alive. But she had forgotten.

All round him the sands spread and glittered like a sea. Long over-work and loneliness began to work their will upon him; and as he sat and stared through the door, it seemed that

the tent over his head was a full sail, and that the lion-skin concealed the deck of a little ship steadily cleaving the diameter of a shining ocean. He could almost hear the small waves licking the ship's side, and a sense of smooth swift motion soothed him. They would sail on and on like this, no doubt, day after day, until the glittering water darkened and curdled into a swamp, and then they would cast anchor for ever under a towering rock, like the tomb of a god. It would be damp and dark there after the glare and drought, and he would sleep sound all through the black, eternal night.

Night! Yes, it would be night after this torrid, savage noon. A great thirst for sweet, cool night consumed him. He craved a night not shut down like the stifling day under a copper bowl, but as free and vast as a sea, a night with no Gold in it. But he did not thirst for the swamp now. So long as the mountain was there, to anchor under, he yearned rather to see it shoot up sheer out of the clear deep water, as a tower rises up into moonlight. Under its shadow his anchor would drop down a hundred fathoms, to drag in the branches of drowned forests and in the masts and cordage of hulks sunk long ago, and the chain, as it spun through the iron, would ring like bells of silver.

Yes, it should be a night with no Gold in it, only silver.

Silver! Slowly he drew from his pocket a broad coin, a crown-piece minted a century before, cool to touch, silvern to see, and he gazed at it till there was no more glittering ocean of golden sand, or copper bowl, or blazing sun, but only one little round, that held the whole great world—silver, all silver!

III

Soft summer night though it was, the puffs of wind that kept blowing from the east were cold enough to make a man who had climbed to the top of the tower glad to find shelter in an angle of masonry, carved into a great grinning devil. It was a strange hotel for the owner of half a million; but he had paid the price of a prince's suite before the sexton, after exacting solemn promises, had given him the keys. Below him twinkled the little town, fast asleep though it was hardly eleven o'clock. He had landed

in England only that morning, and reached the little town by the last train, an hour after the sexton had gone to bed. The Red Lion and the Golden Crown were still open, of course, and their youthful porters still yawned outside the station cloak-room, where the strange gentleman had left his luggage, confident that he must soon return, and each eager for a capture. But there was only one house in the town he would enter, and it was too late to knock at its door to-night. Besides, there were many things to be learned first. So he had chosen the top of the tower.

Leaning on the battlements, between the puffs of wind he could see down dimly into the garden at the foot of it, and the shrubs, and the poplars, and the old house. He could see, too, that there was no light in a window where he had hoped to find one shining.

The wind freshened, and he crouched back into his corner ; but only to leap out of it again with a start of surprise and fear. He was not a superstitious man. Half a dozen years in deserts and forests, untrodden and unpenetrated by any white foot before his own, had cured all that. But a chill of terror struck him nevertheless, for the grinning stone devil had begun to speak.

"Your father declares it is my own advice that has led him into this peril," it said. "That may be. It does not matter. The point is this. Whoever has led him in, I and I only can get him out. But I must have a reason. You do not expect me to throw away eight thousand pounds for nothing. If you are my wife, my father-in-law must not be dishonoured, and there I have my money's worth. But if you will be nothing to me . . . very well, *he* will be nothing to me either. And you say you love your father?"

The man on the top of the tower groped for the battlements and peered down. Very dimly, for the moon was folded in cloud, he made out people in the garden. Their faces, even their figures, he could not discern. But there was no doubt about the voice that had spoken. It was the voice of one who had professed years ago to be his friend, who had advised and arranged the very journey to the rock among the swamps, holding out a tempting bait of speedy fortune. The man on the tower clutched the stones hard. He had the sudden knowledge that a friend had plotted against his life ; and for a moment sickness and faintness

prevented anger. A second later the devil grinned and spoke again. This time he guessed the truth. The voices of speakers at the foot of the tower somehow travelled up, and were heard quite plainly through the great stone jaws.

"You pretend to love your father?"

The devil leered as he spoke the taunt, till the man on the tower could have smitten him from his ancient seat. It was all true that they said of the old monks and priests. Atheists at heart, they mocked God in pretending to honour Him with temples, and crowned His towers with sculptured blasphemies. But suddenly the voice changed.

"I *do* love my father, for all he has darkened my life. I shall not love him less for doing right."

The man's heart leapt. Instinctively he laid his hand upon the demon's shoulder. What did it matter that he could not pierce the dimness and behold her face, when this voice was speaking in his very ear? He hung thirstily upon the rude stone lips, from which the sneer had faded. No. They were good men and true, these old monks, pitifully bearing the very devils to sit among the ascending incense and music, that they might learn tenderness and purity. He yearned to this outcast, weather-beaten monster, who had told him she was not dead and had not forgotten. But the leer came back to the evil face.

"Doing right! That means you will throw away your life in sentimental devotion to a man who's forgotten you, and cares for nothing but money—a man who has sent you no word for years whether he's dead or alive?"

He on the tower saw all things plainly now in one flash. It was through this fiend, this double traitor, that he had sent all his letters to her, knowing as he did that her father had forbidden them. He glowed with a mighty anger. He would have torn the fiendish mouthpiece down and flung it headlong to grind the blacker fiend below. But again it softened and spoke sweetly.

"I never said he remembered me. But I remember him." That was all that came from the stone lips, but more seemed to beam from the old eyes too sacred to be spoken, and in his soul he heard it. "I never said he loved me still. But I love him."

Then the weather-beaten brows puckered into a scowl of hell.

"Forget him from to-night. You believe in a man that never was. For years he has lived such a life of grossness and vice, that if I told you half you could not think of him again and still be pure."

There was a long silence. From the worn lips came no sob, no cry. But the man on the tower knew that a great sorrow, too great to be spoken by a tongue of stone, or even by a tongue of flesh, was mounting and filling all the spaces of heaven. After it swelled a boundless, holy tide of exultant faith. In the quickness and fulness of the sympathy with which his soul shared and interpreted the silence, he knew that it was not faith in him. She had heard the lie, and she believed him base and carnal. It was faith in love. Love should find him out and raise him up, and somewhere, perhaps after a million years, be perfected.

The cloud drifted away from the moon, and down in the garden he saw her, the erect, calm woman revealed for a single minute years ago. The man he could not see so well, but he heard him.

"I cannot wait. I do not persuade, and flatter, and make lying promises as he did. But I don't like standing here speaking of my rival and your father like the villain in a play. Listen! It is the time we fixed for your final answer. I cannot wait."

The man on the battlements shivered. The tower trembled with him, then flung out a sweet chime. First sixteen light notes, then eleven ponderous strokes, hammered by the very bell that had changed for a moment the clinging girl he loved into the erect, calm woman he was gazing down at now. And the bell had not lost its magic power. Only this time it was the woman who was changed into the weak girl; and in the moonlight he saw the despairing, upturned face, and heard the cry, "God help me!" It was the anguish of a strong soul, afraid of the will turning coward or lagging behind. With one hand he grasped the stones, and in the other he held a broad silver coin, a crown-piece minted a century before, as pale and cold as the flying moon up in heaven, or the white upturned face in the garden.

"Never mind God," said the man at her side. "Your answer?" Then from the tower of God's ancient house something flew forth like a shooting star. It gleamed and dimmed in a dozen turns as it fell. Then it smote on a flat stone, rang out one

clear, loud note of triumph, leapt up again into the light like a glad living thing, and dropped at last among the flowers.

In an instant the girl had plucked it up and held it high. Fraught with more magic than the sluggish bell, the shining talisman showed its power, and she towered more than ever a woman.

“Here is God's answer. And mine is . . . you lie! Go!”

One thing the girl of the garden has never understood. When the piece of silver flashed down from heaven, she was as sure as she was of her life that the hand of her dead love had flung it from the steps of God's throne ; and yet when she recovered from her swoon and found him alive and bending over her, it did not seem terrible or even strange. She and her husband often talk about this in the summer-house of their great place in Hampshire. It is a curious summer-house, built for all the world like an old church-tower.

J. E. Woodmeald.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Rembrandt at Burlington House.

ALL lovers of art must have regretted that the Royal Academy should have ceased for so long to be in sympathy with the most intelligent criticism of the day, and it is an open secret that this criticism has at last begun to have a practical bearing upon the success and credit of that body. If the present collection of the works of Rembrandt did no more than indicate a leaning towards a more generous policy, a recognition of duties and responsibilities to the public, the Academy would deserve hearty congratulation. The show, however, promises to be more than a moral success. Judging by the crowds that fill the galleries at Burlington House, the great Exhibition of Rembrandt at Amsterdam last summer has not sated the public. At a time when the discovery of a new genius, living or dead, has become a monthly event, it is refreshing to find that the reputation of a really great master can stand firm above the shifting eddies of fashion.

The test to which Rembrandt is exposed at Burlington House is one that only such a man as he could endure. His magnificent drawings and the paintings that he executed in the prime of life are supplemented not only by the timid experiments of his youth, and the slap-dash pot-boilers which were the product of age and poverty, but also by a collection of incorrectly titled works by pupils and imitators. Those who have given more than a cursory glance at the etchings signed with Rembrandt's name, cannot fail to have been struck by the diversity

of style and skill that they exhibit. This is not the place to discuss the various colleagues with whom Rembrandt the etcher is supposed, more or less vaguely, to have associated himself. The forthcoming exhibition at the British Museum will no doubt throw some light on this vexed question. Nevertheless, the paintings seem to show that Rembrandt himself varied much more than has generally been supposed. Some of the pictures at Burlington House are among the noblest things of their kind in the world, yet link by link we may trace the painter's supreme skill passing downwards to stuff that is undeniably second-rate. At the same time, the proportion of really grand work is considerable. The collection of Rembrandt's matchless drawings is one that no lover of the arts can afford to overlook, while such a landscape as Lord Lansdowne's "Mill," such portraits as the "Gentleman with a Hawk," and "The Lady with a Fan," from Buckingham Palace, are paintings of an order that is beyond criticism.

The later pictures, with their vigorous impasto, are not perhaps seen at their best. The light of Burlington House is too searching, too direct, for works whose original destination was some shadowed Dutch parlour. In the case of dark pictures, the addition of a glass may seem dangerous, but there is no doubt that in a strong light the plan has its merits. Certainly in the present exhibition the pictures that are covered with a glass show to great advantage.

It is to be hoped that the success of the show will be sufficient to encourage the Academy to arrange a similar exhibition

for next year. Turner, we understand, is to be monopolised by the Guildhall in the summer, but a show of Rubens or of Vandyke, nay, of Reynolds or of Gainsborough, ought not to be an impossibility or a failure.

Music and Manners: from Pergolese to Beethoven. By HENRY EDWARD KREHBIEL. (London: Archibald Constable & Co.)

MR. KREHBIEL is an earnest and conscientious student of the little historical points which make up half the amusement of biographies. He travelled to Salzburg in 1891, for the funny little Mozart centenary celebration which was given there, to show that the descendants of the men who neglected the great master in his lifetime were anxious to do him posthumous honours. Mr. Krehbiel, with commendable curiosity, pried here and there, picked up little bits of information about the daily life of Mozart, took a most singular interest in the byways and sideways of German manners and customs, found out all about the tombs of Mozart's widow (for whom he has a refreshing contempt) and her second husband, and generally had a good time in the pursuit of his apt and pleasantly inquisitive inquiries. Our complaint, however, against the result of Mr. Krehbiel's work, as shown thus in book form, is that he piles his really interesting information together far too loosely, that he gives you no impression of repose, that his conclusions do not seem to grow inevitably out of a major and a minor premiss, and that he contents himself with a manner of written speech that is often far too trivial and gossipy for the undoubted solemnity of the printed page. Salzburg is a tiny town (for example), and although Mr. Krehbiel had "come

all the way from New York to attend the festival," it was, says he, "nip and tuck for some hours" whether he could secure tickets for the performances. Again, though we have not the smallest doubt that Mr. Krehbiel has the right musical appreciation, he really should not be so thoughtless as to wonder why "the simple beauty of Mozart's music should have strained the capacity of the Viennese" a century ago. The simple beauty of Mozart's music, quoth'a! We really are not far off the critic who described Mozart as a little *passé*, when we can talk glibly of the "simple beauty" of his music. Were the *Requiem*, the statue-music of *Don Giovanni*, and the G Minor Symphony—to name but these—so "simple" in their beauty as to be astoundingly well within the common appreciation of a Viennese public a century ago? We have our doubts if even contemporary criticism has quite yet reached the modest limit of Mozart's art. It is good to be simple, of course, in a certain definite sense; but Mr. Krehbiel's introduction of that Viennese public to the argument makes it clear that the significance which he gives to the word is not that which makes for dignity. For another point, we think that this critic has not really understood the terrific imposture of Lorenzo Da Ponte, whom he accordingly treats far too seriously. An index to his book, however, atones for much, and really a good many of these pages are vastly agreeable reading.

Vernon Blackburn.

The Page: A Monthly Magazine. (Hackbridge, "At the Sign of the Rose.") 1898. 12 Parts. Crown 4to.

ABOUT a year ago the post brought us a thin little magazine, full of curious woodcuts, one of which professed to

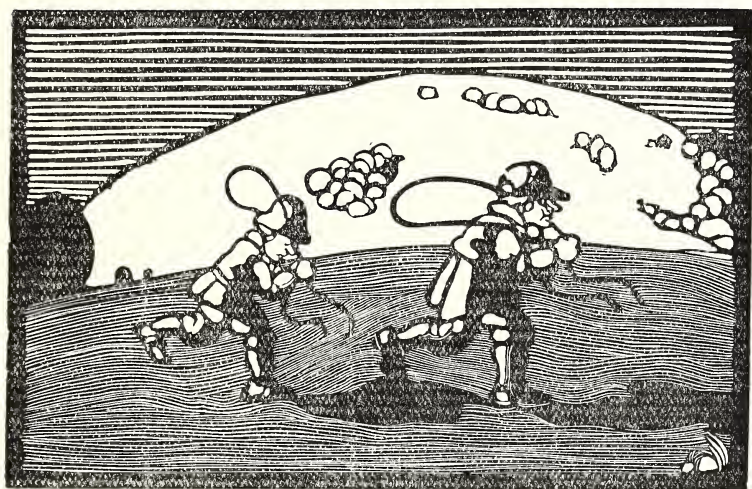


represent the Sub-editor as seen from the rear. It was *The Page*, Number One. As the title, like *The Dome's*, began with *The*; and as, again, the shape of the thing, like *The Dome's*, was less oblong than square; and as, yet again, the cover, like that of the old *Dome*, was of brown paper: we ought, of course, to have sat us down without delay, after the tradition of "Art Magazine" offices, and written a contemptuous paragraph, beginning, "The very latest recruit to the constantly increasing army of imitations of *The Dome* is *The Page*, which appears to be . . ." But, to speak the truth, *The Page* was an imitation of nothing else in heaven or earth, or even in the place where young launchers of journalistic novelties affect to be most at home. It was made up of a very few leaves printed on one side only, so that each rivulet of type not only meandered through the familiar meadow of margin, but also drained a far-spreading western hinterland formed by the blank back of the page but one before. To look at all the cuts and read all the letterpress took so much less than ten

minutes, that there was quite a lot of time left to ponder the announcement that *The Page* was being published in aid of The League of Pity, and to imagine the good Leaguers pitying the Sub-editor and his chief, and perhaps their own pitiful selves, with all their might. But month after month *The Page* appeared, scorning the rash competition of *Harmsworth's* in July and *The Royal* a little later; until one day the Sub-editor, whose back we knew from the woodcut, showed us his face in the flesh, and turned out to be Mr. Gordon Craig. That he has since become a regular contributor to *The Dome* is no reason why we should be silent about *The Page*, as the belief in its promise which has led us to open our pages to Mr. Craig's work, leads us also to call attention to what he has done elsewhere.

The last number of *The Page* for 1898 now lies before us, and we learn from it that *The Page* for 1899 (which is to appear quarterly) will be published "in a less heroic spirit," and that before helping The League of Pity or any other League, it will try "to help itself." If only to reward this charming candour, we hope the public will hasten to pay the four hundred half-sovereigns with which the Editor, Sub-editor, printers, and paper-makers will modestly consider themselves paid for producing the four hundred sets of *The Page* to which the edition is limited. But however much The League of Pity may have been helped by the sixpences of last year, we are sure that *The Page* helped the Staff himself still more; for in making and cutting his designs with the eye of a small but critical public upon him, Mr. Craig advanced rapidly from promise towards what should soon be very interesting and distinguished performance.

It could be objected that the world can only be expected to care about a



man's sketches and experiments when it can look back upon them through his masterpieces, and that he should keep such efforts as these to himself. This is true up to a certain point, or rather up to a point so *uncertain* that nearly all of us would put it in a different place. But it may be said, broadly, that as soon as a man has mastered the elements of his art—though here, again, is occasion or fighting—he does well to develop it in the fresh air of general criticism, rather than to shut himself up with a little clique, resolved to show the world nothing till he can show perfection. There are several such cliques at this moment, and some of them, by pains and patience, even achieve the perfection they have striven for; but it is nearly always a perfection about which nobody cares but themselves. Part of the making of an orator is a public breakdown, and the artist, who would move men by pictures rather than by words, should not be denied the savage help of the cold *douche*. At Burlington House as well as in the House of Commons, young men have said within themselves to a crowd of scoffers, "The time will come when you shall hear me."

Although they are moved, no doubt, by a feverish desire to discover a new genius, and sometimes by mere parsimoniousness, rather than by such considerations as the foregoing, the editors and publishers of to-day are certainly giving unprecedented opportunities to young artists to break down or triumph in public places. But some of them who have real originality get a kind of stage-fright in such circumstances, and fall back for safety on imitations of Mr. Walter Crane or the late Aubrey Beardsley, which pay well and soon harden into a habit. By combining Editor, Publisher, and Contributor in his own single person, and by limiting though not "packing" his audience,

Mr. Craig has avoided this danger, without losing the stimulus and benefit that flows from publicity; and his experiment is therefore an unusually interesting one. We do not say that it ought to be widely imitated. Indeed, the prospect of hundreds of young designers setting up hundreds of *Pages, Leaves, Scrolls, Gravers, Burins, Crayons, Easels*, and other one-man magazines at the Signs of the Rose, Geranium, Hollyhock, and Cauliflower all over the country, would be very alarming. But a mere conceit of himself so rarely carries a man through the labour and anxiety incidental to such ventures, that they are unlikely to be undertaken to any serious extent save by artists of sufficient force to make them entertaining; and the same force of character will enable such artists, by the work they publish, to derive just the help they need from the praise or blame evoked.

We have left ourselves very little space to discuss the cuts themselves. Some are bad, some are not good, some are quite charming. The obvious remark to make about them is that they are as much imitations of the Beggarstaff Brothers as the decorated Herricks of commerce are imitations of Mr. Walter Crane. But everybody must begin somewhere, and so long as he comes to himself without unreasonable delay, as Mr. Craig is undeniably doing in these cuts, where he begins does not matter very much. This artist, like some others who are reviving original wood-engraving, will do well to avoid certain crudities of expression borrowed in a spirit of affectation from the old hand-coloured cuts of a bad time. To imitate the uncouthness which was the best effort of a mere journeyman, is a thing he may do playfully to amuse himself now and then, but the serious business of a wood-engraver is to make the most of his medium.

The Field of Clover. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) Crown 8vo, 1898.

Emma. By JANE AUSTEN. With an Introduction by JOSEPH JACOBS and Illustrations by CHRIS HAMMOND. (London: George Allen.) Crown 8vo, 1898.

Sartor Resartus. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Illustrated by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN. (London: George Bell & Sons.) Crown 8vo, 1898.

WITH such exceptions as *The Field of Clover*, in which both writer and illustrator are one and the same person, and with the possible further exception of books for children, whose wit may need their aid, illustrations are surely worse than impertinence in works of imagination published for the first time. If Jane Austen in *Emma*, or Thomas Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*, or any other writer in any other imaginative or fantastic writing had shown herself or himself unable to raise and secure the desired pictures and effects in the mind of the sympathetic reader by means of words alone, she or he had better remained not only unillustrated but unprinted. Both Jane Austen and Thomas Carlyle, however, knew their business, and they were very properly allowed to do it without any draughtsman's commentary to obscure their text.

But the case is different when a book has so far established itself that we turn to read it again; and here, unless our second reading is intended merely to deepen or revise first impressions, the illustrator's opportunity begins. For the illustrator, after all, does not interest people who are not art critics mainly as a decorator, but as a man who has read the book himself. The average

companionable man who has thoroughly enjoyed a good book, enjoys almost as much talking it over from beginning to end with another average companionable man who has also thoroughly enjoyed it. Indeed, two travellers who suddenly learn in the smoke-room that they have both been to Antananarivo or Thibet do not feel quite such friends and brothers as two of us who have read the same chapters thrice over in *Richard Feverel*, and got stuck on the same page of *The Manxman* or *The Story of David Grieve*. And although we may never have troubled to think it out, very much of our pleasure in illustrations—as illustrations, and not as drawings of independent interest—rises straight out of our gregariousness, and out of our knowledge that the illustrator has lived every day for years with the pages that we ourselves devoured over about two dozen pipes. To say that every illustrator who gaily accepts and executes a commission reads his book through, would of course be absurd; but we always assume he has done so till we find him out; and we turn to him eagerly, anxious to see how far his readings agree with our own of the Meeting, the Proposal, the Elopement, the Carriage Accident, the Disguised Postillion, and the Wedding.

All this being granted, there would seem to be two principal ways in which the illustrator may set to work. He may elect to Boswellise all the persons of the drama, and to give you a drawing to every thousand words, like a magic-lantern operator at a village lecture, translating the story, as it unfolds, into a tale of pictures, each one carrying forward its predecessor, like the films of a cinematograph. Or he may make fewer and momentous appearances, calling for photogravure, or at least for "half-tone," with no printing on the back. That is to say, he may select



MERCURY GOD OF MERCHANDISE
LOOK ON WITH FAVOURABLE EYES

THE FIELD
OF CLOVER

BY LAURENCE
HOUSMAN
LONDON: KEGAN PAUL
TRENCH TRÜBNER & CO
1898

ENGRAVED BY
CLEMENCE HOUSMAN



BE KINDLY TO THE WEARY DROVER
& PIPE THE SHEEP INTO THE CLOVER

some climax in the action, or some moment, quieter but very typical of the persons and scenes and costumes, with perhaps a hundred pages dividing one drawing from another.

Either method has its disadvantages. The latter and its effect upon the reader may be compared with two trains running out of a junction. For a time they rattle affably side by side, but at last the lines diverge and they curve away from each other more and more. Even so we can consent with the frontispiece. Algernon may be less like a man of the world, and Maude may be more like a *jeune fille*, than we had imagined when we first read the book without pictures; but we give the artist his way for the sake of a harmonious jaunt through the tale together; until at page a hundred, lo! we have grown apart, and neither is our Algernon his Algernon nor is our Maude his Maude; and each picture leaves us the more uneasy, and undecided whether we or he is the greater fool. With the "profusely illustrated" edition this does not happen, and if the illustrations have been intelligently thought out and consistently made, marked divergence is improbable. The artist keeps step with the author, though not without getting sometimes between the reader's feet in the brisker passages, like a too faithful hound.

Of the books before us, *Emma* and *Sartor Resartus* are examples of the "profusely illustrated" class. Both Miss Hammond and Mr. Sullivan give, on an average, one illustration to every five pages of letterpress. Miss Hammond sets Emma Woodhouse evidently forth at the very top of the terrace steps, in the headpiece over her first chapter, and bids us swell the two groups of Highbury folk who are staring at the heroine with admiration. Thus, in her very first illustration, she attempts Emma's full-length portrait, just as Jane Austen herself attempts it in the

very first paragraphs of the novel; and five hundred pages further on she illustrates Jane Austen's usual full close—the wedding of Emma and Mr. Knightly. This, as Jane Austen's last paragraph declares, was "very much like other weddings"; and Miss Hammond has represented it very much like other weddings, just as she has drawn her Emma very much like other Emmas, Elizabeths, Catherines, and Annes of the time. Indeed, Miss Hammond's pleasant and varied sequence of illustrations has been made by placing in the costumes, poses, and surroundings described or implied in the text, certain typical human figures of ninety years ago, rather than by searching out and insisting on the things that distinguished the characters of *Emma* from those of other novels of the period. Indeed, we are left in doubt whether the artist is really a lover as well as a painstaking and accomplished illustrator of Jane Austen.

There is no doubt, however, as to Mr. Sullivan's feelings in regard to *Sartor Resartus*. To look at his drawings is to be in the company of an enthusiast, and to glow with agreement or dissent, as we compare his "Teufelsdröckh," "Blumine," "Heuschrecke," and his whole world, both in and out of clothes, with our own. Mr. Sullivan, in an introductory letter, lets us know the spirit in which he set to work:—

"Quite apart from my love of the book itself, I was attracted to the illustration of it because the subject left so much elbow-room. Was I a realist? I could be as realistic as I chose. Was I an idealist? I could idealise to the top of my bent. A caricaturist? Who could complain? In fact, the subject was the history of mankind and his relation to infinity: his greatness and his nothingness . . .

"An illustrator who cared to devote himself entirely to the realistic or quasi-realistic passages in *Sartor* would find abundance of subjects ready to his hand. The village of Entepfuhl, the mysterious stranger, the Blumine episodes,





artist's wealth of invention and engaging humour, it is necessary to go in order through the illustrations, of which there are about threescore and ten in all.

The Field of Clover differs in several respects from the two books we have just discussed. It has been both written and illustrated by one artist; it is not "profusely illustrated," as (apart from the title-pages, which Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. have very kindly allowed us to reproduce) it contains ten drawings only. These, however, are all printed independently of the text; and instead of being engraved by a photographic process, they have been very skilfully cut on wood by Miss Clemence Housman, to whom (as the author's "dear wood-engraver") the book is dedicated.

Mr. Housman has made one drawing, and one only, for each of the stories or natural divisions of stories contained in his book, and in almost every instance the result is not less successful as an illustration than it is beautiful as a drawing. So far are the ten engravings from being mechanically fitted to the text, that in some cases, as in the very remarkable cut that accompanies *The Feeding of the Emigrants*, one is led to think that the story has been rather written round the drawing. As a performance in literature, *The Field of Clover* does not strike us as being equal to some other collections of tales by Mr. Housman. But it is not inconsistent with this to say that it is nevertheless far better than most books of its kind; while the illustrations, with which in this notice we are mainly concerned, would make it worth having, even if the literary contents were further below the general average than they are below Mr. Housman's own.

and the rest all make subjects which contain delightful possibilities. But then, the chief characteristics of the book are hardly to be found in these passages; they are the clothes-pegs only: and the more important part of the book would have been untouched. . . . Again, I set a limit on my work by rejecting the illustration of many of the most vivid passages, . . . [but] so far from accepting the blame for what will probably be called a sin of omission, I may claim a little credit for my restraint; since everyone sees the subject so luminously for himself that in my view an illustration is unnecessary, and would probably clash with the reader's own conception. . . . As to the treatment, the German accent of the book is mimicked more or less in the drawings. I have pretended here and there that clothes were the serious business of the book; a thin pretence of Carlyle's own. Sometimes I have adhered to the text, sometimes only to the general spirit of the book and the fancies stirred by it."

Some notion of Mr. Sullivan's success may be gathered from "The Symbol-Shop" and "Teufelsdröckh's Reverence for Empty Clothes," which we are enabled to reproduce by the courtesy of Messrs. G. Bell & Sons; but, to realise the

The Spirit of Place, and other Essays.
By ALICE MEYNELL. (London:
John Lane.)

IN her most recent volume of essays Mrs. Meynell has certainly achieved as high a standard of excellence as she ever reached in any of its predecessors. I take it as no matter of surprise that this particular writer should have found champions so decisively enthusiastic who can rightly claim the best attainments of mental culture, or that she should, on the other hand, prove quite antipathetic to the semi-educated, to the thinkers of loose thought, to the minor poet of the pretty senseless word—that dabbler in flaxen hair and chocolate-box art—to whom no language that has not been diluted tenfold with custom and staleness can come with significance. To such as these a personal and first-hand meaning, or a thought which is incarnate with the singly true word, is frightening and to be avoided. They cannot appreciate it. Having never thought for themselves, they cannot imagine anybody contravening their own sheepish practice; all which considerations help to make a man understand any contemporary neglect of great artists. It may be said, then, of *The Spirit of Place*, that there is perhaps not a sentence in it that is not purely the direct expression of either an original thought or of an emotion felt immediately, at first-hand and with conviction. Critics have said at times that Mrs. Meynell is obscure. She is not obscure; but a casual reader will occasionally find her obscure because of the newness, the peculiar individuality of her thought. It comes to him as a stranger, and needs finding out. You will discover that, if you will only take the trouble to make acquaintance with the stranger, all the obscurity was in your own mind, your own inexperience or want of sensitiveness, and not in the

claim or the equipment of Mrs. Meynell's utterance. Unfortunately, any half-educated writer of aimless "literature" will not attribute his lack of intelligence to his own mental construction. Yet, after all, is that unfortunate? Perhaps without that lack, and with his admiration, a writer even great might be open to suspicion of some kind. Of these essays, "Solitude"—"As many days as there are in all the ages, so many solitudes are there for men. This is the open house of the earth; no one is refused"—"The Foot"—"The feet, the feet were beautiful on the mountains; their toil was the price of all communication, and their reward the first service and refreshment"—are perhaps the most beautiful in the pure ecstasy of their thought and expression. "Mrs. Dingley" ("This," says Mrs. Meynell, "shall be a paper of reparation to Mrs. Dingley") is admirable in criticism, in humour, and in its absolute liberality and refinement and thought; "The Hours of Sleep" is a subtle, even a stealthy theft from the less illuminated side of experience; and "Shadows" may be described as a masterpiece in fancy and in flight of words. She conceives the sick man seeing shadows and their life carried across the blind "by a brilliant bird." To him "a cloud-shadow is nothing but an eclipse. . . . It does but darken his window as it darkens the day, and is gone again; he does not see it pluck and snatch the sun. But the flying bird shows him wings. What flash of light could be more bright for him than such a flash of darkness?"

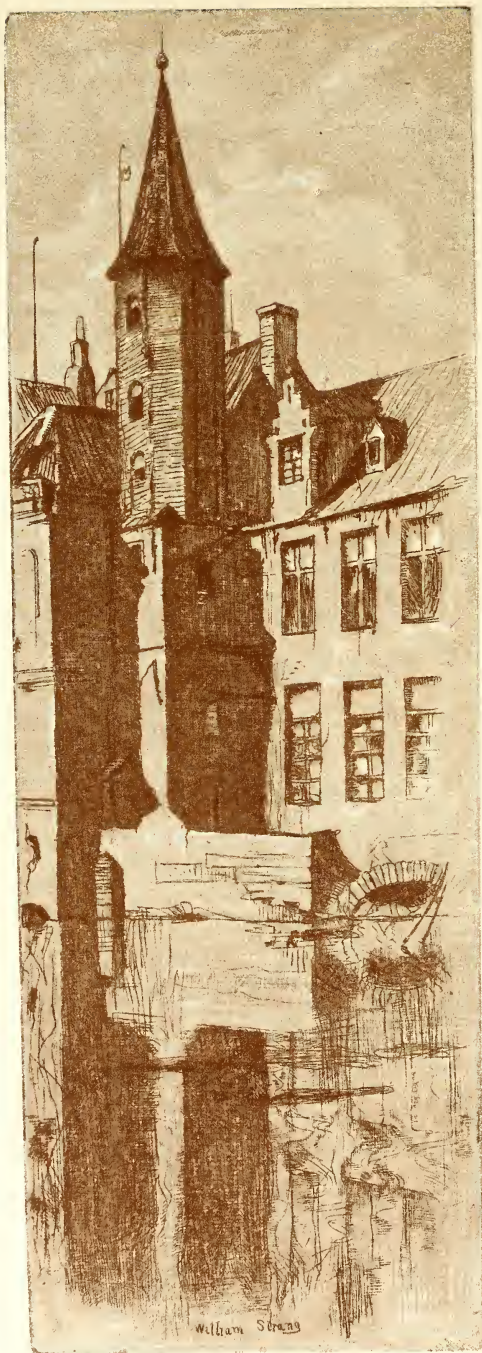
Is not this too a noble expression of that power of observation transmuted by some personal alchemy into a living sympathy such as you shall find occasionally only in work of the greatest poet-lovers of the visible landscape?—

"Not unbeloved is this serious tree, the elm, with its leaf sitting close, unthrilled. Its stature

gives it a dark gold head when it looks alone to a late sun. But if one could go by all the woods across all the old forests that are now meadowlands set with trees, and could walk a country gathering trees of a single kind in the mind, as one walks a garden collecting flowers of a single kind in the hand, would not the harvest be a harvest of poplars? A veritable passion for poplars is a most intelligible passion. The eyes do gather them, far and near, on a whole day's journey. Not one is unperceived, even though great timber should be passed, and hillsides dense and deep with trees. The fancy makes a poplar day of it. Immediately the country looks alive with signals; for the poplars everywhere reply to the glance. The woods may be all various, but the poplars are separate."

Only once do I think to find Mrs. Meynell caught by the strings of her thought. The "Lady of the Lyrics," she says, "is eclipsed, or gone, or in hiding." And later: "Neither verse nor music will ever make such another lady." Why, then, she is not eclipsed, nor in hiding: she is clean gone. I grant the trivialness of my point; but it would be impossible to find Mrs. Meynell giving anybody a better opportunity than this, so defiantly true is she to her living word.

Vernon Blackburn..



ALLONBY

I

It was in the torrent of a May sun, fretted rather than broken by the overhanging boughs of the tree, that she made her great confession. And when once the shock of discovery had passed into a mere trembling, her words came back to him like faint fumes of some gross essence blown across the sweetest of Nature's gardens. Another world than their old one had been thrust before him—a world which lay within the vague rumble of wheels, beyond the wealthy trees, and beyond and around their former partial self-revelations. He could have believed that between him and the woman who sat so near there was a space occupied by a third presence—the palpable presence of the dearest of friends, if not the surest of lovers; while she, the confessed one, in all the rich beauty of form and dress, remained but to tell of a hope which perhaps he had never fully realised, dexterous though it was, now that its day had passed. For in every second of that time he was seeing the play of the lips which had always made the day for him, and feeling the touch of the hand which could not refuse a hint of greater generousities; he felt, so it seemed, the single pant of her bosom which once or twice had harried him; he believed that again the light of her eyes was merging in the light of day; or was it that the light of day was peopling her eyes? At all events, she was still placed, for him, among the beauties of the greatest forces, albeit they were separated by the guilt he dare not contemplate, and the fancied presence between them which could give the one great needed gift.

They sat in silence, she—erect, pale, at once rigid and alert, gripped by fear, yet not without a certain pride; he—bent forward, his fair face shrunken, as in foretelling of the inevitable lines to come, his hands clasped between his knees. They were living at

a wrecking pace—consciously, in the man's case ; in the woman's, as by the simplest law. Undisturbed at that hour in their corner of the park, their spirits swayed freely, almost in rhythm with the sound-waves of the air, and the risings and fallings of the breeze.

"I have told you all," she said at last. Consciousness of self was straining her beyond endurance, and there was no relief but in speech.

He was tempted to toy with both her and himself, just for the sake of the wild, mad sport. But pity for her restrained him, and he answered, with strange emphasis :

"Yes—all!"

"She started, and turned to him, drawn by dread lest he should have meant the most ; then fell back, reminded that now her single part was to wait.

"I felt that you, of all men, had the right to know."

"I had," he answered simply, unmindful of the bitterness which the admission must soon have for her.

"Now that you know, I too have a right."

"Which?" The tone was genuinely inquisitive, but he was troubled by the hardness he feared he was showing.

"The right to know what you think of me," she answered, as if with the most dogged determination to go through with the business, at whatever cost to her heart, now that the affair had been mooted.

But an answer as nervous as quick was won. Turning to her, he said on an impulse, his voice toned but by desire :

"Do you think I shall dare to sit in judgment on you, Alice?"

"You must, Henry!"

"No!" Then he added, under his breath : "I'm no preacher."

The woman pounced on his words.

"Ah, yes! You would have to preach!" she cried.

No answer came.

"Speak to me, Henry—for pity's sake! I'm not a leper yet!"

"A leper?" He seized her hand as he spoke and held it with passionate intent, the while he searched her eyes without plan or definite hope. Shaken to the depths of his nature, cut with the fear of having given undue punishment, he could but turn to the source of his richest moments, in instinctive dependence upon the greatest that had been his. For though they were not confessed

lovers, they had come to feel it most natural that each should take to the other what he took to no one else, and that each should receive from the other what no one else could find. The children of old friends whom events had separated for some years, they had met again when the first flush of young manhood and womanhood had paled a little, and the youth that yet remained to them was stilled somewhat by the consciousness of mental growth. And soon it had become an easy habit to let the influences of the years of separation make groundwork of their talks, in happy presumption that each knew the other's tale up to the time of parting, and would read the tale of the present in the pleasure which the voice, the look, the words might be allowed to relate. So they had gone nearer and nearer one other; with them the formalities to be observed were those of mutual confidence; to contrive a meeting was as reasonable as to sit in the sun, or to feel the passage of the night. Then the woman had been compelled to confess to herself that the gift which Henry Allonby had given her could be superseded by another gift from him; and he had decided that that very day, on which they now waited for their fate, he would ask Alice Chetham to be his wife. But as they had gone slowly on their way amid the trees, in their wonderings—great as the earth was great in its growths, the woman, in premonition of her lover's appeal, had made her destructive confession, vaguely as she must, sufficiently in the significance with which she left the blank spaces.

Looking into her eyes now, he saw the passion of her nature surge up wave upon wave, light upon light—a passion of which hitherto he had had but the barest indication, which it seemed impossible to bring into line with the quiet restraint of both their early and later days. Had the passion lain dormant all that time, or had it come with the years? A touch of pique in that he was so ignorant of her, gave place to a longing to lay bare every facet of her soul.

“A leper?” he repeated. “You are a lovely woman whose desire is of the purest. You will live down this sin—you must!”

“Must?” The word was almost hissed.

“For your own sake, for”—He stopped abruptly, unable to make the claim on his own behalf. Overwhelmed of a sudden with a sense of the woman's own need, it was shown to him how great a need was his too—the need of learning her afresh. For

though he did not distrust her motives, they could not be all-powerful at that time. He had allied himself with what he had seen ; but now there were further haunts to be explored, further conditions to be examined : he had been duped. Above all, he was actuated by longing to touch her on her deepest, loftiest side ; to employ the forces of the supernatural, the divine.

"For?"— she questioned in the same hissing tone.

"For honour's sake," he answered devoutly.

Still they were eye to eye, he conscious of a passion which was checked by his need of worship of the pure, she conscious of a passion made greater by her sin. The black-red past circled round her, now obscuring the day, now hidden by the flood of sunshine and the waft of dallying yet restless breeze—harbingers of joyous hours, made busy by sure content, undulled by speechless desire. She saw his fear as surely as he read her answer to his unspoken yet well-indicated longing, as after one single destructive refusal he could have caressed her form until the world was lost under the spell of their kisses and their last confessions. And seeing it, pride sprang back and fixed her course : even then she demanded a victory of some kind.

Standing while he remained seated, she drew herself to her full height, and glanced around her imperiously. But a check came when she was about to answer his appeal.

"Come," she said in the softest tone : "we're being watched."

II

His instinct was to avoid her. He could go no further than he had ; indeed, he must draw back a little. To continue the intimacy might be to mislead people. And for some days he acted on his instinct, though unable to forget that but for the scruples of conscience he could have taken her to himself, that he was incapable of accusing her of offence. He declared that he was denying her the dearest hope of his life, lest he should be pandering to evil by proving to men that he troubled but little over such lapses. He himself had had no earlier hint of the fall, but others might have had ; and as with him the love of woman was the love of purity and greatness, he averred, so the duty of life was to ally himself

with what was greatest and purest. Love, he argued, was not a compensation; it was a self-expression—the voice with which his soul sang, the eyes with which it looked out on the world. Thus, to revel in Alice's love would be to take a step down; their relations would own no alliance with the best things without; they would be acting the parts of simple man and woman—she with complete absorption, no doubt; he too conscious of the promises he had given himself.

Nevertheless, those days during which he held aloof from her gave him but little satisfaction. He wandered physically and mentally—paced the streets without definite object, and edged his way through a maze of thoughts and impressions. At his club one afternoon he was hailed from across the deserted smoking-room.

"I say, Allonby! Have they shut down your gold mine, or called you a poet?"

He looked up and caught the cheery face propped by the back of a capacious chair.

"They've taken me for a saint—that's all," he answered, adopting the other's method.

"Knowing you were one: by Jove! that's the worst of luck! You make your statements and you're asked for proof; you furnish it, and are requested to accept the odds against your veracity. You've my sympathy, old man!"

The whim was not new, and Allonby took the "chaff" as lightly as it was blown. But the next words had a real interest.

"I say, come with me to the Baldecroft's 'crush'—the last, you know. The Lady Jemima begins her series of letters to the papers to-morrow, while his Lordship contrives flies which are apt to petrify the fish. It's always the best of their parties—this last one: quite affectionate, you know. It's my fate to eat an ice, and wonder if she's going to kiss me on the stairs."

Somehow he was caught by the prospect, but he was not one to be bound unawares.

"I've declined," he answered.

"Pooh! my dear chap—it'll add to the interest with which you flood your acquaintance. Let's make the story now. Suppose your maiden aunt was reported to have given, quite vulgarly, her riches to a boarding-school for coloured ladies. Or, better still, declare that before you made your last speech your constituents

had demanded your absence from the House, lest progress should come too fast. In either case your joy would be excused—if indeed you were seen!”

“If that sort of scandal is required, Vernard,” Allonby retorted, “the truth might come in useful.”

“My dear fellow,” was the irresponsible rejoinder, “for use as fiction it’s invaluable. I stand corrected. The liar, I admit, is always something of an ass : it’s fact which best deceives. Consider yourself now : your many virtues are positively bewildering ; whereas if you’d just once pretend to pick a pocket, or write poetry, you’d appear cut with the sharpest edges against the mist of society. You’ll come ?”

He made the compact with some pleasure, and fulfilled it with more. The prattle would have wearied him soon ; to escape it was itself an advantage. And, when the time came, to watch the crowd which filed and loitered and circled in the Baldecroft’s house was at once a relief and an excitement. Alice’s confession had cut him off from full contact with things, but it was much to look at them again. It pained him, too, with the dread wonder if some others of the crowd had a tale so withering within their beauty of face and form and voice. She had scorned to find excuses for herself ; and while it had been impossible for her to speak with precision, a shorn phrase here and there had left the clearest impress. Thus he had learnt that in an hour of dulness she had declared against the imprisonment of those desires which only love can clothe with beauty. Why should she waste rich buoyant days in waiting for a dream-hero ? She had thought of him, and had guessed that the story of their early youth had ended. Was she not a wanderer over Europe ? Was he not a man settled and occupied with dry official affairs of society, and probably about to wed a dainty blue-stockings ? And with the willingness to accept the lover whose hand should lead her into the whirl of glittering, singing gaiety, and free her even while it led ; whose lips should press a message as quick as heated, then leave her to fling out upon a sea of admiration and indulgence—with this willingness had come a mad haste to realise her plan of wealth and dexterous, dignified wooing at home, and brilliant, half-riotous, half-restrained indulgence abroad. And with the haste had come one answering to her demands, who had soon

proved himself more keen, more subtle, less scrupulous than she. Her schemings, not yet bold beyond common experience, were quickly hedged about by his; slowly, surely, he enclosed upon them; slowly, surely, he stimulated her hope; until in her aberration the fulfilment of her plans seemed dependent upon him, and when he exercised his deepest lures, the choice seemed to lie between submission and a return to the life which now promised her so little. To what she had indicated he had added a hundred-fold, believing she played a common game; nature had equipped him for the deceiver's task; and so the harm had bred a greater harm, and her delusion had become a curse.

Vernard gripped his arm as they stood in the ballroom, half-hidden by the plants about them.

"Look!" he muttered. "By Jove! she's superb!"

"Who?" his companion asked.

The other indicated a couple who had swept past them.

"Miss Chetham," he said.

Allonby started. Had she seen him? he wondered; then quickly belittled himself. What could it matter? But that he should not have seen her—!

"Who's the man?" he asked.

"I'll find out." With the word he took a slip towards a couple of elderly women who were scanning the room the while they chattered.

But he was held back.

"Wait!" Allonby demanded under his breath. He had seen Alice coming towards them, and feared to call her attention to himself, knowing that he had not decided upon the manner of his reapproachment. A feeling that she had claims upon him ravelled itself with the sense of her beauty; and the question beat in his brain: "Am I a fool not to take her?" A second later another question followed, startling and hurting him: "Am I wronging her?" he asked himself. "Is there not a suggestion of wildness in her look to-night? Has she not done what she could towards reparation? May it not be that if I fail her"—

The thought broke off sharp as Vernard slipped away. Who was that fellow she was dancing with? There was something that at once held and repelled him in the man's firm face—a hint of a power whose magnetism could be devilish: a needle of steel

in the heart of a rose. At a bound his thoughts flew back to the woman. She was leaning back in her chair now, her partner at her side. And she had caught sight of him! A flush of anger passed through him as he became conscious of the stiffness of his bow made in answer to her friendly nod. Great heavens! what was it in his heart that could so chill his conduct? Had their years of friendship been so drained of their virtue by her confession that in very truth they were estranged?

He pondered the question until Vernard came back, with a whimsical smile a-dance upon his lips.

"The gossips have it," he reported, "that where he dwells would be the maiden's Patmos, were it not that he might at intervals break the drawing-room furniture."

"Be serious!"

"I mean it. They label him a magician brought to earth by his distressing oddities—in the woman's view, that is, of course: I've not found out what politics he has."

"And Miss Chetham?" It did not occur to him that the question was inconsequent. In the fever of the moment the pair were vaguely associated: to inquire of one was to involve the other.

"My dear fellow," Vernard laughed, "*you* ask of Miss Chetham?"

"Why not?" He would not admit the capture.

"There are who envy her," the other declared with jovial wisdom.

"They may!"

"Of course."

"Won't you tell me?"

"Of course, again. The dear countess assures me she met him abroad, danced a cotillon as much with him as might be in Vienna; worshipped a da Vinci in his company at Florence; and encouraged him to defy the ghosts of inviolable Pharaohs on an Egyptian pyramid. Doubtless one may add that he has a voice which mingles ecstatically with the silver moonlight on a Tuscan shore, and confers the rhapsody of a haloed presence with magnificent impartiality on Monte Carlo, the worshipful Boston, and the more hospitable corner of a Scottish moor."

He would have wagged on as easily had not the hostess come

to their side, and a moment later carried him off. And suddenly, with a hurried word to the man who had joined him, Allonby crossed the room, his step uncertain, his soul tormented with a new fear. He saw that Alice was alone; he dared not lose a moment to learn the truth from her own lips. Standing above her, his eyes so searching hers as to draw terror into them, he put his question, without a word of preliminary.

"It is *he*?" he asked.

The woman paled, and her bosom, which had tossed furiously at the sight of his coming, more terribly grew still.

"It is he?" Allonby repeated.

"Yes," she answered in a dead voice.

For a moment more they looked at one another—in each case with the cold yet impassioned look of a wrecking doubt.

"Come!" he commanded.

And, unresisting, she went with him, through the crowd of people, whom she could not see, down to the vestibule, where she heard him give to a servant a word which would serve to explain her departure to her chaperon. Then out for a second into the chill of the night air, which was lost immediately in the mild dankness of the cab.

Not until they reached her door did either speak. Then, laying her hand on his, the woman muttered simply:

"Thank you, Henry."

Significantly, he so far took the gift as his due as to find a sufficient answer in a return of the pressure of her hand.

"Can I see you alone at eleven to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes," she told him.

Then they parted.

III

Alone, he hesitated which way to turn. His rooms offered, in prospect, no more than a cage, when freedom was a first step towards clear-seeing; no more than a restless pondering, when only the flash of an unchained thought could point out his course. The passage of emotions before him was too rapid: his mind shrank from the incessant flow. He was confronted with his first momentous problem—a problem which appeared

to be capable of two solutions, each powerful to bind him to a future in the fullest sense his own; one only linking past and future. A light decision would be as useless as an assurance of sympathy. For he had to decide which of two courses was the truer: to forego a long-cherished and self-elevating hope, or to risk something of himself in the salvation of another. He phrased the situation thus strongly, the very while he could have cursed the obligation which had been thrust upon him. Not now did he ask if he loved the woman; for love—the tender desire, the yearning to give for giving's sake—that love was superseded. A quality, always his, was putting forth its utmost strength: the preachers would have called it a sense of duty; he called it the wish to demonstrate himself. He argued that there could be but one true guide: the satisfaction of his profoundest wish. The acts thus demanded must be the highest knowable by him; their offerings must be all that he could feel of the divine.

But now he failed to discover what were the dictates of that inmost self. Did it bid him take as wife a woman who seemed dependent upon him, and cherish her devotion and her beauty? She would be true; nothing could be easier than to be true to her. Even then, as he paced the streets, unaware of the feverishness of his energies, he could feel the coming of her lips to his, and could welcome her growing look: it was impossible to doubt the richness of the gifts they could give one another. But what of the case between himself and his most glorious dreams—dreams which not even his fling of worldliness had destroyed, which had weathered even the onslaught of his sins? From early youth he had waited for the woman whose purity would still the heart that her sweetness set hard-beating; whose beauty would reside as much in the meaning of her touch as in the fashion of her form and face; whose essential longings would chase away all burdensome doubts. It might be that he was not worthy of such a woman, yet he would seek for her, and, finding her, his passion should draw her to him, her wonderment—half fearful, half eager—should chasten the hands he laid upon her, until the beauty of her yielding sheltered him too, and their silence was filled with the plaint and the laughter of a winsome joy. And the time had

been when he had wondered if Alice Chetham could be such a companion; then circumstances had held them apart; and then she had returned, older than he had expected the years would have made her; more often silent too; graver; perhaps more generous. And with the lightest jeer at his impossible standard of womanhood, he had assured himself of her essential purity and chastened passion, until the moment when the passion had been employed to announce a fall, and the purity had served to demonstrate repentance. Ruthlessly the ideal had been so swept away, that while he had no charge to make, he had far less to offer. He could take her and rejoice in her, but he would be capable of a greater attachment; without suspicion of egotism, he confessed he could be fit partner of one more blessed.

"But if I can save her!" his heart cried. "If my tacit declaration of her unworthiness should make her reckless, and make her the victim of that devil tempter!"

He stopped, breathless, his forehead beaded with perspiration. Glancing up at the house before him, he recognised it as the home of his one true woman friend. There were lights showing: dare he venture on a call at that hour?

A minute later he was making inquiries. He could put enough of the case before her to gain her thought, and her wise calmness would help to dispel the cloud which obscured his mind; at once mother and watchful woman, she might aid in the tutoring of his desires.

They showed him into the snugest of rooms, half-furnished with its drapery, lighted from the table; its comforts allied for him with the presence of his friend; her place there indicative of another's possible place in his home. And the brightest of cries welcomed him.

"Henry! you're just the *deus ex*—but you're not ill?"

She looked at him in genuine fear, leaning towards him the while she held his hand.

"Not the least bit ill, believe me." He forced a smile. "I came to chat. May I?"

And before the answer was given he moved to a chair, to be rid of her show of solicitude. Were there not hard facts to be faced? Let the tenderness lie in the wisdom.

"Of course," he was assured. Then she led the way with:

"George is dining with mysterious foreigners—various people who draw salaries, you know. He made me promise to sit up for him. You must wait until he comes."

Allonby fidgeted, then blurted out—

"Do you know, I wanted to find you alone." And in mad haste he put his questions: Was a man's first duty to himself or to another? If you were brought down to poorer things through helping another, were you the loser? Was it ever one's duty to wed even when the match was not the greatest one felt he could make? If you married a woman who had a past, could you lose the past and live in the present? And even if you could not, might it not be your mission in life to marry her in order that she might be lifted back as near to her former place as possible?

Purposely he made the issue as strong as he could: to throw the lady off the scent; to feel the false relief gained thereby.

And soon she gave him her womanly advice—gave it as one accustomed to the task, yet gently and without show of reference to self.

"There is one rule which cannot be disregarded with safety," she told him. "You cannot take out of such a compact more than you put in. If you want love, you must give it; if you want mere beauty, you must buy it; if you want purity, you must offer it. Women study the gift and decide in accordance with the attraction; men think of the giver, and believe they are wiser. They would be if they could go to the heart of the truth; but they cannot, and with a deeper theory they often achieve no better a result. Now, what have you to offer?"

She believed she had caught his mood, and thus questioned him with confidence. But Allonby fought shy of the examination, depending for self-support less upon his equipment as a lover than upon his strength as a helper. For already, in sight of his companion's calm warmth and gentleness, he was won to a sense of pride in the possession of woman, and to a sense of worthiest attainment in the protection of such a one from harm. Had he not been disposed to overlook many of the satisfactions which his chivalry would grant? If Alice would not make an ideal wife, could he doubt, as he sat in presence of one of fewer physical charms and no great charm of mind, that her companionship would endow him beyond the ordinary possession of men? And all the

while he would have the consciousness of having taken her in pursuit of the highest of motives, in sight of the worthiest of self-satisfactions. In a plain word, even if he had to put aside his dream-hope, even if he had to forego something in a matter-of-fact world, of a certainty he would have rewards beyond the common, and would experience the subtlest of compensations.

"What have I to offer?" he said, with more ease than he had hitherto shown. "No woman would suffer at my hands, Margaret."

"But what would the gifts be?"

"Well—honour, for one; and trust in her."

After the shortest pause, the other said:

"Let me tell you a little secret. When George asked me to be his wife, he offered to tell me of his former life. I wouldn't listen; and for this reason: it would have hurt him to tell me, very probably, and I should never have realised that what he said was true. Do you see?"

"Oh yes! but"—

She interrupted him.

"I mean that I think you cannot be in love and truly accept the truth."

He sprang to his feet.

"Then what can we say of being in love?" he cried, with a shout of triumph.

"Yes: what?" the woman echoed softly, dreamily, her head held forward a little as she peered into the fire.

A mood in which to leave her, Allonby decided, wistful of her possession, yet none the less captivated by his own. His case might be queer, irregular, strained, he allowed, but assuredly it was well based. It was not he who had to question the efficacy of love: nay, his love served but to adorn his willing sacrifice. No little he was about to give up—so fine a hope as his had powers as great as facts—but also no little would he gain: the assurance of the protector, the submission to the influences for good, the consciousness of having adapted his ambition to the laws of a somewhat inadequate world. Oh, it was enough without doubt! Perhaps more than enough. How was it that he had been so long in convincing himself on the point? To make such a sacrifice—what act could be worthier? To humble himself so far—what schooling could be more fit?

"We want a definition of love," he declared to Margaret.

"We want the love first," she answered, her look grave as it met his. To herself she added: "That smile of his is almost patronising."

IV

He rose in the morning fresh for his interview with Alice, almost merry in his new attainment. Dear heart! she would soon know how true a champion she had.

He was at her house half an hour before the appointed time, with scarce patience enough to wait while the servant took up his name. As he loitered by the sitting-room door, a man's footstep could be heard on the stairs; the hall was crossed, and to his amazement and anger, *he*, the arch-destroyer, passed into the street. For a second he caught more clearly than before the light of the full round eyes, magnetic in their chill handsomeness—to a woman fascinating, most probably. The fellow had his hideous powers—curse him! But what could his presence in the house mean? He was feverish to know, but he had not the heart to put the question to Alice, before he made his declaration.

He found her pale, nervously expectant, and weary as with a sleepless night. Though standing when he entered the room, she took no step towards him, but made a half turn away, to face the shade—a movement which caused him to withhold his word of address, and to watch her critically. Then, impulsively, he stepped to her side.

"Alice—dearest—I have so much to say to you!" The speech was fervent, but even as he spoke he was wondering how his words would sound to her.

"Tell me," she answered, with strange dulness, her face rigid.

"A few days ago I was so shocked—so surprised, I mean—by what you told me, I could not think out the thing at all. But now—since last night"—

She turned to face him with utmost eagerness, her breath coming hard.

"Yes—since last night?" she questioned.

"I can see my way quite clear."

"*Your* way?"

"And yours," he explained.

A cry of joy answered him.

"It is one way, Henry—it will always be one way."

"Yes, it will always be one way," he told her solemnly. For the life of him he could not lighten his look, his manner, nor at that moment take her in his arms. Instinctively he knew that her longing was sprung of a readiness to yield far different from his. She had no hint of the spirit in which he had come; he dare not take her under false pretences. And the very fire of her touch made more difficult than he could have imagined it, the task of describing his attitude plainly. So little he had reckoned on what he had to overcome, in settling upon what he would undertake.

"Then you have forgiven me?" she asked.

"Can you doubt it?" he asked in his turn.

The frankest of sighs escaped her, her arms fell to her side, and listlessly she crossed the room, to finger absently the papers which lay on a table.

"There is one thing I doubted," she told him.

"What?" he asked impassively.

"I thought that only a great love—a great passion—would enable you to clear me." She paused, then added with difficulty: "I thought you had that passion."

He walked firmly to her side, and held her by the shoulder.

"I have, Alice," were his words.

He felt her start, and knew not whether it was his fancy or his ears that told him she asked:

"For me, you mean?"

"Let me tell you," he answered, and wondered that at once she should slip away from him. "I will not deny that it was a great pain to me to hear your confession—for a moment I thought the calamity was almost fatal. But I soon knew that the sin had left you, and now I know that I want to be your husband and protector."

"Protector!" The cry was the quintessence of surprise and disdain; it announced a shock which was denied by the very breath which declared it. Flinging round, she displayed before him the full tempest of her anger.

"Is not the husband a protector?" he asked, without sign

of giving way. For her fury, as he noted with surprise, had the effect of hardening his will: he was not in the least induced to crave for himself.

"You're afraid for me?" the woman cried, less wildly.

"I believe that you need me as I need you," was the prompt reply.

She pressed herself close to him, and searched his face with frantic longing.

"You need me, you say, Henry? You mean you love me? I am to you what no other woman could be?" And when he hesitated to answer, she shook him in her mad eagerness, roughly, with the strength of a man, it seemed. "Answer me! Do you think I have sold myself to the devil? Do you think that because I confess myself sinner I believe all other men and women are angels? Do you think I would let you take me as a fragile child who cannot stand alone? Remember, I am a woman; I have will and knowledge; and I have something to give yet—even yet!"

Quietly Allonby released himself and confronted her, without flinching, without passion. He was confident as ever of the excellence of his motives; he felt no shame under the attack; but nevertheless he was hard hit. He had come to her in a hope that now was well-nigh killed; for though her humour of the moment was not true to her best self, he believed, its mere possibilities were sufficient to deaden his ardour. It was essential to the success of his scheme that she should show some docility, however vauntingly pride might accompany her, however surely she might in her turn guide him. Rebellion remoulded the whole affair, and left him colder.

"Last night," he said, "you were with the man whom a few days ago you called your tempter; he has been here this morning. Of him I know nothing more, but of you I know much more. I am here to tell you that conventionalities shall not stand in our way: as youngsters we were more than friends; and now, as it seems to me, we might be still more. I have argued with myself to make sure that I was not making a mistake; and I tell you now that if you will be my wife I will honour and cherish you."

He meant it. With the recollection of his tenderer thoughts came the recollection of her need, be her passion what it might.

She *was* dependent on such a one as himself, let her defy him as she might. The seducer's power was not lost. If she were not protected, in very bitterness—greater now than ever—her ruin might be accomplished.

A flash of relief was granted him as he saw the fall of her face—the twitch of her lips, the flutter of her eyes. But her words soon dispelled it.

"You do not love me," she declared, hoarse and stricken: "you dare not say your wish comes that way. It is good of you—oh, great of you!—but the gift you offer is not for me. I must be taken for what I am—wicked or godly. Because I have punished myself, I cannot let you punish me too."

"And him—what of him?" Allonby demanded.

"He will marry me!"

"Marry you?" He was astounded beyond measure: that chance had never crossed his mind.

"He told me so last night, and again to-day." Her voice was so chill, it urged him to a vigorous opposition for pity's sake.

"You do not love him," he cried; "he does not love you."

"He offers me his all," was the quick retort. "Can you say that?"

The shaft was well aimed. Suddenly there returned to him the thought of the ideal woman whom yet he had not found. But might he not find her? His thought ran with some vigour along the new vista, even when, at Alice's request, he kissed her cheek, even when he saw the tears in her eyes, and knew that there were before her long years of hopes growing fainter and fainter, while she laughed to the world more freely and still more freely, and while one stood by who asked of her far less than she had to give, though as much as he gave.

For he was satisfied that his power over her was lost, now that he had so little to ask of her; and he was satisfied that his search for the ideal woman must be continued, profitless though it long might be.

Still, he could not help telling Vernard that Miss Chetham had refused his offer.

"You must have told her too much," was the worldling's response.

Arthur H. Holmes.

THE CARPENTER'S SHOP

DRIVE the hammer true, my lad,
A hammer our Lord Jesus had,
For Mary's Son obeyèd her,
And was a little carpenter ;
Well the hammer you must swing,
For sure it is a blessèd thing.

The hammer teacheth us to pray,
For was't not on the cruel day
That carpenters did nail a tree
On which His limbs should nailèd be?
But, last of these, for pardoning,
They nailed above the name of King.

Reginald Cripps.

SPAIN

To Josefa

JOSEFA, when you sing,
With clapping hands, the sorrows of your Spain,
And all the bright-shawled ring
Laugh and clap hands again,
I think how all the sorrows were in vain.

The footlights flicker and 'spire
In tongues of flame before your tiny feet,
My warm-eyed gipsy, higher;
And in your eyes they meet
More than their light, more than their golden heat.

You sing of Spain, and all
Clap hands for Spain and you, and for the song;
One dances, and the hall
Rings like a beaten gong
With louder-handed clamours of the throng.

Spain, that with dancing mirth
Tripped lightly to the precipice, and fell
Until she felt the earth,
Suddenly, and knew well
That to have fallen through dreams is to touch hell;

Spain, brilliantly arrayed,
Decked for disaster on disaster hurled,
Here, as in masquerade,
Mimes, to amuse the world,
Her ruin, a dancer rouged and draped and curled.

Mother of chivalry,
Mother of many sorrows borne for God,
Spain of the saints, is she
A slave beneath the rod,
A merry slave, and in her own abode?

She, who once found, has lost
A world beyond the water, and she stands
Paying the priceless cost,
Lightly, with lives for lands,
Flowers in her hair, castanets in her hands.

Arthur Symons.

MR. BRIDGES' "*PROMETHEUS*" AND POETIC DRAMA

THE issue of Mr. Robert Bridges' *Poetical Works* in uniform volumes, the first of which has now been published for some months, will widen the audience of a poet who has too often been received with shyness or neglect by the critics. Let us hope that the critics, too, so warm and eloquent in praise of all that they appreciate, will understand him better with their second thoughts than with their first. That Mr. Bridges should be neglected has seemed strange and deplorable to many of his admirers; but, however deplorable, it is not really strange. Let us not be angry with the reviewers; let us rather sympathise with their misfortunes, which no one, who has not tried reviewing, can truly gauge. Compelled by cruel editors to read, digest, and pronounce on books almost before they are published, forced to proclaim their judgment before thousands and tens of thousands of readers, who will not listen if they do not shout, with what cause may they not lament, with Matthew Arnold—

"What shelter to grow ripe is ours,
What leisure to grow wise?"

They are condemned, against their will, to a hurried stripping from the pages before them of the ornaments that glitter most, and to hang their plain columns with these brilliant trophies. There are some authors whom this treatment flatters; Mr. Bridges is one of those whom it most injures. It was quite easy by this method to prove that Alexander Smith (the classic instance) was of the rank of Keats. Read in quotations, at the breakfast-table, or on the top of an omnibus, doubtless he seemed a Shakespeare. Unfortunately for him, the world was led to read his work. He would have been wiser, had he bought up the

edition and placed it in safe flames, and survived as Sappho has survived. For he shone in fragments. The most extravagantly praised poet of this reign, he has now subsided into darkness. Mr. Bridges is a poet of a very different type. His beauties are not easily detachable, but inhere in the substance of his work; he cannot be known in quotations. More than this, his poetry does not reveal itself all at once. On a second reading it seems finer than on the first; on each successive reading its fine qualities grow and deepen. And this, which is the stumbling-block of the reviews, is indeed its greatest merit. For poetry is made to be known, loved, enjoyed; and the poetry which wins us with tranquil and sure power is victorious in the end over that which thrills at the first reading, and chills on the third or fourth. There is too much said in our modern emotional criticism about "thrills"; the test is too dangerously personal. Or, if this test must be used, there should be a Critics' Confessional; and if, on examining ourselves, we could not sincerely say that the greatest masters gave us intenser pleasure than the less great, if we confessed that Homer and Dante were of course greater, but we really enjoyed Tennyson more, then we should have no right to speak; or at least readers would know what to think. That some oracular Anonym has been thrilled tells us nothing. If, then, we are silent about our thrills, and apply other forgotten tests to Mr. Bridges' poetry, we shall find, I think, that it has virtues of a high and rare order, virtues which some accepted masterpieces might envy. For the best of Mr. Bridges' poems have that structural beauty, that "wholeness of good tissue," which is the pith of all enduring art. Some may find them not sufficiently exciting, may complain that their hues are too sober; just as people will complain of the low tone of a Velasquez landscape. But the main thing is achieved, without which splendours are of little avail. Mr. Coventry Patmore meant this, when, in reviewing *Prometheus the Fire-Giver* on its first appearance, he wrote: "There is no passage fit for isolation to compare with the sixteen or twenty lines in praise of Athens in Mr. Swinburne's 'Erectheus,' or with two or three of the love passages in 'Maud'; but we question whether posterity—if there should be any posterity capable of classic art—will not finally judge *Prometheus the Fire-Giver* to be the most valuable work of the three."

This underlying beauty and organic strength are matched by similar qualities in imagery and rhythm. Mr. Bridges' images are scarcely ever "striking": you may search him in vain for stanzas so obviously spirited and picturesque as that admired stanza of Mr. Davidson's (perhaps the stanza most praised by the critics in all recent poetry)—

"The adventurous sun took heaven by storm ;
Clouds scattered largesses of rain ;
The sounding cities, rich and warm,
Smouldered and glittered in the plain."

This is as successful in its way as a vigorous water-colour by David Cox ; it has merits which everyone grasps in a moment ; and it is perhaps only when we examine it a little, that we find that it has no imaginative, no finely poetic qualities at all. And the false note of the first line can only be excused by the excited temper in which the whole ballad is written. This example happened to be at hand ; but it is not quite fair to single out Mr. Davidson, since one might mention one or two popular favourites even among our poetical classics, which will not really bear a strict analysis. Mr. Bridges is singularly free, I think, from hidden flaws in the texture of his work. He approaches his subject in a spirit so scrupulous and sincere, that his beauties are always truths, and lie deep ; such touches, I mean, as that comparison in *The South Wind*:

"As Love on buried ecstasy buildeth his tower—
Like as the stem that beareth the flower
By trembling is knit to power."

And this is the reason why his observation is so subtle, delicate, and new, excelling, as I think, Tennyson, in one of Tennyson's main excellences.

Again, of Mr. Bridges' rhythm I would say that it has the finest virtue of all good rhythm, namely, a perfect expressiveness. It is organic, it flowers spontaneously from the subject, and it obeys the changing thought with an exquisitely true vibration. Mr. Bridges in this carries on the tradition which Shelley handed down to us in his divine lyric art, the tradition which has degenerated rather than developed (let us take courage to say the truth) in the too mechanical devices and the too facile melodies of Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Swinburne's stanzas always dazzle and

astonish; but his rhythm has almost nothing of those magic responses to the turns of emotion, those lovely natural falterings, and those victorious bursts, in which Shelley's art surpasses that of all other lyric writers.

Taken thus in every view, Mr. Bridges appears the sure master of all that he attempts; and if one is to quarrel with his poetry, it must be on the ground that he attempts too little, that he abstains from too much.

The first volume of Mr. Bridges' works contains *Prometheus the Fire-Giver*, *Eros and Psyche*, and *The Growth of Love*. The last poem, a sequence of sonnets, published now virtually for the first time, is the most original of Mr. Bridges' works, presenting his attitude to men and his interpretation of the world with harmonious fulness. The style is austere, yet with a kind of sweet austerity; for the feeling that suffuses the hard thought is tender and deep-reaching. A first reading of these sonnets is charmed most by those which capture and portray the finest pleasures of the senses; later, it is the thought, "the fundamental brain-work," which wins most upon the understanding. *Eros and Psyche* is one of the few successes in poetic narration of our century. It is always delightful to read; and though the main invention is Apuleius' due, Mr. Bridges has managed the story with wonderful art; it flows with liquid and variable ease, musical stanzas rhymed with rhymes of extraordinary freshness and beauty; and there are new beauties woven on the old story, not perhaps at first perceived.

There remains *Prometheus the Fire-Giver*, the first of its author's plays, and called by him first "A Spectacle," and now "A Mask." It is, in fact, one of those essays on the Greek model which so many of our poets have attempted. Let no one think this an accident. Our poets have not deserted the national type for a foreign type without reason. For the Greek form of drama has several advantages over the Elizabethan, if the writer be a poet and the subject poetic; and this principal advantage, that the Greek had in the choruses a natural outlet for the lyrical bursts which an emotional theme inevitably inspires, while the Elizabethan was seduced to overflow lyrically into the speeches, where all should have subserved the vital action. Hence that eloquent irrelevance which makes so many of our English plays

tedious in spite of their splendour. The main difference between Greek and Elizabethan drama is therefore this : the Greeks keep to the point, the Elizabethans do not. Later poets have hesitated between the two forms, and have sometimes worked in both ; but the Greek form still attracts persistently. And yet plays of this type will always be exotic. Mr. Bridges has called his play, which keeps closely, but by no means pedantically, to the Greek form, "A Mask" ; and in so naming it wished, I suspect, to call up English associations and remind us that we had once a drama of native growth nearer akin to the Greek than the main Elizabethan type. The Mask died out because it was too purely lyrical, and not sufficiently dramatic at the core. And yet I think there was in it the germ of a pure and living dramatic form. Infuse into it a more vitally dramatic spirit, and engraft on it those qualities of the Greek play which have made our poets such frequent imitators of the Greeks, and it might well serve for the starting-point of a new departure. At the present moment there is much talk of regenerating the drama. Therefore it is well to have our minds clear on the subject. Hitherto the reformers' efforts have been mainly spent on the prose drama of modern manners, which severe moralists contend should square more healthily with the brute facts of life. Such an effort may do good, but can achieve nothing important, and will not carry us far towards reviving the play as a beautiful form of art. That will never be done till poetic drama flourishes again.

It has been too often assumed that it is the managers who bar the way to poetic plays. But it is much more probable that the poets have failed the managers. If poets mean to serve the stage, their dramas must be dramatic. At the same time, I see no reason why we should not supplement the main accepted type with plays of a type which should rely more largely on its poetry, plays of a simple construction developed from such a starting-point as I have suggested, and recovering much that has been usurped by opera. But if a play is to rely much on its poetry, the method of speaking verse on the stage must be wholly changed, and the scenery must be far more in tune with the piece. For with what sort of a feeling for poetical effect is Shakespeare now staged and spoken ? Mr. Yeats, in a letter on this subject to the *Daily Chronicle*, admirably compared the much-praised modern scenery

to Mr. Leader's landscapes ; and if Mr. Leader could have been commissioned to put in a background for figures by Rembrandt or Titian, we should have something like the shouting discord which we all applaud at a typical modern production of *King Lear* or *The Tempest*. It is tacitly assumed that this sort of scenery is the most effective, when really it is the most ineffective : managers spend thousands of pounds in nullifying the effect of their own acting. It is not enough merely to lend interest to Mr. Hann's and Mr. Telbin's foregrounds. What is wanted to mend all this is simply common sense. When artists first turned their attention to the poster, the profound common sense which really distinguishes them from self-styled practical people, enabled them immediately to upset the old commercial traditions, and produce advertisements at once ten times more simple, ten times more pleasing, and ten times more effective, than they were. Common sense could do as much for the accessories of the theatre. Moreover, it is merely common sense to speak poetry in the tone of poetry, and not in the tone of one who politely but frigidly accepts an uncongenial invitation. As long as verse is spoken like this, it is idle to blame the audience for disliking verse. I remember one or two occasions when an actor spoke a speech of Shakespeare with whole-hearted feeling for its poetry, and the success with the audience was extraordinary. But whole-heartedness is always successful.

If, then, pieces of the type I have suggested were to be produced, a new theatre would probably have to be started for their production. If this were done, it would certainly be an excellent opportunity for giving a healthy shock to accepted notions, and its success would react beneficially on the other theatres. But if such plays should be written or produced, let us be perfectly clear in our minds as to what we mean. And here let us return to Mr. Bridges and to *Prometheus the Fire-Giver*, for I wish to take it as an example of a work which relies principally on its poetry for its effect, and is yet sprung from a dramatic idea. I am not proposing this poem as a fit piece for the stage, for it is too little developed, and too intentionally formed on an archaic model,—Mr. Bridges' later plays might well be tried,—but it affords an opportunity for defining what, as I think, is essential, and what is to be avoided, in any new departure.

Prometheus has attracted many poets,—Goethe, Byron, and Shelley in this century,—but no one, I think, except in lost Greek dramas, has treated of the subject of Mr. Bridges' Mask. The action is, briefly, the giving of fire by Prometheus to mankind; and the tragic note is introduced by the anger of Zeus, which awaits both the giver and the receiver of the boon, as each well knows. Prometheus offers his gift to Inachus, King of Argos, declaring at the same time what certain and terrible punishments attend its acceptance. Inachus hesitates, then dares to accept. A meagre fable, some will say: and truly there is none of the subtle character-drawing, the conflict of minds at elaborate cross-purposes, which are now thought the essence of drama. But these are not the essence; the essence of drama is the action, because it is the action which gives unity to the piece, and not the characters. Action is decried now as uninteresting, being confounded with incident. But we may be quite sure that plays in which there is no action will never live; portray souls and states of emotion by all means, but let them be portrayed through act and gesture, otherwise why use the stage? One might as well paint without pigment. Now, in Mr. Bridges' *Prometheus* we have, I maintain, the essential element of drama: a simple heroical action, pregnant with known and dreaded consequences, an action in which every character on the stage is singly and entirely interested. It is unripe drama, perhaps, but the germ is there. And though the subject may seem at first to offer little opportunity, we have only to exercise our imagination, to throw ourselves back into that primeval world, and realise all that the absence of fire means to life, to see that the subject affords much material for emotion of a truly dramatic kind,—the sense of something vitally important about to happen, and the anticipation both of benefit and of punishment, feelings in which fear and hope, the most primal of all emotions, are rooted and intertwined. And when the actual fire springs up on the altar, how apt, how dramatically poetic, a symbol it seems of the emotions of those who watch it! It is through such imaginative inventions as these that the true dramatist works, thinking his thought out in the tangible terms of the stage, as a sculptor thinks in marble. I should have wished to quote the beautiful fire-chorus, sung as the altar kindles; but since it is a little long to quote, I will detach,

with as little hurt as may be, the equally beautiful verses in which the Chorus anticipate the fire's invention :—

Youths. Shall we put forth in boats to reap,
And shall the waves for harvest yield
The rootless flames that nimbly leap
Upon their ever-shifting field?

Maidens. Or we in olive-groves go shake
And beat the fruiting sprays, till all
The silvery glitter which they make
Beneath into our baskets fall?

Youths. To bind in sheaves and bear away
The white unshafted darts of day?

Maidens. And from the shadow one by one
Pick up the playful oes of sun?

Youths. Or would'st thou mine a passage deep
Until the darksome fire is found,
Which prisoned long in seething sleep
Vexes the caverns underground?

Maidens. Or bid us join our palms perchance,
To cup the slant and chinkèd beam,
Which mounting morn hath sent to dance
Across our chamber while we dream?

Youths. Say whence and how shall we fetch the fire for the king?
Our hope is impatient of vain debating.

Maidens. My heart is stirred at the name of the wondrous thing,
And trembles awaiting.

But, as I said, the finest qualities of Mr. Bridges cannot be shown by quotations. *Prometheus the Fire-Giver* should be read entire; and all who are interested in poetic plays should read it, because it is an example of poetic virtues too rare in our time and country, an example of proud, serene, and perfect art.

Laurence Binyon.

“A FIELD FOR MODERN VERSE”

I ADMIT that I read Mr. Stephen Phillips' short article under the above heading, in *The Dome* of February, with some bewilderment. If the theme of the Otherworld be new for that group of London poets, or perhaps I should say for that younger group, of which Mr. Phillips is an eminent exemplar, it is not new to the poets of Scotland and Ireland; it is not new to the many of whom we do not hear, the nameless minor choir; it is not new to the few distinctive singers. Has Mr. Phillips read anything of the poetry of his most distinguished contemporary, Mr. Yeats? . . . or anything of the poetry of Mr. George Russell ("A. E."), in which there is more of spiritual exaltation, spiritual passion, and spiritual dwelling upon the Otherworld than in anything that Mr. Phillips or any of his compeers has written? It seems to me that the most vital and convincing poetry written to-day is that poetry which is born of the conflict of spiritual forces with material circumstances, of the conflict of spiritual emotion and materialistic apathy—or, in other words, of a compelling sense of the paramount reality of the life of the spirit. If a Gaelic poet sings of Tir-nan-Og, or Flathinnis, or Hy Brasil, does Mr. Phillips think he merely utilises a poetic convention, that he clouds himself and his hearers or readers in a fairy mist? Take away the Otherworld from the Scottish or Irish Gael, from the Cymric or Breton Celt, and you take away the sun and moon from his skies, and leave him only the lovely unrealities of the aurora and the rainbow, the meaningless monotonous chant of the old seas, the wayward roaming of all the idle winds, and the cold immortalities of the stars. The supreme note in modern poetry (and I speak only of what seems to me vital, subject to spiritual passion and not to the contagious emotionalism of this or that literary vogue) is just that note which Mr. Phillips has apparently only now discovered. All that is best

in the poetry of which I speak is due to that spiritual identification of the two worlds of the outward mortal and the inward immortal. It is because to them the Otherworld is so real, so immediate, so alluring, so infinitely beyond this in promise and vista, that poets like Mr. W. B. Yeats or Mr. George Russell speak to us with a music at once more beautiful and more convincing than do those who find their solace and pleasure in the trodden way, in the common round, in the familiar and the undeniable. Indeed, to me, Mr. Phillips' plea is as that of a man who, suddenly cured of blindness, importunes his fellows to sing no more songs of the narrow world, because he, the unsealed, has beheld Spring greening the earth, and discerns a new wonderful beauty and glory, unaware that it has been the solace, the joy, and the hope of myriads since Thought first looked through the brain of man and saw the brown branch become green, the dark root bear white or yellow blooms, the lifeless tree renew herself at the rising of the sap.

It may well be that Mr. Phillips does not find "spiritual outlook" among his fellow-poets. Of that I cannot judge. But London is a place where the scraping of many pens is, I fancy, apt to jangle the finer nerves; nor is it to be believed that those who choose to live the hurried intemperate life of an overgrown city can altogether avoid that hurried and intemperate habit of mind which mistakes the unessential for the essential, and considers its own limitations to be those of all, only in more marked degree. None is so foolish as to say that vision, spiritual emotion, ecstasy, reverie, are only for those who have their habit with solitude in remote places; that the clamorous little noises of the multitude and ceaseless obtrusion of the unwelcome and the superfluous, common to congregated masses, necessarily send into exile these divine companions. There is only one absolute solitude attainable, and that little infinite world we call the heart may be carried silent and remote, as well among indifferent throngs and the maze of the infinitesimal and the unimportant, as beside still waters, in woods, among the solitudes of the hills, under the stars. But though this may indeed be so, it can surely not be gainsayed that the hazard is too great. And I cannot but believe that too great a measure of contentment with the trivial, of indifference to the ignoble, of blindness to the essential, are induced, for those of active intellectual vocation, by this congested

life in congested cities. Then that happens which, rightly or wrongly, I take as indicated by Mr. Phillips: that blindness becomes common and indifference familiar, and that even poets like Mr. Stephen Phillips suddenly revolt (which is wise), and cry out that it is time poetry looked to the spiritual life (which is a little absurd, but only because it is so obvious).

So much for what I take to be Mr. Phillips' fundamental idea. Of some of his remarks I can make nothing. All I can gather is that he is a "spiritualist" in the present conventional sense of that word. Frankly, the possibility of "spiritualistic" as distinct from "spiritual" poetry fills me with apprehension, or would do so were it not that a wise disdain would prevent needless suffering from such mischance. Mr. Phillips would seem to be anxious, himself or for others, to turn Swedenborgianism into verse. It is an unlovely dream. I would rather see poetry sink to become the province of the skilled artificer than that the singer, the maker, the seer, should relinquish it to the mental drunkard and the spiritual epileptic. I quote one sentence from Mr. Phillips: that where he alludes to the continuity of existence, wherein "the madman is no less mad from the fact that he has died, but raves on there as here; that the drunkard haunts the familiar tavern, and, incapable of physical gratification, seeks a borrowed delight in urging to excess those who are still in the body." This is the drear outworn speculation so familiar to us all for these many years past, wherewith the Esoteric Buddhist has traduced the greatest spiritual influence in Asia, and the Spiritualist, fed upon the insane milk of Harrisism and Swedenborgianism, has blasphemed against the Spirit. If these adherents of the ignoble accident prevail, then indeed it were an evil case. But I do not doubt that common sense will be the quick resolving test of one and every effort to create, in the domain of the spiritual life, what may be called an irresponsible Extreme Left.

When Mr. Phillips passes from his perpetual madman and irreclaimable drunkard to the Elysium of the deserving, he carries our relief. But when he writes, "To those who object that such a meditation as is here hinted at has no present interest, and brings no newer gleam into the life we are now leading, I would reply that such a conception illumines this present existence to a degree hitherto unconceived. . . . This life is but a passing phase

in an uninterrupted and everlasting existence. . . . Here, at least, tentatively stated, is a subject for poetic art, both novel and profoundly significant"—when he writes thus, I look and wonder, till I recall the saying of an old Highland fisherman, whom I take to be as wise as any London poet, though he has little English, and is a poet not by right of acclaim but by grace of God—that "when the tide flows, every bit cockle thinks it's for the first time, an' though its eyes are fu' wi' sand an' ooze, I misdoot me but it thinks it sees a' at once the ways o' God. It's a gran' thing to be a cockle—thinks the cockle."

"Some great compelling thought, some rapturous and passionate purpose." Yes, that is wanted, that is the need. But that will not come to "the half-dozen of us," of whom Mr. Phillips speaks, or to any hopeful dwellers in outer light, by an arbitrary meditation on the temporal and accidental possibilities (or impossibilities) of the life to come; nor by looking across the miasmas of mortality. It will come only, as it has ever come, as to-day to many it comes, by a rapture and passion that is from within, by a compelling force that is from within; and it will come, then, in its highest and rarest, not by looking into the world of speculative fantasy, but into that little infinite world of one's own heart, so frail and impotent in its mortal destiny, so uplifted beyond death by its august powers and possibilities.

Fiona Macleod.

“WANTED: A THEME FOR MODERN VERSE”

IN a modest and suggestive article in the *Dome* for February, Mr. Stephen Phillips lamented the inanition from which modern verse is suffering, and attributed it to the lack of “some great compelling thought, some rapturous and passionate purpose.” There is no dearth of singers, he says: what is needed is the stuff out of which to make a great song. One cannot but be reminded by all this of a remark in one of Mrs. Tennyson’s letters to Jowett: “Alfred wants a subject for a poem; can you suggest one?”

The obvious reply to this is that the only song worth singing is that which is born in the soul of the singer as naturally as the stream is born among the hills, and leaps singing through the vale. We do not put streams into the hills. The modern poet is the nearest analogue we can find to the ancient prophet; but think of a prophet—Isaiah or Jeremiah—casting about for a message! Think of John the Baptist asking the multitudes for a theme on which to address them! Why, the very hairs on his girdle would have stood on end, and the busy confectioners of his wild honey would have stung him to death at the mere suggestion. When has anything fine in literature been generated in this mechanical way? Tennyson’s *Idylls of the King* had some such origin. It was probably because Milton had been tempted by the Arthurian legends that Tennyson turned to them. And with what result? A spread of many thousand lines, many of them exquisitely beautiful, flushed with a morality as pure as it is conventional, but never freshening into a torrent of great poetry, or broadening into a sea spacious and deep enough for mermaids and wrecks and swimmers. Compare the *Idylls* with *In Memoriam*. In this the poet fashions his music out of the throbbings of his own heart; in those he is simply a painter of frescoes, decorating with talent and patience the walls of a temple

in which he has never bowed as a penitent or stood rapt in mystic vision. Tennyson swayed his age, so far as he swayed it at all, only when he laid upon its heart-strings fingers that tingled with the thrill of his own conflict. And it is so with every true poet. He does not need to go in search of a message. It grips him, masters him, almost strangles him. He becomes the prisoner of his theme, and can only drop his fetters when he has spoken its uttermost words. The music that leapt into the songs of Burns was music that was beaten out of him, as the grain is beaten out of the chaff, by the flail of a hard experience, and Wordsworth was made free of Nature's secrets only when he had won her confidence by becoming her ministrant, and had so far thrown her off her guard that her great eyes heeded not, nor blinked consent, even when he broke the hush of her rarest moments.

"The poet," says Carlyle, "who could merely sit on a chair and compose stanzas, would never make a stanza worth much." It is this poet, sitting on a chair and composing stanzas, who comes into one's mind when one hears the cry for a theme for modern verse. Poor Modern Verse is indeed reduced to sore straits, when she must needs stand in the market-place and ask, "What shall I cry?" instead of flinging red-hot into passing souls that which would char her heart to ashes were it not able to find an outlet. The poet must be the Seer before he can be the Sayer. Until he sees that to which other eyes are blind, he can have no mission to speak; and when once he sees, he will tarry for no suggestion from without, but feel that he has an utterance to achieve, and that he is wofully straitened until it is accomplished.

It is to his environment, no doubt, that the poet is indebted for many suggestions, and each age gives to these suggestions a specific significance. To put it familiarly, the *Zeitgeist* is always on the alert for those to whom it can disclose its secrets with a sure confidence that they will report them to the whole world of men. Such secrets as are worth knowing, however, are never whispered to the outward ear. Only he who fights his way across the drawbridge, through the guarded gates, up the stairways warrior-thronged, into the inmost chamber of life, where he can lay his head reverently upon her bosom and listen to the solemn beating of her heart—only he will have that to tell which it will

be wealth and music for his fellows to hear. The revelation of the life after death, of which Mr. Phillips speaks, may be filled with tremendous possibilities of vision and melody, but such a revelation, taken up merely as a poetic theme suggested in the pages of a magazine, to be studied from the outside, and not born with anguish and travail in a soul which, up to its coming, had nursed no child of hope or joy, would yield but a meagre harvest. If Mr. Phillips himself, whose poetic gifts are unquestioned, or some other one of the half-dozen of the younger men who have written indubitably fine poetry, has been wandering in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, dazed and hopeless, for months or years, and through the gloom and bewildering cries, has caught, either through trance, or governed hand, a new vision of some terrible and beautiful Beyond, let him by all means, with scenery more ethereal and insight more spiritual than Dante's own, unveil the excellent splendour to us; but, for Heaven's sake, let us not have merely a literary raid upon those holy lands which the Poet of Galilee left in the large suggestive shadow of the metaphor and the parable.

Louis Barsac.

VERSE, SPIRITUAL AND SPIRITUALISTIC

AT a strange idea, as well as at a strange wayfarer, it is the pleasant custom of our land to "'eave 'arf a brick"; and I have little doubt that Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Field for Modern Verse" will soon look sadly like the Field of Blood. For while such strangeness as belongs to his suggestion must fill the air with brickbats, I fear its associations are such as to add dead cats and prehistoric eggs. An idea is known to the average man by the company it keeps, and this idea of Mr. Phillips' would seem to have for gossip Mr. W. T. Stead and "Julia," Miss Florence Marryat and "Uncle Billy," the foreign lady ungallantly exposed by Mr. Maskelyne, and the crowds of dear people who sit for hours in the dark waiting for spirit hands to rap tables and for tambourines to fly. I suspect, however, that most readers of *The Dome* are not average men, but that, like myself, they are men far above the average. They will therefore no more dismiss and ridicule Mr. Phillips' idea because it has hitherto been almost monopolised by faddists, than they will denounce Home Rule because certain of its champions have cut off cows' tails, or Unionism because some of its partisans have a winsome little habit of spurning their political opponents as hireling agitators. A five-barred gate of prejudice may discourage the average man in the street, or rather on the road, from entering Mr. Phillips' Field; but people of open mind will lift the latch, or scramble over the bars, not caring very much what tares may have been sown and reaped in the past by crazy husbandmen, but eager to know if the field can ever prove to be a field of fields, yielding the finest of the wheat and the sweetest of the clover. For myself, I have strong, very strong, doubts; but I ought not to let them harden into downright unbelief until the new farmer has

had a fair chance through a cycle or two of ploughing and seedtime and harvest.

But a great many readers will scoff at Mr. Phillips' idea, not only because particular cranks have believed in it, but mainly because, in their view, for any person whatever to believe in it raises a presumption of his perversity or mental feebleness. For while I allow that there has been marked reaction from materialism in some striking instances, I am persuaded that Mr. Phillips misreads our age when he finds "the general picture of a world beyond the grave usurping the modern imagination." I maintain, on the other hand, that if any usurpation is in process, it is materialism which is dispossessing the old, widespread spiritualism properly so called. Up to a very few years ago, millions of English people were habitually so impressed by the preponderating importance of "a world beyond the grave," that they looked with disfavour on the amusements of the world on this side of it. But nowadays even Quakers read novels and play pianos, and on every hand there is the desire to enjoy this present life as fully as one honestly and decently can. The remnant of old-fashioned spirituality, and the reaction against the new paganism, have indeed been forced to a sharper self-realisation and a more poignant expression by the very materialism they superficially belie. Mr. Phillips' remarks must therefore be heard by "the modern world" with impatience, and with petulant wonder that he should want to write about ghosts when he might write about ships, like Mr. Newbolt, or about machinery and the Empire, like Mr. Kipling. Ships are solid realities that help a man to get to Paris, and bring him coffee from whatever place it's grown in; and machinery is a reality, as you may learn by mixing up a few of your fingers in it; and the Empire is a reality, or whisky and cigars would be ever so much cheaper. But who shall prove "the world beyond the grave," or answer with authority the ancient cry, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

All this is simply to say that Mr. Phillips has underestimated the opposition which his new verse must encounter, and it is, of course, nothing as against the verse itself. Indeed, I sympathise enthusiastically with him in the implication that the very materialism of the age calls for the spiritualising of poetry, which at present confines itself far too often to describing things as they are, and

crowding over what we've got and what we mean to grab at next. Mr. Phillips does men a service in reminding them that in the poet's heaven and earth there are more things than can be weighed in scales, or measured with foot-rules, or driven in with steam-hammers. If I am a very young poet, and have written sonnets proper to my age in praise of an ideal lady, I may admit to a healthy Philistine of "the modern world," who challenges me in the Strand, that the lady does not exist, and never has existed. I may even thank God with him that she never can exist. But because I freely grant that she is not the solid, ponderable reality that he is, a burly fellow that I can shake hands with, slap on the back, or, best of all, knock down, it doesn't follow that I should accept his invitation to renounce my lady and write songs to the nearest apple-woman. In this age, when exact science utters its word with more arrogance than any priest or pope, the poet's high work is to dream dreams and see visions, and declare them to his brethren. He may write of apple-women, as Mr. Binyon has written of toy-sellers, tramps, road-menders, and he may describe Nature, as Wordsworth did, and he may even take up Darwinism itself, as Tennyson did; but he must always pierce through matter to spirit, and find the universal and eternal.

To me this is the true spiritualism. But I fear very much that however open our minds may be in approaching Mr. Phillips' paper, and however successfully we may purge our thoughts of his idea's historical antecedents, the spiritualism he speaks of is not strongly distinguishable from spiritualism as the word is vulgarly understood. His idea of disembodied drunkards and lechers persisting in a vicarious and everlasting debauch may be original, but it certainly does not strike me as lofty and as poetically fruitful. But once more I suspend judgment till we see what he makes of it.

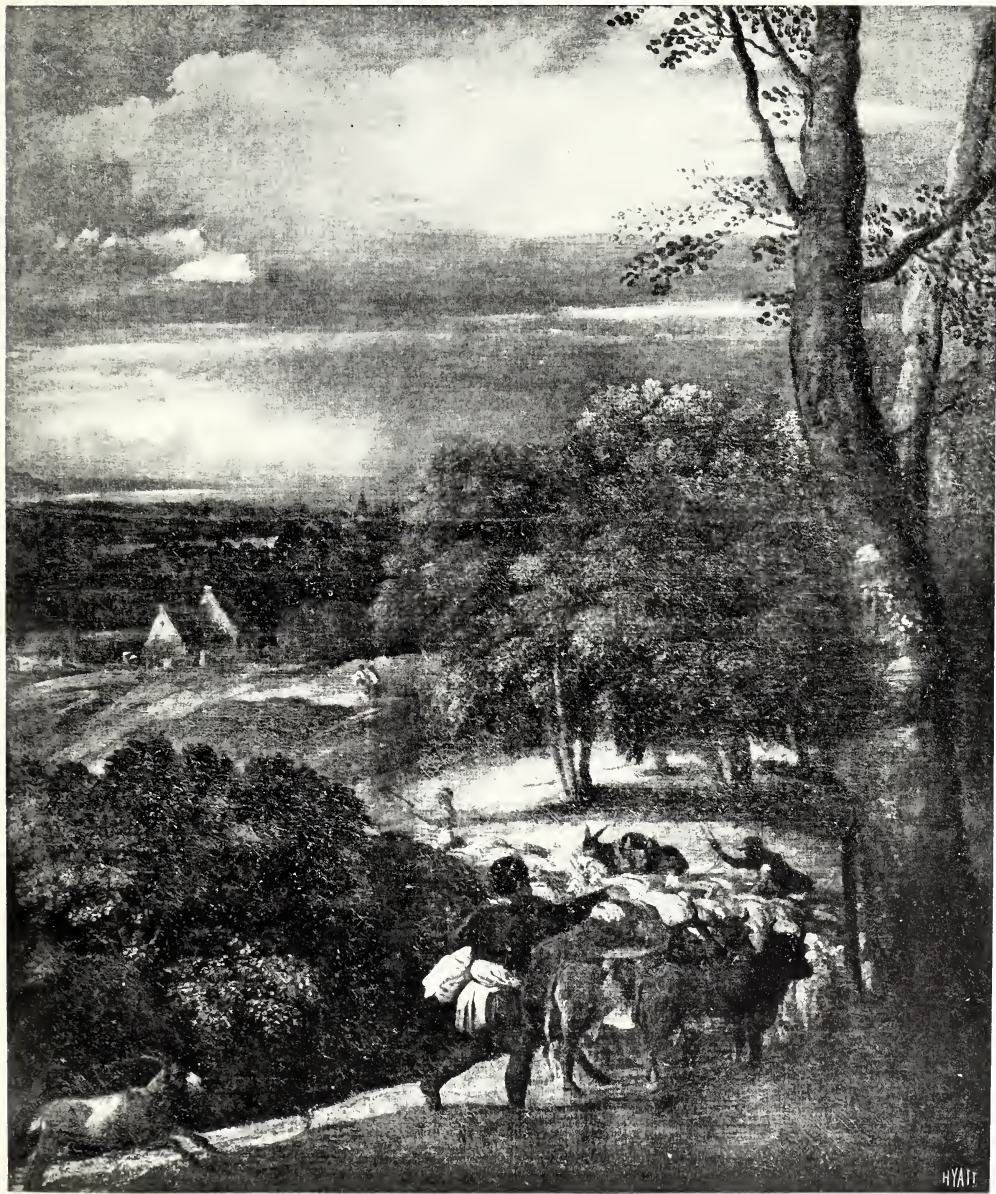
Perhaps it is, after all, a mistake to try and assign verse its field. But if we start at all upon such a quest for themes, surely there are many and big enough themes made to our hand. The House of Hapsburg, the moral anarchy in France, the decline and fall of Spain, represent a whole class of themes of living human interest which should evoke verse incomparably greater than all the vaunting of Anglo-Saxonism and cataloguing of ships. Yet, with the exception of a pamphlet like Mr. Watson's *Purple East*,

they inspire nothing better than the professional exercises of the Poet Laureate and the Poet's - Corner effusions of Canon Rawnsley.

But what we want most of all is not a predetermined great argument, but a great Poet. He will not come for the writing of articles, but just when God pleases ; and when he descends, the hoofs of his winged horse will make the field he lights upon, however barren and savage it may have been before, a place of soaring, shining fountains and goodly fruits and pleasant flowers.

Frank Freeman.

The Plates immediately following are "A LANDSCAPE," by TITIAN (from the Painting in Buckingham Palace), and "RAIN, STEAM, AND SPEED," by J. M. W. TURNER (from the Painting in the National Gallery, London). They are reproduced by arrangement with Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl.



HYATT



ART AND LANDSCAPE

THE February number of *The Dome* contained a brief sketch of the progress of Landscape towards that scientific imitation of Nature which is the aim of most modern painters. The purpose of the present article is to indicate in a similar manner the development of Landscape as a material for picture-making, for the free expression of personal fancy in form and colour. As was before mentioned, Landscape has always been the battleground of Nature and Art, and no just estimate can be formed of the conflicting forces till the champions of each cause are arrayed openly side by side. There are, of course, men who have taken each side in turn—Vandyck, for instance, and Turner. The Englishman's defection from Nature was, however, so absolute and decisive, that it is not difficult to separate the work of his youth from that of his later life. Vandyck was included among the Naturalists on account of his following of Rubens, and from the attention to reality displayed in his sketches. Such hints as we have of the original bent of his mind show that he certainly leaned towards the side of Art.

Durer and Leonardo preserve a similar equilibrium, though their achievement is utterly unlike that of the gifted Fleming. Both are enormously interested in natural detail,—the structure of flowers and trees, and rocks and men,—yet in both this curiosity is overwhelmed by their pictorial imagination, which makes their references to Nature quite arbitrary. Both fill their foregrounds with exquisitely-drawn plants and stones, but in their distances Nature plays only a small part. The castled crags and rolling clouds of Durer are like nothing that ever was on earth, and gain a semblance of reality chiefly from the definiteness of their conception. Leonardo's world, that twilight place from which his

clear-cut figures smile out upon us, is frankly a world of dreams, where a veil of drifting mist is lifted for a moment to reveal only a chaos of steep cloven rocks and wandering waters.

Up to the end of the sixteenth century, Leonardo and Durer represent the highest pitch attained by imaginative landscape-painting, with the exception, perhaps, of Altdorfer, whose romantic work is only too rare. He has already been the subject of a paper in *The Dome*, so it is unnecessary to repeat what was then said about him. Space does not allow of any detailed discussion of the landscape backgrounds of other Italian and German masters who preceded Titian, though much might be gathered from them, as the mere mention of the names of Masaccio and Bellini will indicate. The Venetians were especially fond of elaborate landscape backgrounds, and thus, when Italian art is fully ripe, it is at Venice that we find the grand convention that culminates in the work of Titian. Titian sees Nature clearly. He knows how to paint the sweeping lines of a mountain range, the insertion of the petals of a flower, the sinews of a tree straining in the wind, and the calm spaces of the sky at nightfall, vaster even than the expanse of ocean or limitless plain that he spreads under them. He sees all this clearly, and reduces it to a magnificent formula. The greys and purples of a cloud, and the intense azure of distant hills, are rendered by films of indefinite cool colour, through which a glint of gold or opal flashes from time to time. Yet, by contrast with the burning flesh of a figure, the scarlet or crimson of a dress, or some fiery flake of autumnal foliage, the quiet hues alter and become, not the colours of Nature, but something that suggests a Nature purged and perfected—a land where an everlasting luminous twilight drowns all that is not grand or graceful.

This formula, which Titian was able to refresh by constant reference to Nature, Tintoret transformed by his impetuous daring into a convention that too often verges on the theatrical. The delightful painting of "St. George and the Dragon" in the National Gallery (No. 16), being unusually soundly painted and well preserved, shows excellently the changes that Tintoret introduced into the landscape scheme of Titian. As it hangs next to the famous "Bacchus and Ariadne," the two styles may be compared without the least difficulty. In the hands of Titian's other contemporaries and followers, the formula became a mere recipe, which was first

perverted by the Bolognese eclectics, and afterwards passed on by them to the decaying schools of Central and Southern Italy.

From the work done by those schools in the seventeenth century, the student of Landscape has little or nothing to learn. The living tradition of the art did not remain with them, but was continued by Claude, Gaspar Poussin, and Salvator in the south, and passed to Northern Europe with Rubens. Rembrandt's romantic force, though a great power in its own time, was strictly local, so that it was not till early in the nineteenth century that some part of his spirit revived in the neglected French artist Michel.

The influence of Rubens was more widespread. His countryman Watteau turned the skill of his predecessor to good use, not only in the figures that people his dainty Arcadia, but also in the hazy landscape round them. Gainsborough is equally frank in avowing his debt to the great Fleming, for though it was Vandyck of whom he spoke on his deathbed, his painting shows everywhere the memory of Vandyck's master. Delightful as is the art of Watteau and Gainsborough, where a sensitive taste has refined upon the robust carelessness of Rubens, it is but a flimsy business after all. Exquisite and perfect within its own limits, it has only to be compared with the art of a Titian or a Rembrandt for the narrowness of those limits to become painfully evident. Watteau is a wonderful painter of *fêtes champêtres*, and one of the world's supreme draughtsmen. Gainsborough is the single painter of women's nerves, and has the secret of a charming flimsy formula for the rustic picturesque. Untormented by larger ambitions, each is content to reign in his own fair province, with no rival or successor to dispute his sovereignty.

Not that the dynasty of the pupils of Rubens ends altogether with Watteau and Gainsborough. The work of the animal painter, James Ward, is so remarkable that one could imagine him, under happier influences, as one of the chief glories of the English School. His picture of "Harlech Castle" in the National Gallery, and the landscape with the fighting bulls at South Kensington, are at once inspired by fine tradition and executed with the directness that comes of strong personal feeling and thorough knowledge. Rubens, however, was not the only master whom Ward followed. On the staircase of the National Gallery hang two pictures of his, a more than successful rival to Paul Potter's famous

"Bull," and the solemn "Gordale Scar," which seems to be a reminiscence of Salvator Rosa. Salvator is neglected now, and it is most unlikely that his fame will ever again be what it was. Yet he does not deserve the utter contempt with which his work is usually treated. His painting is often empty, often forced or theatrical, and always artificial, yet he was the first to interpret the savage desolation of the mountain and the wilderness; the first romantic pessimist. The abuse of Mr. Ruskin has, I think, blinded people's eyes to the real excellence of some of Salvator's work. His "Mercury and the Woodman," for instance (No. 84), in the National Gallery, is finely conceived, finely coloured, and finely painted; in fact, a very fine picture, though not in the least like Nature. Perhaps because he did almost all that was possible with his chosen range of subject, Salvator has had only an indirect influence upon posterity, though the popular illustrations of Gustave Doré undoubtedly owe much to his example. The world, however, does owe something to Salvator, for had he not lived, the graceful tradition of Claude might have overwhelmed the landscape-painting of the next three centuries.

Claude's popularity has been more lasting than that of Salvator. In France he is still considered the greatest landscape painter of the world; and though to our eyes, unbiassed by national prejudice, this estimate may seem extravagant, it would be true if it applied to his reputation rather than to his achievement. In his day, however, when there was no Turner to learn his secrets and to compete with him openly, Claude deserved much of the honour he got. The ideal Italy that he paints is not always pleasing in colour, is usually mannered and tame in arrangement, and is filled with figures and details drawn rather amateurishly. Nevertheless Claude widened immensely the scope of landscape-painting, by discovering a method of interpreting sunlight on canvas that hitherto has not been superseded, at least artistically. Even Ruskin admits the extraordinary delicacy of his atmospheric effects, the skill with which he could paint a calm blue sea, the originality and truth of his sunshine, and the graceful arrangement of his foliage. In his paintings there is little more to praise. The very gentleness of his nature seems to preclude strong themes or large experiments, perhaps from a fear of technical failure, for his drawings in the British Museum have a force,

nay a grandeur, which at times is not unworthy of Rembrandt himself.

Claude being a Frenchman by birth, it is not surprising that his most successful follower should be French also. With the exception of J. F. Millet, Corot is the one painter of the so-called Barbizon School whose work may be termed scholarly and classical. With its graceful arrangement, its delicate atmosphere, and not infrequent charm of cool colour, the landscape of Corot is the best translation of Claude into modern methods of work and modern habits of thought. At the same time one cannot deny that he has the defects of his original. Claude gives one a pleasant impression of mild open sunshine, blue hills, blue sea, and limpid atmosphere, but does not attempt to evoke any loftier emotion. Corot, in the same way, is the one master of the dawn, when the air is fresh, the earth not yet awake, and tremulous trees loom vaguely through the mist. That cool daybreak has a poetry of its own, a poetry gentle and pastoral. Yet this lyric sounds but thin and tame beside the more splendid tones of the morning rosy and throned, of which Homer sang, beside the fierce trumpets of the storm-cloud, or the glorious requiem of the sunset. Nevertheless, if Corot cannot rival the greatest masters of landscape, he at least played his own part uncommonly well. It is best, therefore, to enjoy the things he could paint, and not to regret the things he was too wise to attempt.

Perhaps it may be admissible to mention in this place the landscape of Professor Legros, which has, perhaps, been rather overshadowed by his painting of the figure. M. Legros is one of the few men who have known how to turn tradition to good use, who in a romantic age have remained classical. In his painting of landscape Rembrandt is perhaps the first master of whom he thinks; then he remembers Nicolas Poussin, who stiffened the languid Venetian tradition into an almost Roman severity; and, last of all, tempers his memories with something of the air and grace of Claude. Such a blend might seem to savour of eclecticism, but to be eclectic is only a term of reproach when an artist has little or nothing of his own to add to the learning and taste he has acquired from others. At any rate, want of originality is the last charge that one could bring against the serious dignified art of Professor Legros. His countryman, Puvis de Chavannes, whose recent

death is an irreparable loss to French art, is perhaps the modern whose influence upon landscape may in the future tell most strongly. He was really the first to master the science of decorative painting, and the large, pale, airy landscapes that envelop his symbolic humanity cannot be studied too carefully by those who wish to learn the tricks of their craft. The relief obtained by sharply silhouetting similar flat tones, the delicate drawing of the edges of a broad mass, or of some small detail that strikes clearly against an open expanse of sky, the exquisite harmonies of cool green and cool lilac, are technical devices that become real discoveries, so invariable is the fitness of their use. His contemporary, Gustave Moreau—a great romantic artist too little known in this country—revived with singular skill the vaporous rock backgrounds of Leonardo and the Milanese, just as in England Burne-Jones set his figures among the quaint buildings, slim trees, and terraced rocks, that one might associate with the period of Ghirlandajo or Bellini.

In England the tradition of Claude was continued by Richard Wilson—a painter limited in range, and rather mannered and heavy of hand, but a man of deep feeling, and often a charming colourist. Were he not overshadowed by the great Turner, Wilson would rank among the best of English landscape painters, as the one consistently successful exponent of the classical tradition. Turner, however, when still a comparatively young man, showed that he could do all that Wilson had done and a great deal besides. His diploma picture, "Dolbadern Castle," might almost have been painted to illustrate the improvements that the young Academician had introduced into the Wilson formula. While the traditional solemnity is retained, the handling has become light and varied, and the browns and greys are all on the point of breaking into rose and turquoise. Ten years later we see this actually happen in "Apollo and the Python." In the meantime, Turner had excelled his Dutch ideals in sea-painting, and had already challenged Claude with the "Liber Studiorum." Into the details of that struggle we have no time to enter, but the whole matter is summed up in the two pictures that hang side by side in the French Room at Trafalgar Square. "The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba" is an excellent conception, realised almost perfectly in paint. "The Building of Carthage" attempts in-

finitely more. The arrangement is more complicated, the detail more overwhelming, the action more varied, the colour scheme more unusual, while the blaze of light in the sky and on the sea is a thing that no other painter before Turner's time dared to interpret. The painting does all that is possible for pigment to do, and fails only where the matter is beyond its scope. To describe in detail the growth of this tendency towards the impossible in Turner, would be to recapitulate well-known facts; it is interesting, however, for a painter to contrast a moment of real success like the "Ulysses" with a comparative failure like the much overrated "Téméraire." With all the deductions one may make on the score of taste, the "Ulysses" remains the one example of a gorgeous sunset perfectly painted, and was the introduction to that long series of dreams in colour and composition with which Turner's life ended. Of these, the famous "Rain, Steam, and Speed" is perhaps, on the whole, the best preserved, and may remind those who are fond of extracting parables from pictures, how extremes have a way of meeting. In a painting such as this, the gulf between Turner, the most advanced of landscape idealists, and Monet, the most advanced of realists, seems actually less wide than that between either and the painters who, like Titian or Rubens, trimmed between the two schools. Nevertheless, there is one insurmountable barrier which separates a Turner from a Monet. In Turner, problems of air and light and colour are always worked out with the scheme of the picture regarded as a possible decorative unit; with Monet, Nature is the one thing needful. Thus it is conceivable that in the remote future a bright airy style of mural decoration may come into vogue into which late Turners will merge perfectly. Monet's work, having no reference to decoration, can only be pleasing as such by accident.

The colour dreams of Monticelli are distinguished by faults of taste more glaring than those of Turner, and lack the extraordinary technical skill which makes the Englishman's wildest failures remarkable. Still, Monticelli's pictures are sometimes admirable decoration, which is more than can be said of much painting executed by cleverer and greater men. His real place may be recognised at a glance if one thinks of his achievement as compared with that of Mr. Watts, whose excursions into pure landscape

have, unfortunately, been only too rare. The little that he has done shows that in the field of ideal landscape there is still plenty of scope for those who have the brains to conceive, and the skill to carry out their conceptions.

The colour prints of Hokusai point to the same conclusion. Here quite an arbitrary treatment of natural form and colour results in effects that are at once extraordinarily decorative, and almost as grand as Nature herself can be. Hokusai's work has already been the subject of a paper in *The Dome*, so that there is no need of saying more in this place—indeed, there is no room to do so. He is not the only artist who may appear to have been unjustly treated in this short paper, but the subject is too great to admit of anything but a curt summary. The few names I have quoted should, however, be enough to show that absolute imitation of Nature is not necessary to make fine pictures of landscape. If Leonardo, Durer, Titian, Tintoret, Claude, Corot, Turner, and the like could play with Nature, the fact is at least something of a precedent for their successors, whatever the popular fashion may be. At present, in literature a quite unusual earnestness does not seem to lack its proper complement of experiment and flippancy, so that it is odd to see the Fine Arts without their proper share of the element of revolt. After all, it may be better so. The imitation of Nature, even by a dunce or a charlatan, cannot be more than dull, but the mere thought of Mediocrity hunting the Ideal recalls our native historical painters.

C. J. Holmes.

*THE Plate facing this page ("A WINDY DAY") is after a
Charcoal Drawing by FRANK MURA.*





A WET NIGHT

ON such an evening as this it is good to have a soft-shaded lamp and a ruddy fire. The rain swoops past the house on angry wings of wind. It is good to be out of the wind and wet.

I hope Isis is not getting drenched in a neighbour's garden. Ah no; there you are, sure enough, fast asleep on the new sofa-cushion. Your dainty paws and soft fur never mean to turn in soaked. You adore fish and hate water. There's one point in which a cat is inferior to a man. Some of us like a thorough drenching occasionally. We get a foretaste of the Hereafter, a hint of our wholesome absorption into the elements, a belief in our solvency when the time shall come.

But, after all, it is good to be dry. The cabbies must be soaked; the 'busmen must be soaked; and the unlucky wayfarers must be soaked. I believe the whole earth could be wrung out like a full sponge, only there would be nothing to squeeze it into save the wet sea.

What a soaking, steaming, dismal afternoon it was last August, when I tramped those five miles across that open stretch of country with the Channel to the north of it. It was the deserted village which sent me out of my course. Perhaps it was not really deserted; but it seemed to have only one inhabitant. No doubt he was mayor, corporation, ratepayer, and police all in one; and that must have been why he sent me along the most outlandish way, with as much swift-tongued patois as shoulder-shrugging politeness. He must have brewed a dark scheme that I, despairing of ever reaching the outer world again, should return in the rain to be High Sheriff to his Worshipful self. But no; not even the quaint empty farm at the roadside, so bewitching with its high moss-grown roof and tiny lattice windows—one

stripped of glass, but fretted with living rain-heavy trceries of sweet-briar—could coax me to linger. It was too prosaically damp. But I shall go back some day. Who knows what awaits me under the gables of that old white cottage, with its long thatched outhouses decaying so richly amid the fresh green of the desolate orchard? Don't look at me so intently, Isis. You shall go too. You shall chase the mice through the old boards, and drink warm frothy milk from a deep white bowl beside the re-whitened step on cool early mornings.

Yes, I am sure that peasant sent me out of my way. And what a way it was! Straight across high exposed fields, where the wind and rain caught me without mercy, tossing me hither and thither like a shuttlecock. Who could make headway in such weather? Then there was the little slippery path, running down, between high banks crowded with blackberry bushes, to a small plantation. The bushes, heavy with purple watery fruit, dipped lower at a touch, to send cold trickles of rain-water down an unwary sleeve. The dripping plantation opened on to a steep meadow that rose to the right in a horseshoe of damp, fragrant grass, bordered with more dripping trees. The little path, like a fearless child, clove the horseshoe of green to the top with its dark line, then crept beneath the far trees and lost itself in the haze. I was too weather-beaten to wonder what was beyond those trees. Doubtless more high fields and more steaming rain.

It *was* more high fields and more steaming rain. The hay—it was belated hay, for I had seen the hayfields of Surrey stripped over a month before—stood all over the fields in trim yellow bundles. If only it had been fine! I could have lain down among the sweet odours and been as happy as one may be, while the blue sky dipped into the far line of blue that was the sea. But it was not fine; it was the Deluge. My boots were like sodden paper, my clothes like lank, dank water-weeds, and the sounding dome of the umbrella I doggedly upheld from mere habit, was like a sulky little firmament whence poured all the rain that ever was. As for the wind, it didn't dry. It couldn't: it was fuller of water than the rain. And for two wretched miles the dull dead horizon seemed to begrudge every landmark, even a distant tree.

I overtook two soldiers in flapping macintosh coats, and we all

sheltered together behind a haystack, where, crouching on the loose hay, we watched the swift rain shoot past like a million silver spears. But soon the dripping warriors rose, shook themselves, and, pointing out my nearest way, started again on their own tramp. I watched their flying coats and bent figures for a few moments, then calling up what was left of fortitude, stepped out for the last two miles.

When the last and most blustering brow had been breasted and won, I dropped down, all in a moment, into the most thoroughly wet town I have ever seen—a town so entirely charming, that now it is hard to imagine how I could ever have thought of hunger and cold and fatigue as I dived deep down into its snugness. Through the heart of it, spanned by tiny bridges and bordered by the luxuriant gardens of villas irrepressibly gay, ran a stream, clear and swift and well-defined. At the sight, it felt good to be wet, because it was like the stream. I could have wished to be a thousand times wetter,—nay, to dissolve into crystal water like the nymphs that gods pursued, and to mingle myself at last with the unsearchable sea.

Down either side of the clean cobbled streets gurgled little gutter-brooks, happy in unexpected being. Most of the villas, with their many-coloured, many-perfumed gardens, deployed where the valley broadened to the sea, and where it narrowed inland the streets of the town became more crooked and mediæval. The deep blue slates—mottled with yellow moss—of the church roofs and tower were glistening with rain. There was only one man to be seen, a gendarme, who stamped about stolidly. After we had exchanged a few words, teeth chattering more than tongues, he led me past the church, under an archway, and into the courtyard of a bustling inn, just as the bell was clanging for dinner. Prudence, the gendarme, and mine hostess jointly urged an instant change of clothes; but there was no sign of the wherewithal, save a pair of sabots like two fishermen's boats and a blouse like one of the sails, nor was the cook humane enough to stop the odours of soup and roast meats from stealing to my nostrils. So I sat with limbs now burning, now shivering, and with stony, lifeless feet; and, knowing it might be my last meal, ate and drank my fill.

But happy is the traveller who makes up for a scanty knapsack with overflowing health and youth. I did not make a grave in a

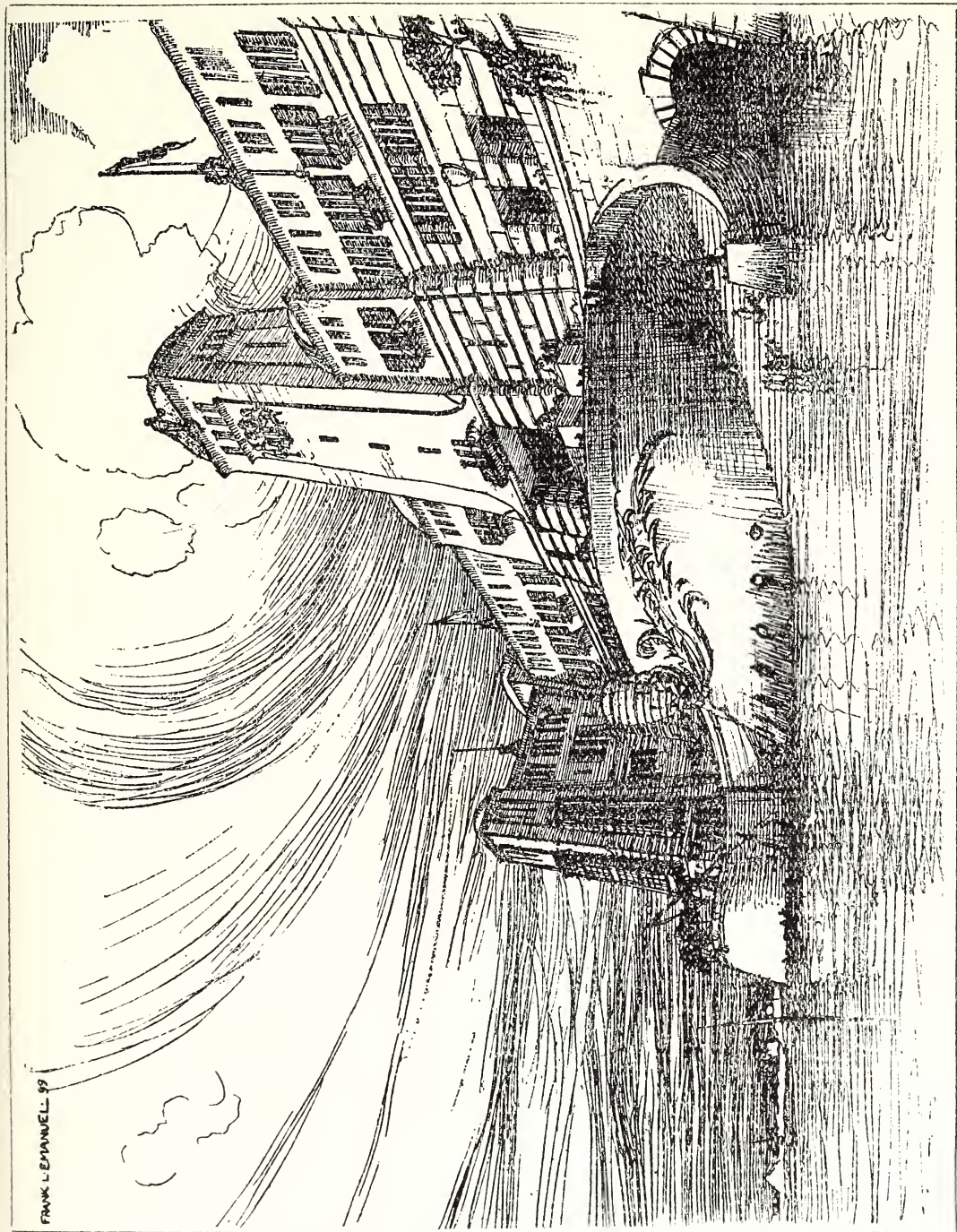
foreign land, but in a bedroom as cold as a paddock fell contentedly asleep.

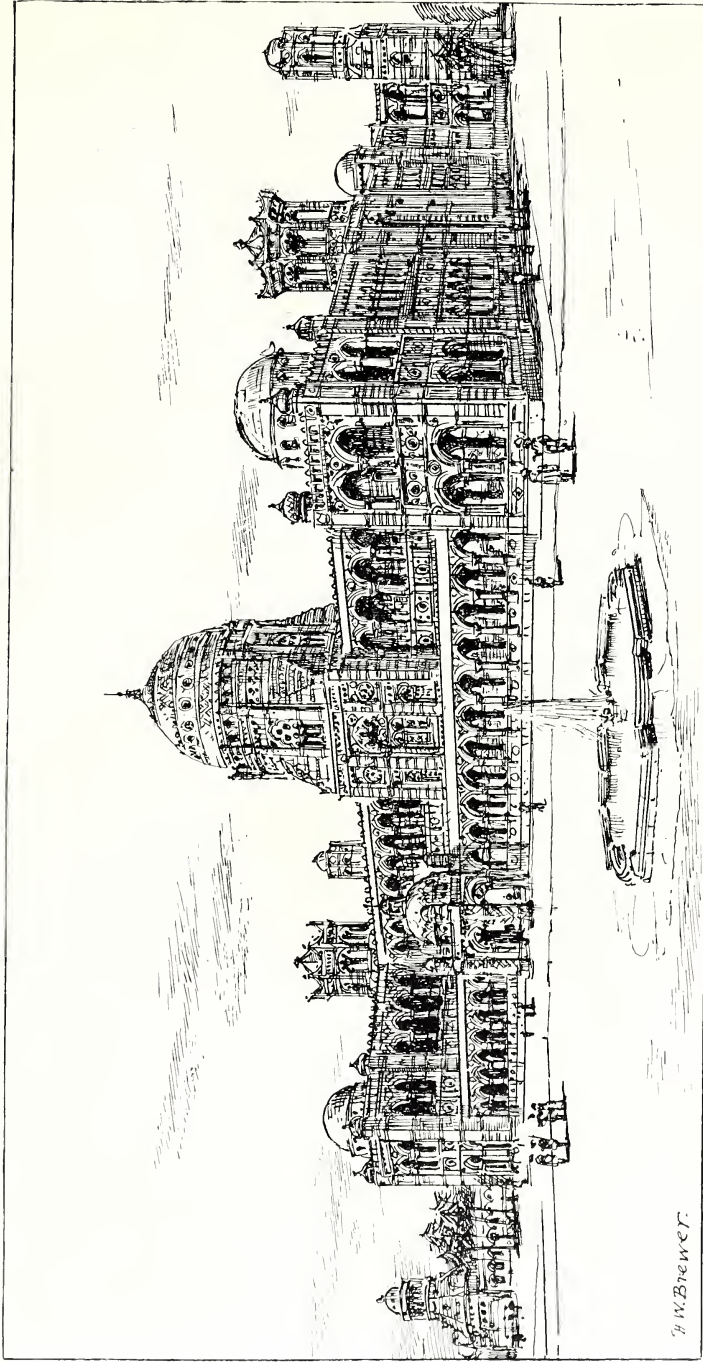
Now, Isis, what do you want? To come on to my knee? Come along, then. I thought I was back, all drenched, on those high fields. I wonder if a peasant has beaten his dreary way across them to-day? And have the mayor, corporation, ratepayer, and police—how it rains! Everything must be soaked. I am glad of the lamp and the ruddy fire and this fluffy little cat.

A. Dawson.

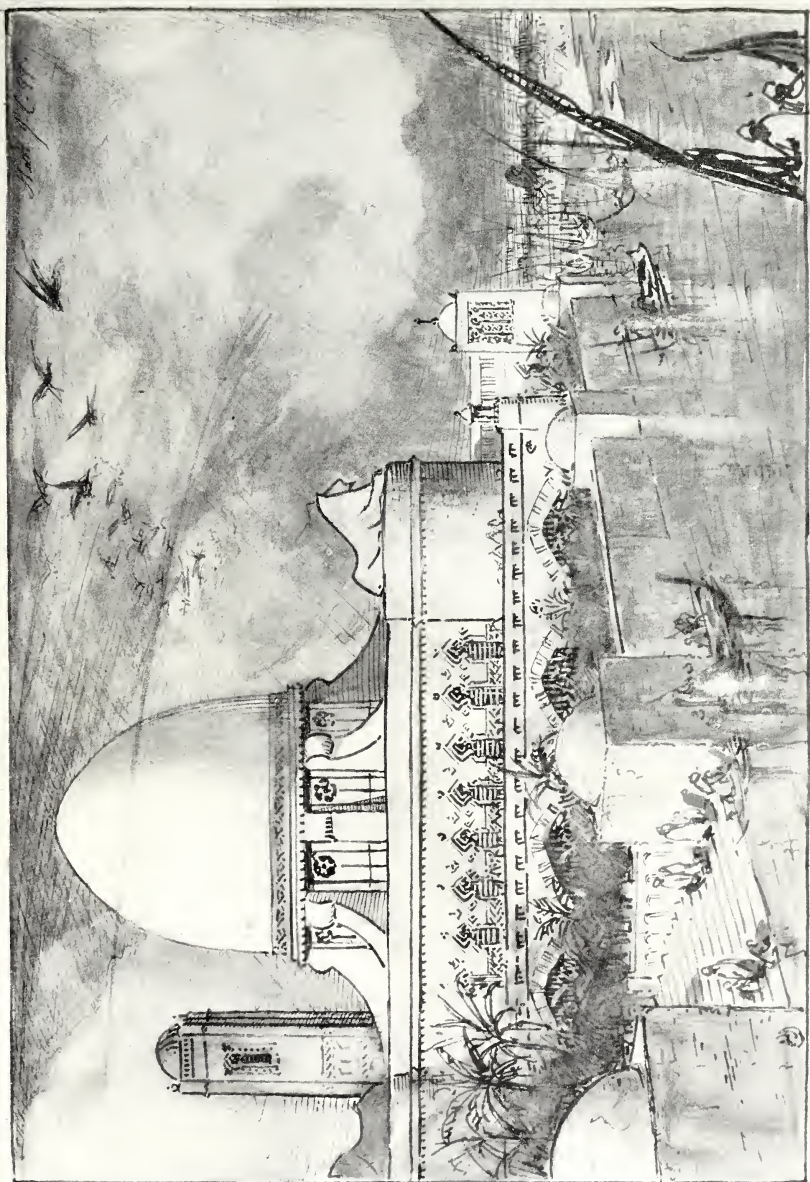
A MEMORIAL COLLEGE

1. From a Drawing by FRANK L. EMANUEL.
2. From a Drawing by H. W. BREWER.
3. From a Drawing by H. M. J. CLOSE. (*The River Front, Great Hall, and Observatory Tower.*)





H. W. Brewer



Handwritten text in the top left corner, possibly a signature or date.

DESIGNS FOR A MEMORIAL COLLEGE

WITH a perspicacity that should be acknowledged with admiration, every one of the architects and designers who have responded to its appeal seem to have divined at once what College was meant in the article published in this magazine last January. And not only have they, without exception, understood that the city amid the waters was Khartoum, and that the confluent streams were the White Nile and the Blue, and that Gordon was the man in whose honour the building was to rise, but many of them have gone on to assume either that *The Dome* is edited by Sir Herbert Kitchener, or that the Editor holds the Sirdar in the hollow of his hand; and so that the builders in the Soudan may begin in April to realise the plans copied by *The Dome* engravers in March, they have disdained pictorial considerations, and sent in careful, unlovable elevations and ground-plans, in which full provision is made of laboratories, lecture-theatres, dining-halls, libraries, and even cloak-rooms where Fuzzy-Wuzzy can leave his blunderbuss and spear, and perhaps a camel or two, what time he contends manfully with his verbs. But we are compelled to announce with regret that we do not find Sir Herbert's name in our list of subscribers to *The Dome*; and even if he happens on it among the loot of Omdurman, or discovers a complete set bound in solid gold in the Khalifa's buried treasure, we have no confidence that he will turn to its pages for a design. The elevations and ground-plans have therefore been returned, with respectful thanks, to their authors, who will perhaps pardon us for saying that none of them struck us as highly distinguished, while all of them were more than slightly dull.

We are pleased, however, to make public three contributions, which are no less interesting as drawings than as architectural suggestions. All of them are practicable, and have evidently

been made after careful study of the terms of our invitation, as invention has been restrained and directed by an earnest desire for appropriateness.

In the design by Mr. H. M. J. Close, the opportunities offered by the site have been recognised and used. If there were not so strong a suggestion of a Tower of Silence, towards which the boats bear corpses, while hungry birds hover above it on impatient wings, and if it provoked a less imperative longing to crack the dome with a colossal egg-spoon, to see if it is hard or soft boiled, the drawing would be as charming as it is striking. The College garden, however, raises very pleasant thoughts of grizzled sheikhs, when the twentieth century is past its prime, running up to their *Alma Mater* from Fashoda or El Obeid, cheering from under the well-grown palm-trees the eights as they fly by, and gibbering together of the great year ninety-nine, when they were younglings and old "Gordon's" freshest freshmen. The sentinel lions belie their Sphinx-like pose by giving away the artist's political beliefs, at least so far as the Anglo-Egyptian question is concerned ; but it is more our duty to point out the care Mr. Close has taken to cheat the blazing sun, which the merciful clouds with which he has filled his sky so seldom conceal in the Soudan. Perhaps the chief impression received from Mr. Close's drawing is an impression of Soudanese life persisting, with only the slowest and smallest of slow, small changes, on the banks of the ancient Nile, in spite of the efforts of the latest conquerors. But in the engaging design kindly made by Mr. Brewer at the Editor's request, the impression conveyed is distinctly one of great and rapid social transformation. The piece is so characteristic of the artist, and so intelligible and attractive, that it would be an impertinence to do much more than call attention to the delightful treatment of the cloisters, and point out that the style Mr. Brewer has chosen is a mixture of Eastern and Western ideas, chiefly influenced by the architecture of Cairo and its neighbourhood, but with an entire absence of purely Saracenic features. It may be just hinted that this full-blown magnificence betrays a refreshing optimism in Mr. Brewer. The natives are taking to civilisation kindly, and one can almost see Baedekers bulging the pockets of the country cousins who have just come in by a cheap train from Wady Halfa. The fountain spouts up with brisk self-importance,

and the whole conception is not without a trace of that idea of colonial government in which the Frenchman, whose first care is to lay out a *Rue de la Republique*, and to build a Palace of Justice in a grand square, and to set up a few cafés, differs from the Englishman, who rolls up his shirt-sleeves, and never rolls them down again till he could buy up a whole French colony ten times over. But the slightly exotic character of the building must not blind us to the admirable provision for coolness and shade, along with free circulation of air, and lightness and elegance of design.

Mr. Emanuel does not agree with Mr. Brewer. Khartoum, to him, is determined still to be bloody, tragical Khartoum, and not a smart little African Paris; for he has written on the back of his unconventional and striking composition, "The building and domes to be capable of resisting attack." Mr. Emanuel foresees the day when the biggest Town and Gown row in history will send the besieged tutors to Livy and Cæsar for a few practical tips on the Art of War, and other Maxims than those at the head of their copy-books will keep the undergraduates interested. We are moved to turn historical novelist at once, and exploit the whole thing in advance, with this picture for a frontispiece. But, seriously, the use made of the pylon in the centre, the projecting windows carried over two storeys, and the broad treatment of the quay, are excellent. The artist's note goes on to say that "the figure at the top of the tower is to be sculpture representing the distribution of knowledge. Below that the royal arms. The decorations on the quay to be palm leaves of stone, and a portrait-bust of the man to whom the college is a memorial. The flagstaffs on each roof to be supported by a figure of the conquering and subject race." We think most of these things were better away, as they would be little an otherwise impressive monument.

It is to be understood that no attempt is here made to place the drawings (for which proper acknowledgments have been made as promised, to the artists) in order of merit.

THE DOME

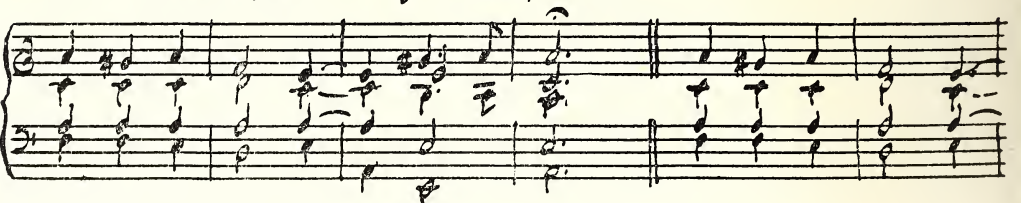
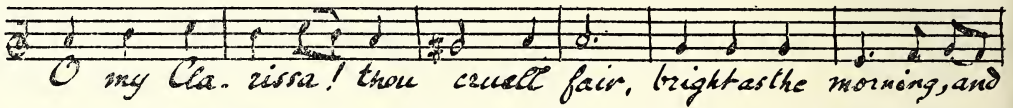
This Song was first Voice.

published in 1652, words

Anonymous, music by Harpsichord
William Lawes.

It is here edited by or
Arnold Dolmetsch. Spinnet.

Moderately. Slow and very smooth.



When first I saw thee, I felt a flame;

Which from thine eyes like lightning came; Sure it was

Cupid's dart, It pierc'd quite through my heart: O, could thy breast once

feel the same!

Turn over for the Third Verse.

Then would the God of Love equall bee, Giving me

ease as by wounding thee: Then would you

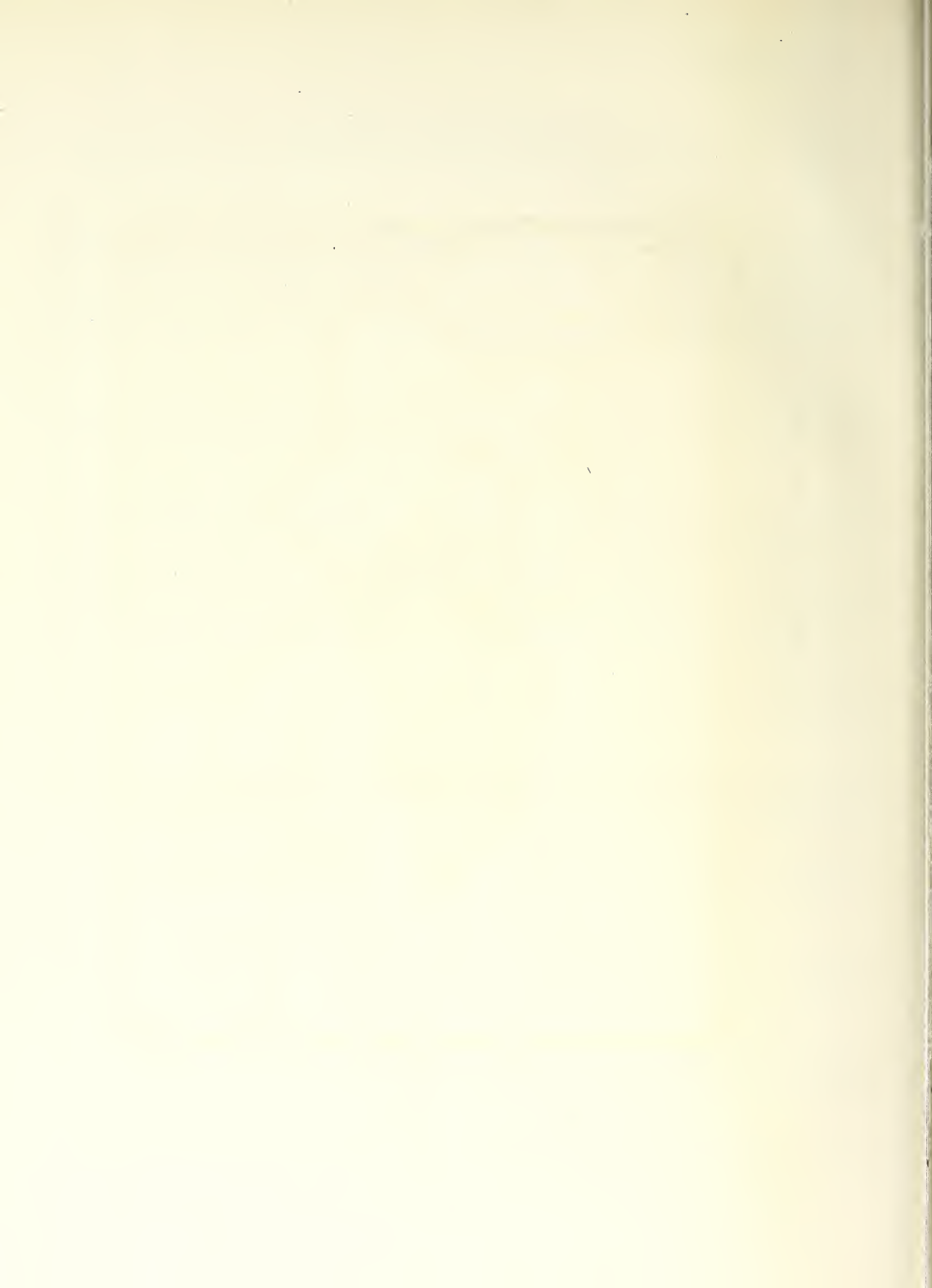
never scorn, when like to me you burn; At least not

prove un-kind to me

Arnold Dolmetsch
24 February 1899

THE DOME

A POSTER (*Greatly Reduced*)
A PICTORIAL POST-CARD (*Actual Size*) } By GORDON CRAIG.







At The Sign of The . . .
Unicorn, vii Cecil Court,
London, W.C.



CRAIG

The Dome: an Illustrated
Monthly Magazine and Review
of Literature, Music, Architec-
ture, and the Graphic Arts.



THE AMATEUR

THE amateur is such a gentle, self-satisfied beast, such a kind zebra, that one attacks it with compunction. I admit that for me the amateur has a curious sympathetic attraction. Amateur art I find as interesting as any other home-made weakness. I own I prefer hand-made incompetence to machine-made excellence. The amateur has a certain pathetic charm of his own. For is he not a gracious untrammelled creature? He has not been shorn of all his personal idiosyncrasies, natural disgraces, and rough edges by the relentless editorial scissors of Convention and Expediency, which shear the arrestive charm of Personality, leaving a bald and commonplace excellence that cannot ruffle the most fastidious taste. The unfettered amateur has all the piquancy of the half-broken colt that has not yet apprehended the value of blinkers—things which, doubtless, simplify sight-selection in this funny world! The inedited amateur has a delicious crudity, sweet as the bloom on a peach, and as evanescent. Alas!

Now I think we may dismiss the amateur painter as unworthy of our distinguished consideration, and pass to the literary and musical amateurs. Of the two, I prefer the musical amateur; it is at once so mild and so devoted to Tchaikovsky (while our critics prattle innocently of Mozart, the musical amateur will have naught but the “*Rimini*” *Fantasie* in all its truculent ardours), and this combination of polarities, like the combined cleanliness and picturesqueness of Holland, gives genius at once. Indeed, the tempestuous music which surges through the musical amateur seems to have washed away its brains like seaweed. You have only to observe the creature intelligently to discover this. Track it to its lair in Queen’s Hall or Covent Garden. Sit and watch it. I love to sit through an emotional opera and dream of the musical amateurs around.

Like a rabbit in a turnip-field feel I. I nibble mentally at the different types:—those who love delicate psychological dissipation and the massage of their nerves; those who are curious of exquisite sensations and strange musical effects; those sheep of Fashion who follow their leader whithersoever she goeth; and some few of those finer souls who take music as they would take opium—music is their second life. For such lunatics the Un-speakable, the Too-much-spoken-of opera was created. When the ecstatic agony of the lovers' duet touches its zenith, and the fine, frail flame of sound is mere audible essence of passion—of what is the musical amateur thinking? Does that music which steals on your senses like the perfumes of strange exotic flowers, till you feel psychologically sick,—does it produce any effect on the musical amateur?

I sit and watch them with a dusky Oriental patience:—as a pensive chocolate cowherd will sit and watch the white bullocks and the black buffaloes straying unconcernedly over the lonely plains, where the sunshine is the sole fiery reality, and the dim sky-line of Himalaya, white and far in the north, the only ideal; and where Krishna's parrot Karma flies by me in an emerald flash—I am sure the bullocks have not remarked it, for their soulful, soulless eyes are untroubled, and their tasselled tails switch with a regularity that swears to an easy mind.

Oh, the pachydermatous amateur is blessed above all men! He is the meek one who inherits the earth. The world was made by the artist for the amateur. Ung, as you may remember, scribed the mammoth "nobly on bone" for his amateur tribesmen. Orpheus, Music's fifth rib (he was rather effeminate), made music for amateur trees and beasts. The pearls of art are all cast before amateur swine. The artist depends for his very existence upon the amateur;—nowadays, as you know too well, it is much easier to find writers than readers, concert-givers than concert-goers. The amateur is specially blessed in that he can enjoy art quite simply, without any *arrière pensée*. He need not be jealous or curious of it—as an artist might be; he need not cast about in his mind to be smart at its expense, and show how clever he is—as a critic must. He can regard the thing Platonically: he can really appreciate it. His mind is not blunted by Understanding or warped by Education. He is healthily, happily ignorant,

and in that frame of mind which says, "No unreasonable offer refused!" to the promptings of Art. He himself is blessed—but oh, what a curse he is to others! Just look at the amateur writer, who will have his books printed for the pleasure of boring his friends and correcting his proofs! Be he essayist or poet, who shall fathom his inanity?

Howbeit, I claim a greater tenderness for the essayist, since he is, at all events, the rarer bird,—though he certainly takes longer to read. How he enjoys and insists on your enjoying his work! He has that whole-hearted self-admiration which is the prerogative of the amateur. Now it is a moot point whether or no self-satisfaction guarantees self-excellence. A certain critic, in one of his charming causeries, has expounded the delicious doctrine that "the only reason why anything made is beautiful" is "because the maker loved it." Now, though this may very well hold good in the case of that critic's criticism, I think it is a rather dangerous faith for the amateur—a being but too prone to sentimentality and mediocre production. At any rate, I dare swear that this doctrine, as applied to the music made by the amateur, is false. The musical amateur is an unmitigated curse. It plays one or more instruments, preferably the pianoforte, just badly enough. To it passion and pedal are synonymous. It half-learns everything but the elementary principles of music; with these it is singularly unfamiliar. It plays about five hours a day, on an average, and about fifty pieces; it never learns one decently, and always makes the same mistakes in different places. And it never can grasp the difference between the respective tempos of the valse and the mazurka. Its technique is earnest and incompetent, as a Salvation Army captain determined to prevail over Satan at all æsthetic costs, and I may say that Tchaikovsky is almost invariably the erring soul out of whom the musical amateur tries to cast the old Adam—and succeeds!

I have noticed that the amateur almost never improves in anything it does; and, in truth, this eternal Mahomet's coffin-like suspension between failure and achievement is the hall-mark of the amateur. The amateur never *gets there*, though it is always on the way: its artistic progress is best paralleled by the physical progress of a squirrel in a wheel. Amateur art is not easy to fit with a ready-made epigram, but I think I can find one, originally

made for minor poetry, which will not require any alteration :—
“ The pursuit of the Unattainable by the Unbearable.”

Yet the Unbearable is a happy, harmless beast ; he has certainly a joyous promiscuity of appreciation, for he can enjoy good, bad, and indifferent art with an easy conscience. Domesticity receives him at the last. Then he gently ceases to exist. Like the Cheshire cat, the amateur fades, and only the grin of self-satisfaction remains.

Israfel.

UNDER THE DOME

A CORRESPONDENT implores me to use the influence which he flatteringly ascribes to me in organising a campaign against certain newspapers. It appears that some journals he names are pushing centuries of "best books" upon their readers, at about a ten-pound note the hundred; and he contends that, as the million or so of money they obtain in this way would have gone, in ordinary circumstances, into the pockets of the authors, publishers, and sellers of new books, the time has come to make a loud noise. Nor will mere noise, in his opinion, meet the case, for he goes on to suggest a plan of campaign that is worth indicating. "Why," he asks, "should not publishers bind themselves to send neither advertisements nor review copies to the offenders till they repent and change their ways?" The prospect opened up is diverting. I can imagine Mr. Elkin Mathews getting himself hauled before the magistrates for intimidation; and pickets, consisting of Mr. Heinemann and the director of the Religious Tract Society, standing guard over the advertisement offices of *The Daily Mail*, and taking scornful note of each blackleg's shamefaced exit. But though it would no doubt make excellent copy for the newspapers, and for the boycotted ones most of all, I really do not see that the grievance is a very solid one. It is open to doubt if more than a tenth of the money that has flowed along these new channels has

been diverted from publishers worthy of the name, as the "best books" are almost all non-copyright works of dead authors which had been cheapened to starvation point already at the big drapery stores. There will always be people to marvel at the impudence of the unknown author in demanding six shillings for his fifty thousand words, when the nearest draper will sell you a quarter of a million by a notorious genius like Charles Dickens for fourpence three farthings; and it is surely better that this demand should be supplied by newspapers, that have at least a nominal connection with literature, than by traders who have only graduated in tapes and pins. In neither case is the publisher much affected who tries to find out new masterpieces as well as to reprint old ones. Nor will that publisher even suffer much who busies himself chiefly with reprints that are scholarly and beautiful at an appropriate price. Indeed, it might be urged that the new fashion of issuing copyright works in sixpenny editions, by publishers of the highest class, is far more likely to derange bookselling than any of these newspaper enterprises.

I have been led, however, to give prominence to my correspondent's letter principally by its delightful postscript. "Why don't you invite your readers to agree upon a list of the Hundred Worst Books," he inquires, "and push them through *THE DOME*? The publishers

would be glad to clear their shelves of them at waste-paper prices, and there's a pot of money in it." I am not so sure about the waste-paper prices. Indeed, I fear that, unless I buy worn-out copies from the libraries, I must pay my full four-and-sixpence for most of the Worst Books now current. But as for drawing up a list of them, I have begun the work, or rather the exhilarating pastime, already, and have chosen a hundred undeniably deserving. To be frank, two at least of them are my own; but as I don't want to spend the next few years hanging about the Royal Courts of Justice, wild horses shall not drag from me the names of the other ninety-eight. I may, however, recommend the game as a very pretty and edifying one for hours of leisure, and malice, and all uncharitableness.

If Richard Wagner could upraise the huge block that covers him in the garden of Wahnfried, and fare abroad again in the light, he would hear many things about his intention and achievement that he never knew before. From the lips of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, for instance, he would learn how absurdly he had wasted his time in writing and scoring the perfectly unnecessary *Götterdämmerung*, and Mr. J. F. Runciman would satisfy him in a few moments that *Rheingold* was equally superfluous. It is true that when he found Mr. Shaw disagreeing with Mr. Runciman about *Rheingold*, and Mr. Runciman flatly contradicting Mr. Shaw over *Götterdämmerung*, a bald and commonplace logic would whisper that both of them could not possibly be right; but no doubt a proper respect for his betters would hasten to shout that it was still more incredible for either of them to be wrong.

I myself am determined not to be outdone in modesty by Richard

Wagner's or any other shade, and not only am I impelled to accept the words of both these great critics, but I have the desire to combine with my reverence for them a smaller but considerable admiration for the lesser but still great authority of Wagner himself. That is to say, while I must not deny that the Ring would be complete without *Rheingold* and *Götterdämmerung*, I may nevertheless be allowed to inquire whether Wagner had not possibly some good reason for causing these apparently superfluous operas to be played before and after the two unquestioned music-dramas.

Now, as everybody knows, the Ring was composed for a new kind of theatre; and when Wagner's dream of such a theatre was realised at Bayreuth in 1876, it was of course the Ring that was produced in it first. But this theatre was unlike all other theatres, and there was almost as strong a curiosity on the part of the cosmopolitan audience to see the theatre as to see and hear the music-dramas. It should not, therefore, be difficult to believe that Wagner, who in his amazing way had foreseen and provided for every detail, should also have recognised and reckoned with something much more than a detail such as this curiosity undoubtedly was. He knew that for the first few hours, in a building so unlike anything they had sat in before, the attention of his pilgrims could not possibly be fixed upon the stage. It was against human nature, which he read so well, to expect such a thing, and he frankly gave up the idea. Wagner himself speaks of *Rheingold* only as a "fore-evening," and as such it serves its end perfectly. In the prelude the suavity of the theme and the absence of modulation, while appropriate enough to the depths of the Rhine about to be revealed, were no doubt primarily intended to disturb as little as possible

the natural preoccupation of the audience with the darkened unfamiliar house. Men were interested in a hundred things beside the music—the ill-luck that had planted a heavily-breathing man just behind, the blessed fortune that had set a dear girl just in front for the whole cycle, the whereabouts of the buffet, the oddity of locking up the orchestra in a cellar under a grating, instead of letting a man on a high stool shake a stick at their nice dress-coats between the Rhine maidens and the beholders. Not only during the prelude but through the whole work, one could look and listen or not, and yet, as Mr. Runciman justly observes, be in as just as good a position to understand *Die Walküre* the next day. But neither Mr. Runciman nor any other Mister must infer from this that *Rheingold* may be abstained from, or the mind which should be free for *Die Walküre* will wander. Foreseeing this, Wagner practised an artistically justifiable deception, and forced his audience to glut their general curiosity during a performance of superfluities nominally connected with the really important matters to follow, but superfluities all the same. To have begun with *Lohengrin* or even *Tristan* would not have worked. People had to be cheated into the notion that something essential would be missed if they were absent from *Rheingold*. Nor need I use so hard a word as cheated; for though they would not have missed anything essential in the Ring, they would have missed something essential in their preparation for it, and this is practically the same thing. It all sounds a little German, but it isn't. It's common sense.

It is not necessary to expand a somewhat similar argument to show that, if the cycle had closed with *Siegfried*, the thoughts of the listeners would again have wandered, and that during its last act, the true climax of the Ring, they would have been casting farewell glances

round the place, which for three days had shone and resounded and thrilled with such stage-pictures and music and acting as had never been seen before. Not one of us outgrows quite that childish sorrow of "It's nearly over," and Wagner, as merciful as he was wise, dissembled by means of *Götterdämmerung* the true End of the Ring, keeping up, however, as in *Rheingold*, the nominal connection with *Die Walküre* and *Siegfried*, and, to avoid an anti-climax, investing the alleged finale with a magnificent, almost grand-opera pomp.

It is necessary, however, to add, lest some imperfect Wagnerites should feel aggrieved at having to stay in Bayreuth four days instead of two, that there was probably a still deeper reason for the inclusion of *Rheingold* and *Götterdämmerung* in the Bayreuth cycles. Although their want of organic unity with the other dramas is probably not consciously apprehended by the visitor, it is so subtly felt by him that he allows his thoughts to dwell upon the theatre itself without compunction. And who will deny that Wagner's theatre, with all that it meant to operatic reform, was not even more important to think about and understand and get printed on the memory than the Ring itself? I, for one, would never deny it; and if any of the performances are to be missed by visitors to the Ring this year, I very strongly recommend them to omit *Die Walküre* and *Siegfried*, and to spend the days thus saved in Nuremberg, which is close at hand and quite a nice place.

THE MASTER BUILDER.

The New Rembrandts at the National Gallery.

SIR EDWARD POYNTER is to be congratulated on the two noble portraits by Rembrandt which he has recently acquired

for the National Gallery. Even with the memory of the Amsterdam pictures in the mind, and the splendid collection at Burlington House readily accessible, it is impossible not to recognise that the nation's new possessions are paintings of the very highest order. Both are works of Rembrandt's maturity, when his handling had become broad and free. Of the two, the portrait of the Old Lady is the more attractive; indeed, it is perhaps the finest Rembrandt at Trafalgar Square. The face recalls that in Lord Wantage's picture in the first room at Burlington House, but that only shows the head and shoulders. The painting at Trafalgar Square is a grandly designed three-quarter length, which has given the artist an opportunity of indicating with his usual ease the nervous shrunken hands of extreme old age. Yet it is on the face that our attention will be longest riveted. Here that pathetic insight of

which Rembrandt was the supreme master is intensified, till sympathy becomes almost painful. Not even Captain Hotlord's glorious portrait of Titus, worn and disillusioned, could move the spirit more profoundly. It is pleasant, too, to see Rembrandt's delightful "Landscape with Tobias and the Angel" hung on the line, with no unkind railing to spoil one's enjoyment. The splendid Rubens, also "The Holy Family and St. George" (No. 67), has at last been hung where it can really be seen, while a cumbrous Italianised landscape has been skied in its place. The removal of the railing causes all the rooms to look much bigger, and has made it possible for the pictures to be examined closely, so that lovers of painting have several reasons for gratitude to the Director. C. J. H.

A number of Reviews of Books are held over until next month.

HERE ends Volume Two of THE DOME (New Series).

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